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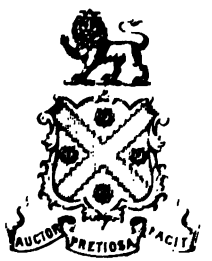

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS;

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

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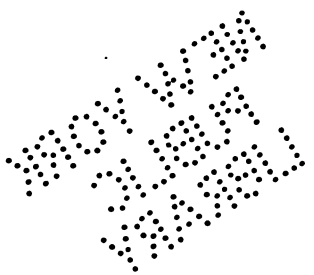

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In 1690 Sir Thomas Pope Blount published his "Censura authorum celebriorum," a work which is here mentioned, because the Editor of the present undertaking has chosen a title of some similitude. The object of that work was to bring together the opinions of the learned on the most distinguished writers of all countries from the earliest periods; and the very accomplished and erudite compiler has accordingly produced a volume of great research, authority, and use.

In 1737 William Oldys published in six Numbers "the British Librarian, exhibiting a compendious Review or Abstract of our most scarce, useful, and valuable Books in all Sciences as well in manuscript as in print, with many characters, historical and critical, of their

 antagonists,

antagonists, &c." Of this, Campbell, in his "Rational Amusement," speaks in the following terms: "There was a design" says he, "set on foot some years ago which would have perfectly answered the purpose (of properly characterizing books); I mean the "British Librarian," of which, however, there is but one volume, though nothing in that kind was ever so well received. If its author, who is of all men living the most capable, would pursue and perfect this plan, he would do equal justice to the living and to the dead."

In 1772, the late Lord Orford gave to the world two Numbers of a work, entitled "Miscellaneous Antiquities; or, a collection of curious papers, either republished from scarce Tracts, or now first printed from Original MSS." "The Numbers," says the Advertisement, "will not appear with periodic regularity, but as it shall suit the leisure and convenience of the gentlemen who have undertaken the work, which is in imitation of Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, and is solely calculated for amusement; for which reason the Editors make no promises, enter into no engagements; but shall take the liberty of continuing, varying, or dropping the plan, when

and

and in what manner they please; a notice they think right to give, that no man may complain hereafter of being disappointed."

The object of the present undertaking is to combine some of the advantages of all these works. But the Editor, living at a distance from the Capital, having only the amusement of literary occupation in view, and being often distracted by other pressing avocations, will neither engage for regular periods of publication, nor be unalterably confined to any plan. He is aware, that what he has to offer will be principally adapted to the curious; and therefore he has printed but a moderate number of copies. Under these circumstances, but still more, if this small impression should not find purchasers, he will consider himself free to drop, at any time, this attempt to convey harmless information or pleasure.

But should it, contrary to his expectations, receive encouragement, he trusts to the assistance of his literary friends, more especially for the titles and abstracts of scarce books, and original lives of unjustly neglected authors. And in that case no literary discussion will be unacceptable to these pages.

The Editor cannot avoid thinking that while eight or ten Reviews are supported in giving accounts (often ridiculously opposite) of new books, one surely may usefully be occupied in reviving the treasures of past ages.

Such was the plan originally designed for this publication; but the first sheet had not been worked off at the press, when, by the urgent advice of friends, it was altered and enlarged. The size has been augmented, and the number of copies, which was originally so small, as, even after the sale of the whole, to have subjected the Editor, in the progress of the work, to a great loss, has been moderately increased. But whether this undertaking, commenced from the purest love of literature, and executed hitherto in hurry and distraction, will support itself, seems a matter of serious doubt.

The Editor does not hesitate to acknowledge (what it consoles his pride to recollect that even Johnson had once occasion to confess *), that "he has never been much a favourite with the public." But, like Johnson, he may

* Rambler, No. 208.

honestly

honestly say, that he "has never descended to the arts by which favour is" generally "obtained." All the meretricious tricks by which the praises of originality, invention, and genius, are usurped in these days by a succession of meteor-like authors, he has uniformly despised and rejected; and read with mingled emotions of pity and indignation the encomiums bestowed by half-witted and mercenary critics on the tinsel and sickly efforts of impure and degenerate ingenuity.

To call back the notice of the Public to the productions of chaster days; to disperse those clouds of time which have enveloped the memory of a deserving writer; to bring the past into a comparison with the present; to range at once over the whole field of a nation's literature,

"Darting from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

and to array the authors of Elizabeth and James I. with those of the last and present century, is at least a pleasing, and may be a useful, exercise of cultivated minds.

But it is a task, perhaps, which may be reserved for more fortunate men to perform: it is probable that the attempt on his part may soon

which other Reviews are sometimes liable; to prevent its being even suspected of ever being the vehicle of personal malice under the form of judgments on authors, which have too frequently been written by concealed enemies, or under the influence of prejudices privately conveyed from such quarters—an assassin-like species of treatment, under which the present Editor has himself too severely suffered,—to protect this undertaking from the possibility of conduct so immoral and base, he reluctantly, and with diffidence, affixes the signature of

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Feb. 24. 1805.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER I.

ART. I. *Public Employment, and an active life prefer'd to Solitude, and all its appanages, such as Fame, Command, Riches, Conversation, &c. in reply to a late ingenious Essay of a contrary title. By I. E. Esq. S.R.S. London, Printed by H. Herringham at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the lower walk of the New Exchange,* 1667. 12*mo.*

THIS Essay was written by the celebrated John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," and numerous other useful works, who was born 1620, and died 1707, ætat. eighty-six, in answer to one, published in 1665, by Sir George Mackenzie, an eminent Scotch writer, and lawyer, who was born 1636, and died 1691.

This little tract of 120 pages is dedicated by Mr. Evelyn to "the Honourable Sir Richard Browne, Knt. and Bart. late Resident at the court of France, his honoured father-in-law." "It is not the least part of his praise," says Lord Orford, in the beautiful character he has drawn of this author, "that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle, the erection of a philosophic col-

lege for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defence of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's Essay on Solitude. He knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility."

In this small volume are displayed much learning, much pedantry, much ingenuity, and many solid reflections. The author remarks that he has all the topics and discourses of almost all the philosophers who ever wrote against him, and that he is forced therefore to tread the most unfrequented and solitary paths. "Meantime, it were pretty," says he, "if at last it should appear, that a public person has all this while contended for solitude, as it is certain, a private has done for action." "Whilst this ingenious author," continues Evelyn at another place, "is thus eloquently declaiming against public employment, fame, command, riches, pleasure, conversation, and all the topics of his frontispiece, and would persuade us wholly to retire from the active world; why is he at all concerned with the empty breath of fame, and so very fond of it, that without remembering the known saying, Nemo eodem tempore assequi potest magnam famam et magnam quietem, would have men celebrated for doing nothing? Verily there is more of ambition and empty glory in some solitudes and affected retreats, than in the most exposed and conspicuous actions whatsoever. Ambition is not only in public places, and pompous circumstances, but at home, and in the interior life. Hermits themselves are not recluse enough to seclude that subtle spirit vanity: Gloriari otio iners ambitio est. It is a most idle

idle ambition to vaunt of idleness, and but a mere boast to lie concealed too apparently; since it does but proclaim a desire of being observed. Wouldst thou be indeed retired, says the philosopher, let no man know it: ambition is never buried; repressed it may be, not extinguished."

At page 77 is the following passage: "As for books I acknowledge with the philosopher, otium sine literis to be the greatest infelicity in the world; but on the other side, not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies. This is that deplorable defect which universally renders our bookish men so pedantically morose and impolished, and in a word so very ridiculous: for, believe it, Sir, the wisest men are not made in chambers and closets crowded with shelves, but by habitudes and active conversations. There is nothing more stupid than some of these μισοπαταχτοι, letter-struck men; for γραμματα μαθειν δει και μαθαιοτα νοῶν ἐχειν, learning should not do men ill offices. Action is the proper fruit of science; and therefore they should quit the education of the college, when fit to appear in business, and take Seneca's advice, tamdiu istis immorandum, quamdiu nihil agere animus magus potest; rudimenta sunt nostra, non opera: and I am able to prove that persons of the most public note for great affairs have stored the world with the most of what it knows, even out of books themselves: for such were Cæsar, Cicero, Seneca, both the Plinys, Aristotle, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Xenophon, Polybius; not to omit these of later ages, and reaching even to our own doors, in our Sydney, Verulam, Raleigh, the Count of Mirandula,

Scaliger the father, Ticho Brache, Thuanus, Grotius, &c. profound men of letters, and so active in their lives, as we shall find them to have managed the greatest of public charges, not only of their native countries, but some of them of the world itself. Ælian has employed two entire chapters expressly to vindicate philosophers from the prejudices and aspersions of those who, like our antagonists, deemed the study of it inconsistent with their administration of public affairs."

Sir George Mackenzie ingenuously confesses, that men of letters are in constraint when they speak before great persons, and in company. "And can you praise solitude for this virtue?" cries Evelyn. "Oh prodigious effect of learning; that those who have studied all their lives' time to speak, should then be mute, when they have most occasion to speak! Loquere ut te videam, said the philosopher; but he would have men dumb and invisible too: the truth is, it is the only reproach of men of letters, that, for want of liberal conversation, some of them appear in the world like so many phantasms in black, and by declining a seasonable exerting of themselves, and their handsome talents, which use and conversation would cultivate and infinitely adorn, they leave occasion for so many insipid and empty fops to usurp their rights, and dash them out of countenance. Francis the first, that great and incomparable prince, as Sleidan calls him, was never brought up to letters, yet by the reading of good translations, the delight he took to hear learned discourses, and his inviting of scholars to converse freely with him upon all subjects and occasions, he became not only very eloquent, but singularly knowing. For this

this doubtless it was, that Plutarch composed that express treatise amongst his Morals, "Philosophandum esse cum Principibus," where he produces us several rich examples of these profitable effects: and indeed, says one, a philosopher ought not to be blamed for being a courtier, and that we now and then find them in the company of great and opulent persons; nor imports it, that you seldom see their visits returned, since it is a mark he knows what he wants of accomplishments, and of their ignorance, who are so indifferent for the advantages they may derive from their conversations.

"But I might proceed to shew you, not only what makes our learned book-worms come forth of their cells with so ill a grace into company, but present you likewise with some of the most specious fruits of their so celebrated recesses; were it not better to receive what I would say from the lively character which Seneca has long since given us of them. In earnest, marvellous is the pains, which some of them take after an empty criticism, to have the points of Martial and Juvenal ad unguem; the scraps of the ancient poets to produce upon occasion. Some are for roots, genealogies, and blazons; can tell you who married who, what his great grandfather was, and the portion that came from his aunt. This was of old, says Seneca, the epidemical disease for men to crack their brains to discover how many oars Ulysses galley carried; whether it were first written "Ilias" or "Odyssea;" and a profound student amongst the learned Romans would recount to you who was the first victor at sea; when elephants came into use at triumphs; and wonderful is the concern about "caudex" for the derivation of "codices" "caudicarius" &c. "Gellius"

or "Agellius," "Vergilius" or "Virgilius," with the like trifles that make men idle, busy indeed, not better. Yet are these amongst the considerable effects and rare productions of Recess, Solitude, and Books; and some have grown old in the learning, and been greatly admired for it. But what says our philosopher to it? Cujus isti errores minuent? Cujus cupiditates prement, quem fortiorem, quem justiorem, quem liberatiorem facient? Who is the better, less covetous, more valiant, just, or liberal for them? I tell you Fabianus preferred ignorance before this unprofitable science; and certainly, therefore, useful and public employment is infinitely superior to it. If needs we will be learned out of books only, let it be in something more useful; qui fructuosa, non qui multa scit, sapit; for it is no paradox to affirm a man may be learned and know but little; and that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men. The Greek orator, Isocrates, gives us this description of usefully knowing men. Reckon not those, says he, for philosophers, whom you find to be acute disputants, and that can contest about every minute scruple; but those who discourse pertinently of the most important affairs; who do not entertain men about a felicity to which they can never arrive; but such as speak modestly of themselves, and neither want courage nor address on all emergencies; that are not in the least discomposed with the common accidents of life; but that stand unshaken amongst all vicissitudes, and can with moderation support both good and adverse fortune; in sum, who are fit for action, not discouraged, or meditating retreats upon every cross adventure. To this purpose the orator: but neither would I by this be thought

thought to discountenance even this kind of erudition, which more than any other is the effect of solitude, and very great leisure, not to call it pedantry; much less bookish and studious persons, who would prove the most dear to princes and great men of all other conversations, had they such generous encouragements, as might sometimes invite them to leave their beloved recesses, as did those great philosophers, whom we have brought on the stage. But we bestow more now a-days in painting a scene, and the expence of a ridiculous farce, than in rewarding of the poet, or a good historian, whose laurels no longer thrive and are verdant than they are irriguous and under showers of gold, and the constellations of crowns, for which they give immortality even to crowns themselves. For what would there remain of so many pyramids and obelisks of marble, so many amphitheatres, circs, colosses, and enormous pomps, if books, and book-men ære perenniores, did not preserve them to posterity! If under heaven then there be any thing great, and that approaches eternity, it is from their hands, who have managed the pen: 'tis from their labours, ye great ones, that you seek to live, and are not forgotten as the dust you lie mingled with. Never had we heard of Achilles but for poor Homer; never of the exploits of thousands more, but from the books and writings of learned men, who have it in their power to give more lustre to their heroes, than their crowns and purple; and can with one dash of their pen kill more dead than a stab with a stiletto."

But perhaps I cannot do justice to Mr. Evelyn without copying the greater part of his conclusion.

"Let us therefore," says he, "rather celebrate public employment, and an active life, which renders us so nearly allied to virtue, defines and maintains

our being, supports societies, preserves kingdoms in peace; protects them in war; has discovered new worlds, planted the gospel, encreases knowledge, cultivates arts, relieves the afflicted; and, in sum, without which the whole universe itself had been still but a rude and indigested chaos. Or, if you had rather see it represented in picture, behold here a Sovereign sitting in his august assembly of Parliament, enacting wholesome laws: next him, my Lord Chancellor and the rest of the reverend judges and magistrates dispensing them for the good of the people. Figure to yourself a Secretary of State, making his dispatches and receiving intelligence; a statesman countermining some pernicious plot against the commonwealth: here a general bravely embattling his forces and vanquishing his enemy: there a colony planting an island, and a barbarous and solitary nation reduced to civility; cities, houses, forts, ships, building for society, shelter, defence, and commerce. In another table the poor relieved and set at work, the naked clad, the oppressed delivered, the malefactor punished, the labourer busied, and the whole world employed for the benefit of mankind: in a word, behold him in the nearest resemblance to his Almighty Maker, always in action and always doing good.

"On the reverse now, represent to yourself the goodliest piece of Creation, sitting on a cushion picking his teeth; his country gentleman taking tobacco, and sleeping after a gorgeous meal: there walks a contemplator like a ghost in a church-yard, or sits poring on a book while his family starves: here lies a gallant at the foot of his pretty female, sighing and looking babies in her eyes, whilst she is reading the last new romance and laughs at his folly: on yonder

rock

rock an anchorite at his beads: there one picking daisies, another playing at push-pin; and abroad the young poacher with his dog and kite breaking his neighbour's hedges, or trampling over his corn for a bird not worth sixpence: this sits lousing himself in the sun; that quivering in the cold: here one drinks poison, another hangs himself; for all these, and a thousand more seem to prefer solitude and an inactive life as the most happy and eligible state of it. And thus have you landscape for your landscape.

"The result of all is, solitude produces ignorance, renders us barbarous, feeds revenge, disposes to envy, creates witches, dispeoples the world, renders it a desert, and would soon dissolve it. And, if after all this, yet he admit not an active life to be by infinite degrees more noble; let the gentleman, whose first contemplative piece he produces to establish his discourse, confute him by his example; since I am confident there lives not a person in the world, whose moments are more employed than Mr. Boyle's and that more confirms his contemplations by his actions and experience: and if it be objected that his employments are not public, I can assure him there is nothing more public, than the good he is always doing."

By this summary Mr. Evelyn has shewn the fallacy of his own cause. He has represented all the best uses of an active life, and opposed them to the abuses of solitude. The praises of solitude, as he has already remarked, have been the theme of philosophers and poets in all ages. On such a theme therefore it would be impertinent and presumptuous for the present writer to dilate: more especially as the English language affords essays on the subject, which in point of simple

simple elegance of style, of sincerity of opinion, and force of sentiment and imagery have never yet been equalled. It is needless perhaps to add that the prose discourses of Cowley are alluded to. What a compliment to the Muses, that the best poets have also been the best writers of prose! Witness Cowley, Dryden, Addison, and Cowper. This last poet has also a beautiful poem on Retirement, which would furnish a strong answer to Evelyn. And Zimmerman's Essay on Solitude, which has been so deservedly popular in this kingdom for the last twelve or fourteen years, though perhaps a little too tautologous, abounds in every part with arguments and reflections in opposition to those of our Essayist.

Why should solitude be passed in torpor, or even in trifling? Nothing can be more unfair than the comparison of a due and virtuous activity in public life with a vicious or at least foolish occupation of the days of retirement! If a public and private man should each make an ill use of the opportunities of his station, I cannot help thinking that the public man would be the worst, because his mischief would be the most extensive: on the contrary there are many benefits which the solitary man has an opportunity of conferring, of a more permanent and wider nature, than the highest public situation affords scope to perform. Perhaps I cannot give a more apposite instance than Bacon. What has rendered his name sacred to posterity? What are the benefits which he bestowed on mankind? Not the works of a politician and a chancellor; but of a retired student! If it be objected that the duties of the former he abused; and executed those of the latter with incomparable exertion of talents and industry,

industry, I desire that these immortal fruits may be compared with the most honest and able professional acts of any chancellor whom our history records.

The truth is, that the finest faculties are least adapted to the bustle and activity of the world. The kindness of Providence has ordained, that capacities of a less rare and coarser texture should be sufficient to carry on the ordinary business of society. A nice inspection of the characters of mankind will, I think, incontestibly prove this. Men of the highest genius have sometimes been forced into the vortex of public employment, but it appears to me that their conduct there, if nicely examined, will not disprove my assertion. Their speeches, and certain brilliant ebullitions, which alone survive the occasion, and which they might have excelled in their closets, stand forth to mislead us; but if we examine their cotemporaries, and those whose nearness gives some authority to their opinions, we shall hear them secretly confess, that, in the daily routine of practice, many whom we very justly esteem to have had very ordinary intellects, by far excelled them.

"The path of pleasure" says Zimmerman, "leads us to the world; the rude and rugged way is the road to honour. The one conducts you through society to places and employments either in the city or at court; the other, sooner or later, will lead you into solitude. Upon the one road you will perhaps become a villain; a villain rendered dear and interesting by your vices to society. Upon the other road, it is true, you may be hated and despised; but you will become a man. The rudiments of a great character must be formed in solitude. It is there alone that the solidity of thought,

the

the fondness for activity, the abhorrence of indolence, which constitute the hero and the sage, are first acquired."

Cowper in his "Retirement," beautifully says;

"Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
And calls a creature formed for God alone,
For heaven's high purposes, and not his own,
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below;
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love."

I will once more quote Zimmerman—"Solitude," says he, "is the school in which we must study the moral nature of man: in retirement, the principle of observation is awakened; the objects to which the attention will be most advantageously directed are pointed out by mature reflection, and all our remarks guided by reason to their proper ends; while, on the contrary, courtiers, and men of the world, * take up their sentiments from the caprices of others, and give

* Perhaps the most original thinker, among the public men of the present day, is Mr. Wyndham; this truth extorts, while I am far from coinciding in all his political opinions.

their

their opinions without digesting the subject on which they are formed."

But why, perhaps Mr. Evelyn would say, is occasional solitude inconsistent with the most active employments? The statesman retires to his country-seat, carrying with him the materials of a busy life to brood over and digest—and the very contrast renders the pleasures of the new scene doubly delightful.

Hear again a passage of Cowper, in answer to this!

"Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss;
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss!
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here,
Nor happiness is felt except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanced, not made,
Or if the thought occurr'd, not duly weigh'd,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees,
The spot he lov'd has lost the power to please;
To cross his ambling poney day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away,
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there,
With aching heart and discontented looks,
Returns at noon, to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs,
He chides the tardiness of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and receiv'd with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place."

But

But observe the description which Cowley gives of a man, who dedicates his life to a proper retirement.

" The first work that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is the very eradicating of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

" O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis * !"

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, " That a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalah in the nine

* " O vita, misero longa, felici brevis!"

hundredth

hundredth sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work."

Amongst the various and chequered lots, indeed, of human life, none can be imagined to approach so near to happiness as that of him, who, possessing an easy and independent fortune, can indulge an ardent thirst for literature in the quiet of rural solitude. Instances have occurred of men of great and cultivated talents, who from some accidental habits in early life, or some mental or bodily infirmity, appear to have contemplated such a lot with less complacence. But those instances are surely rare. It was the weakness of the mind of Johnson, a weakness which we cannot recollect without finding him in some degree depreciated in our esteem. But it was the effect of a morbid melancholy, which was the great disease of his life.

Whenever this powerful and eloquent moralist talked of the country and of rural imagery, this lamentable taint infected his taste and judgment. Hence arose his disgraceful criticism on the Lycidas of Milton; hence arose many of his cold and unjust opinions on our modern poets. But such is the inconsistency of the human intellect, that two papers of this author's Rambler, No. 37 and 38, furnish two of the best essays on the principles of pastoral poetry, any where to be found. Perhaps it may not be deemed inconsistent with the miscellaneous nature of this work, and this article, in which it is intended to mix reviews and extracts of ancient works with modern disquisitions and original effusions, to insert in this place some introductory

ductory lines to a set of pastorals proposed to be written in the manner recommended by this great, but unequal, critic. Pastoral, says he, being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects upon a country life, admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or dignity of sentiment: those ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral.

These lines were written nearly two and twenty years ago, by a very young man scarcely of age.

Introductory Address to the Muses.

(FROM EDWIN AND HENRY. A PASTORAL.)

Ye sacred Powers, who lift your lyres on high
To join the living chorus of the sky!
Stoop from the clouds— (for oft by secret hill,
Or haunted stream, the poet's ear to fill
With lofty song, ye deign'd of old,) and raise
My lowly thoughts to blazon Nature's praise!
You, holy Muses, you, from childhood's dawn,
With ceaseless love, on mountain, vale, or lawn,
Have I pursu'd, and oft at Cynthia's gleam,
By sacred fount have watch'd to meet your beam,
And from your hands to drink th' inspiring stream.
(For not alone from out the clouds you hold
With bard's high converse—but on earth unfold—)
Then with your heavenly flame my breast inspire,
And ne'er, O ne'er may I degrade the fire!
Teach me with Nature's scenes, by Nature's plan,
To soothe, exalt, or melt the heart of man [began.
And where she strikes, enforce, and lead where she

To

To the fine eye, whom Nature's beauty warms,
Tho' faint in heavenliest song appear her charms,
Yet Nature others view with dimmer sight;
Her richness seems to them confus'd delight:
Faint, as the scenes intrude upon their eyes,
Unmark'd, the Passions in their bosom rise.
O teach me, Muses, to select, arrange,
Enforce, and fit them to each passion's change;
With chearful scenes to fill the joyless mind,
With tender images the pensive bind—
Again, when Wonder wakes at Fancy's nod,
Bolder to strike the strings and lead it on to God.
Ye sacred maids, begin! tho' rural joys,
Tho' rural beauty all my songs employs,
Not lowly shepherds thoughts debase my strain
Can shepherds only haunt the rural plain?
Theirs is the life to healthful labor bound,
The bracing air by day, at night the slumber sound
But not th' exalted mind—Let those, who will,
With thoughts so mean their humble verses fill,
Far, far below the lofty Muses' skill!
Of every age the wisest and the best
For toils of state, or of the Muses, blest
'Mid woods and streams and quiet vales have sought
For peace of mind, and liberty of thought!
And yonder see my thoughful friend appears
Wan are his looks, tho' youthful are his years;
Yet in these shades a dawn of comfort springs
And Peace hangs o'er him with her soothing wings.
Hail to my Henry; in those tearful eyes,
My hopes see gleams of pensive pleasure rise!
Have not these glorious scenes, my Henry, power
To gild the clouds that in thy bosom lour?—
Ere yet the golden orb of day no more
His yellow lustre streams the meadows o'er;

While here we sit, the still and fragrant eve
Shall soothe the sighs that in thy bosom heaved
The low by fits from 'mid the grazing herd,
The parting hymn of the melodious bird;
The tinkling of the fold upon the hill;
The dying murmurs of the sounds that fill
The neighbouring village, who, as labour's o'er,
Play on the green, or prattle round the door
These sounds, that are to pensive ears attun'd
My Henry's solemn grief can never wound!—

It is time that this article should draw to a close; perhaps my readers will say, it was already time, before the introduction of a fragment, which so little belongs to it. But that fragment is in praise of the solitude, and the scenery, which the writer is anxious to defend against the attacks of Evelyn; attacks in which it is scarcely possible to believe the amiable and accomplished author of the discourse on forest trees, (and so many other ingenious treatises, the result of his own happy and well-occupied retirement,) sincere. Above all, can we believe him to be sincere in these sentiments, to whom Cowley himself dedicated his exquisite discourse entitled "the Garden," and to whom the inimitable poet speaks in these words?

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight:

And

And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, these solid joys,
For empty shows, and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds!

ART. II. *Memoirs of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surrey, and their descendants to the present time. By the Rev. John Watson, M. A. F. A. S. Late Fellow of Brazen Nose College in Oxford, and Rector of Stockport in Cheshire.*

———Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.

In Two Volumes, 4to. Warrington, Printed by William Eyres, 1782.

Prefixed to this work is a portrait of the Compiler, Dr. Watson, engraved by Basire, 1780. This author also wrote the History and Antiquities of Halifax. Gilbert Wakefield, who married his neice, says,* "he was a very lively, conversible, well-informed man; and one of the hardest students I ever knew. His great excellence was a knowledge of antiquities, and several papers on these subjects are preserved in the Archæologia of the Antiquarian Society, of which he was a member. He was by no means destitute of poetical fancy; had written some good songs, and

* Memoirs of himself, p. 153.

was possessed of a most copious collection of bon-mots, facetious stories, and humorous compositions of every kind, both in verse and prose, written out with uncommon accuracy and neatness."

The object of the present work was to prove the late Sir George Warren, K. B. of Pointon, in Cheshire, entitled to the ancient Earldom of Surry.

It is agreed on all sides that the Warrens of Poynton are in some way descended from the ancient Earls of that name; but genealogists have differed in the mode. Dugdale, following Vincent, has asserted that they are derived from a bastard of the last Earl, by Maud de Nereford, his concubine. On the contrary, Flower and Glover in 1580, having industriously examined the evidences of John Warren, then of Pointon, Esq. have deduced them in the legitimate line from a more remote ancestor, Reginald, younger brother of William third Earl of Warren and Surry. A critical attention to all that Dr. Watson, with the aid of these authorities, has been able to urge in favour of the latter mode, induces me to confess that he leaves the matter in very great doubt.

The writer of this article is willing to pay due respect to the authority of Robert Glover; but his experience has induced him never to rely on the unsupported dicta even of this learned genealogist in points of descent, removed so far from his own time. He considers the signature of an eminent herald, in the exercise of his official capacity, to be strong (not conclusive) evidence of those parts of a pedigree, which have occurred in his own time, and perhaps for two or three generations above; though many of the records of the Heralds' College compiled during the existence

of

of Visitations, may be proved by abundant and irrefragible evidence to be not only unaccountably omissive, but not unfrequently positively erroneous. But in the earlier parts of these pedigrees, they are often so bare, so palpably false, and full of such ridiculous blunders, as almost to exceed the belief of any man not very conversant with them. Glover seems to have been the first who set the example of examining the record offices at the Tower, at Westminster, and the Rolls; but all his MSS. prove that these researches were yet in their infancy; and that he was overwhelmed with the multiplicity of materials that were thus opened to his enquiries. He could not upon every occasion abandon the use and the authority of those meagre pedigrees, by which his predecessors had been guided. They, who are in the habit of bowing to a name, without examining the basis on which it stands, will stare at this assertion; but the writer has not made it without repeated proofs of its truth.

To proceed then to the case before us. The charters in the Register of Lewes Priory, demonstrate that the 3d Earl Warren had a brother Reginald, and that the last had a son William de Warren; and hence it seems that for two generations we stand upon the mere dicta of these heralds, which, as they profess to have made out this genealogy upon public and private evidences, yet cite neither records nor deeds, I consider to be so slight, as to be nothing more than a guess. The son of William de Warren is said here to have been Sir John de Warren, Kt. who married Alice, daughter of Roger de Townsend of Norfolk, (a marriage not found in the Townsend pedigree) and to have had John de Warren, who by Joan daughter of

Sir Hugh de Port * of Etwall, Kt. had Sir Edward de Warren, Kt.

This is the point at which the principal dispute arises. Flower and Glover say that Sir Edward de Warren, Knt. married "Matild. *de Nerford*, dña de Skegton and Boton, 20 Ed. II." daughter of Richard de Skegton, and sister and coheir (with Alice Hauteyn) of Sir Ralph de Skegton, Kt. Now here at least occurs an unlucky confusion of names; for Dugdale cites unquestionable records to prove that John the last Earl of Warren was divorced from Joan his wife upon pretence of a former contract made by him with Maud de Nereford, a person of a great family in Norfolk; and that he had two sons by the said Maud de Nereford, John and Thomas, who were surnamed Warren." This John, he adds, bore for his arms, checky or, and azure, a canton gules with a *lion rampant ermine* thereon, the proper coat of *Nereford*; but it must be recollected that this last merely stands on the dictum of Vincent.

"This tends to shew, says Dr. Watson, "that there were two Maud de Nerefords,"—and in truth, some of the arguments, which he uses, go some way in establishing this opinion; for it is clear that the Earl of Surry made an entail of Coningsburgh, Sandal, and many large estates on the issue male of his sons by Maud de Nereford; and if the fact be, as Dr. W. asserts, that those estates reverted to the Crown, on the Earl's death, (which by the bye was only the next year) then the inference can scarcely be disputed, that these bastards must then have been dead without sons,

* Qu. whether the Ports were settled so early at Etwall?

and

and therefore could not be ancestors of the Warrens of Poynton. On the other hand, Dr. W. gives extracts from records to prove that the 2d Sir Edward Warren held lands, 20 Edward III. (the very year before Earl Warren died), in Skegton and Boton, which were formerly the lands of John de Skegton; and moreover that he inherited these lands from his father, which certainly seem strong evidence that Maud de Nereford, who was heiress of Skegton, left not only issue, but legitimate issue; and the words "descendebat post mortem Domini Edwardi patris nostri" might have arisen from the father's surviving his wife, and having held the estates as life-tenant.

Vincent seems to place strong reliance on the distinction used in the arms of the Warrens of Poynton, a canton, with the coat of Nereford. But Dr. W. argues that it was not the coat of Nereford, but of Moubray, which differs from the former only in having the lion silver, instead of ermine.

Sir Edward Warren the younger, of Boton in Norfolk aforesaid, married Cicely daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas de Eton, Kt. by Joan his wife the heiress of the Barony of Stockport in Cheshire, to which estate his son Sir John de Warren succeeded 44 Ed. III. and from him the descent of the late Sir George Warren, who died possessed of that inheritance, is beyond all question.

[*To be continued in another Number.*]

ART. III. *"Resolves Divine, Morall, & Political, in Two Centuries. London, 1628, 4to. 1631, &c. By Owen Feltham."—Bodl. Catalogue.*

OWEN FELTHAM.

"Of this Feltham," says Oldys,* "there has been little written. He was a poet of those times, but more noted as a moralist for his book of Resolves, upon which T. Randolph has written a good poem. His father, Thomas Feltham, was a Suffolk man; he died the 11th of March 1631, aged sixty-two, and was buried at Babram in Cambridgeshire; with a monument on which a Latin inscription was written, composed by this Owen, one of his three children. William Loughton, the schoolmaster, in Kensington, is the only person I have met with, who knows any thing more of him. I think he told me once, near thirty years since, that he, or some of his family, was related to Owen Feltham, and that he lived in some noble house in quality of Gent. of the Horse, or Secretary to some nobleman, with several other particulars now forgot. His book of Resolves was published in 4to. 1631, 1636, 1661, &c. having been looked upon by some readers as a treatise full of good counsels and fine conceits. But Mr. John Constable, in his Reflections upon accuracy of style, 8vo. 1734, has in many instances exposed his pedantical, affected, and unnatural phrase. Yet have the said Resolves had a modern impression in 8vo. 1709.

"In 1677 the said Resolves were published in folio,

* From his MS. notes to Langbaine.

to

to which are joined some occasional pieces of poetry by the same Author, entitled "Lusoria;" but among them I think there is not the Answer to Ben Jonson's famous Ode, "Come, leave the loathed Stage," which is inserted in "Langbaine's Dramatic Poets."

"If the Author was not dead before that edition, one may presume he did not live long after. I think there was an edition in folio 1696."

The following are the two last stanzas of Feltham's Ode, as inserted by Langbaine:

"Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
Ere taught so bold assuming of the bays,
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation,
Is new to yours alone;
And prospers not; for know
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gain her scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain
Where self-conceit and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those raptures high to touch
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your crown,
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw."

This Answer is also printed in Abraham Wright's Parnassus Biceps, or University Poems, 8vo. 1656.

Thomas Randolph wrote a defence of Jonson, in an Ode

Ode entitled "An Answer to Mr. Ben Jonson's Ode to persuade him to leave the stage," beginning

"Ben, do not leave the stage
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age."

This Ode is printed in Randolph's poems, and also by Langbaine.

Thomas Carew also has verses "to Ben Jonson upon occasion of his Ode of defiance annext to his play of the New Inne," which are inserted at p. 108 of the first edition of his Poems, 1640.

But Feltham was, notwithstanding this, a friend of Randolph, who addressed a poem "to M. Feltham on his Book of Resolves" in which are these lines:

"The book I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live, as thou dost write,
And yet I guess thy life thy book produces,
And but expresses thy peculiar uses."

and the following lines close it;

"Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read
Men see them both together happily wed,
And so resolve to keep them wed, as we
Resolve to give them to posterity.
'Mongst thy Resolves put my Resolves in too;
Resolve who's will, thus I resolve to do;
That should my errors choose another's line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine."

Before Randolph's Poems, Feltham has verses "On his beloved Friend the Author, and his ingenious poems" subscribed "Owen Feltham, Gent."

ART.

ART. IV. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Thomas Randolph was born 1605, and died 1634. His poems were first published with the following title, "Poems, with the Muses' Looking Glass, and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph, M. A. and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford, printed by L. Lichfield, Printer to the University, for Fr. Bowman,* 1638," Quarto. The Fifth Edition, Oxford, for Fr. Bowman, 1668. Duod.

Oldys has recorded the following curious anecdote of him.

"When Queen Henrietta-Maria was at Cambridge, she upon some occasion pleasantly objected to Randolph, "Pauper ubique jacet," to which Randolph wittily replied,

> "In thalamis, Regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem,
> Si verum hoc esset "Pauper ubique jacet."

Sir Aston Cokayne, who knew Randolph, ascribes these verses to him, and old Rodney Fane, who never read Cokayne, also ascribed them to Randolph.

* So says T. Warton; but Oldys mentions an edition in quarto, 1634, which, though he afterwards seems to doubt, yet he adds that "There seems to be one earlier than 1638, by the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton the 13th of April that year, in which he says he had seen his Masque of Comus bound up in the close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, *some good while before.* These are certainly meant for Randolph's poems, and there follows a reflection upon them, which I believe Sir Henry would not make. That Masque was acted on Michaelmas eve in 1634, and one edition was in quarto, 1637. Milton published that letter before the 8vo edition of the Masque, printed with his Poems, 8vo. 1645, above five years after Sir Henry's death."

Yet

Yet I have heard these verses were spoken by somebody, and that he was afterwards made a Bishop."

But a very learned critic remarks that "he much doubts whether Queen Henrietta-Maria could speak Latin; though Queen Elizabeth could."

Randolph translated his Ode in defence of Jonson into Latin; and Oldys had it with William Strode's translation of Jonson's Farewell, in MS.

ART. V. *Emmæ Anglorum Reginæ, Richardi I. Ducis Normannorum filiæ, Encomium. Incerto Auctore, sed coætaneo. Item Gesta Guillelmi II. Ducis Normannorum, Regis Anglorum I. A Guillelmo Pictavensi, Lexoviorum Archidiacono, contemporaneo, scripta. Ex Bibliotheca nobilissimi Viri Roberti Cottoni, Equitis Aurati et Baronetti, primum edita Lutetiæ Parisiorum, Anno Domini* 1619, *a doctissimo viro Andrea Duchesne, Turonensi: nunc denuo edita Londini, Anno Domini* 1683. *To these are added, Excerpta ex Orderici Vitalis, Uticensis Monachi, Ecclesiasticæ historiæ libris tertio & quarto: quorum ope suppleri quodammodo possint defectus in manuscripto codice Cottoniano supra memorato Historiæ Gulielmi Ducis Normannorum et Regis Anglorum, A Guillelmo Pictavensi, scriptæ.—Also, Annalis Historia Brevis in Monasterio Sancti Stephani Cadomensis conscripta.—And at the end are—Excerpta quædam ex Appendice doctissimi viri Andreæ Du Chesne ad rerum Normannicarum scriptores, viz.* 1. *Nomina Normannorum, qui floruerunt in Anglia ante Conquestum.* 2. *Cognomina Nobilium, qui*

qui Guill. Norm. Ducem in Angliam secuti sunt. 3. *Cognomina eorum qui cum Guilielmo Conquæstore Angliam ingressi sunt.* 4. *Magnates superstites Anno XX. Regni Willelmi Conquæstoris; & quibus in comitatibus terras tenuerunt.* 5. *Catalogus Nobilium, qui immediate prædia a Rege Conquæstore tenuerunt. London, for B. White, Fleet-street,* 1783. 4*to. pp.* 380.

This book was printed, I believe, for private distribution only, with that disinterested love of literature, which through a long life has adorned and dignified the various and profound studies of Baron Maseres. The text is selected from the numerous pages of Duchesne's Scriptores Normanni, and illustrated with very ample and curious English notes, and marginal abstracts of the contents, by the present Editor.

The principal article here selected is the History of William the Conqueror by William of Poictiers, Archdeacon of Lisieux in Normandy. This author, who had been first a soldier himself, and afterwards the Conqueror's chaplain, relates actions which he saw with his own eyes, and in which he was himself engaged; but he did not continue his history beyond the year 1070, which was the fourth of that king's reign in England; and unluckily even of this the latter part is lost, and what remains scarce extends beyond the battle of Hastings. "Perhaps," says Mr. Maseres, "the deficient part exists in some old manuscript, that has not been attended to by the learned, in the library of some old monastery of France or Normandy. And, if it does exist, it is a pity it should not be produced; as it is probable that it contains a more exact account

account of the events of the four first years of the Conqueror's reign than is elsewhere to be found."

Mr. Maseres, having observed that Ordericus Vitalis, in his account of the first part of the Conqueror's reign, took most of his facts from William of Poictiers, only relating them with more brevity, has therefore added from Ordericus the history of that period, of which the relation by Poictiers is lost.

"Thus much therefore of this fourth book of Ordericus Vitalis," says the learned Editor, "is all that is necessary to supply the loss of the latter part of the manuscript of that curious history. But as the remaining part of this Fourth book of Ordericus's work contains many important particulars concerning the Conqueror's government of England after he had completed the conquest of it, I shall here present the reader with a new edition of it. The following books of our author's history (the whole of which is divided into thirteen books) are likewise full of interesting matter, and very fit to be republished with marginal abstracts of the contents, and with explanatory notes, in the same manner as this Fourth Book, in order to render them inviting and agreeable to the lovers of English history. But this would be an expensive and tedious work, which it will not be convenient to me to undertake. I hope, however, that some other gentlemen, that are fond of these researches into our ancient history, may be hereby induced to complete this new edition of our author, or at least to carry it on to the end of the Seventh Book, or the death of William the Conqueror. For I believe there is no other book extant that gives so full and authentic an account of the transactions of that important reign. If one gentleman would

would republish in this manner the remaining part of the reign of William the Conqueror, and another would give us the reign of William Rufus, and a third those of Henry the First and King Stephen, to the year 1141, (with which the History concludes), the labour and expence, being thus divided, would not be very great, and the work would, I presume, be thought a matter of great accommodation and real benefit by all curious enquirers into the ancient history of England."

ART. VI. *Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui, Res ab illis per Galliam, Angliam, Apuliam, Capuæ Principatum, Siciliam, & Orientem gestas explicantes, ab anno Christi* DCCC XXXVIII *ad annum* MCCXX. *Insertæ sunt Monasteriorum fundationes variæ, series Episcoporum ac Abbatum: genealogiæ Regum, Ducum, Comitum, et Nobilium; Plurima denique alia vetera tam ad profanam quam ad sacram illorum temporum historiam pertinentia. Ex MSS. codd. omnia fere nunc primum edidit Andreas Du Chesne Turonensis. Lutetiæ Parisiorum* MDCXIX. *Cum privilegio Regis.*

Andrew Du Chesne, a learned and voluminous collector and publisher of the ancient historians, particularly of France, was born in Touraine 1584, and crushed to death by a cart as he was passing to Paris from his country house in 1640. The titles of his other works are,

Andre du Chesne Bibliotheque des Autheurs qui ont ecrit l'Histoire et Topographie de la France, 8vo. Paris, 1637. A rare book.

Les

Les Antiquitez & Recherches des villes & chateaux de France, in 8vo. Paris, 1624. Id. in 12mo. Paris, 1668, 2 vol. This ill-written piece has some curious things in it. The edition in twelves is the best.

Historiæ Francorum Scriptores Coætanei ab ipsius gentis origine ad Philippum Pulchrum, in fol. Paris 1636, 1641, and 1649, 5 vol. This is an excellent and scarce collection. It is a misfortune that Mr. Du Chesne did not pursue his design, which would have made at least twenty-four volumes of original authors of the History of France. The fifth volume was published by his son.

Les Antiquitez, & Recherches de la Grandeur & Majeste des Roys de France, in 8vo. Paris, 1609. This is a curious and rare book.

Histoire des Rois, Ducs, & Comtes de Bourgogne & d'Arles in 4to. Paris, 1619 and 1628, 2 vol. or in the collection of his works.

Histoire des Papes, in fol. Paris, 1658. This book, of which this is the best edition, is not much esteemed.

Histoire d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, & d'Irlande, in fol. Paris, 1634.—In fol. Paris, 1666. 2 vol.

Histoire Genealogique des Rois, Ducs, Comtes de Bourgogne & d'Arles, extraites de diverses Chartes & Chroniques anciennes, in 4to. Paris, 1619.

Histoire Genealogique des Ducs de Bourgogne, de la Maison de France, des Dauphins de Viennois, & des Comtes de Valentinois, justifiée par preuves autentiques, 4to. Paris, 1628. These two volumes of Mr. Du Chesne are rare and much sought for.

Histoire Genealogique de la Maison de Dreux, in fol. Paris, 1632—De Montmorenci & de Laval, in fol. Paris, 1624—De Chastillon, in fol. 1621—De Be-

thune, in fol. Paris, 1639.—Des Chasteigniers, in fol. Paris, 1634—De Guines & Ordes, in fol. Paris, 1631. —Du Vergy, in fol. Paris, 1625. *

Du Fresnoy observes that "long since it was said of Andrew Duchesne, that he succeeded well in particular histories, but that he has ever halted, and even forced his genius in the general histories he has printed. That of England is worse than any of his others. It cannot be termed a history, but facts loosely tacked to each other. He writes in a languid stile, enters shallowly into affairs, as if he was unacquainted with the art of knowing men, and has nothing but a bare relation of their actions, which, without doubt, proceeds from the little pains he had taken to study human passions. He had applied himself to nothing but searching libraries, or archives of princes, and churches, which afford a light for particular history; and in this it must be acknowledged he succeeded well." †

With regard to the "Scriptores Normannici," of which the full title is given at the head of this article, Dufresnoy observes that "he who would consider the beginnings of that nation may see what Duchesne has collected in that work."

I have not here room or leisure to enter very particularly into the contents of this bulky volume, of which the preface gives a minute account. The first article, by an anonymous writer, comprehends a space of fifty-nine years from the first irruption of the Normans from the North in 837 to the settlement of Rollo in Normandy in 896.

* All these titles are taken from Du Fresnoy's Method of studying History, by Rawlinson, in 2 vol. 8vo. London, 1730.

† Ibid. I. 160.

The fifth article is a poem in hexameters in two books on the siege of Paris by the Normans. It begins at page 37, and ends at page 48. Then follows Dudo Dean of St. Quintin's panegyric on the manners and acts of the first Dukes of Normandy, which ends at page 160.

The next article is the "Emmæ Encomium," republished as above mentioned, by Baron Maseres, and this is succeeded by the work of William of Poictiers, which extends to page 213, and forms the principal part of Maseres's new edition.

Next follow "Willelmi Calculi Gemmeticensis Monachi, Historiæ Normannorum Libri VIII. which end at page 318, and which are also printed in Camden's collection of ancient historians of England. *

At page 319 commences "Orderici Vitalis Angligenæ, Cœnobii Uticensis Monachi, Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Libri XIII. in iii. partes divisi, quarum postremæ duæ res per Normannos in Francia, Anglia, Sicilia, Apulia, Calabria, Palastina, pie strenueque gestas, ab adventu Rollonis usque ad annum Christi MCXXIV complectuntur." This forms by far the largest article in the work, and extends to page 925.

Ordericus Vitalis was born in England in 1075, the son of Odelinus, chief counsellor of Roger de Montgomery Earl of Shrewsbury. At five years old he was sent to school at Shrewsbury, and at ten was sent over to Normandy to the monastery of St. Eurole's (Utici), and in his eleventh year became a member of the order of that society; where he had already passed

* Entitled, "Anglica, Normannica, Hibernica, Cambrica, a veteribus scripta." In fol. Frankfort, 1603.

fifty-

fifty-six years, when he wrote this account of himself, complaining that he then was loaded with age and infirmities, and that it was time for him to lay down his pen. In his thirty-third year he says he entered into the priesthood.

Nicholson in his Historical Library seems too severe upon this historian. "The most of his thirteen books," says this writer, "are spent in the affairs of the church within his own *native* * country: but towards the latter end, he has intermixed a great many passages that relate to us. There are in his writings two faults, (and they are great ones) which Lucian of old condemned in history: for, first, he is immoderate in the praise of his friends, and the dispraise of his enemies; either all panegyric, or all satire. Now such discourses are rightly observed to be strangely monstrous and unnatural productions: they want metre to become poems, and truth to make them just histories; secondly, he is too large in the description of little petit matters; and on the contrary passes too cursorily over some things of such weight as would well endure reflection and a second thought."

We have already seen that Mr. Maseres estimates this historian much more highly: and it may be remarked that he has preserved many curious and interesting particulars of the birth and actions of our first Norman nobility, of which Dugdale experienced the advantage in the compilation of his Baronage. And I concur most heartily with the late learned Editor in wishing to see a new edition of the remaining books of

* This appears a mistake, if he means Normandy, for the historian's *native* country was England.

this author, more especially if they can be illustrated by such entertaining and useful notes as that industrious and accomplished critic has subjoined to the portion he has reprinted. *

Of the remaining contents of this volume of Du Chesne, which contains eleven hundred and four closely printed pages, besides a full index, the principal are reprinted in the book of Maseres; but there is an useful article of genealogical tables at the end, entitled "Familiæ Regum, Ducum, Comitum, et aliorum Nobilium quæ in hoc volumine deducuntur."†

ART. VII. VALENTINE OLDYS.

"In a book printed under the title of "Poems, divine, moral, and satirical, by N. R. 12mo. 1632," probably Nathaniel Richards, the dramatic writer, is an acrostic upon Valentine Oldis, the elder, celebrating his great fortitude under some great calamities.

"The said Valentine Oldis was buried in Great St. Helen's, by St. Mary Axe, in the middle isle, 1644. He was the father of Dr. Valentine Oldis, who was a poet and a great encourager of poetry. He was educated at Cambridge, and created M.D. in 1670. He published a poem to King Charles on his Restoration, in folio, 1660: to Alexander Brome, on his poems, 8vo. 1668: and before the poems of Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, 8vo. 1664. John Phillips

* See also Gibbon's Address on the proposed republication of our old historians, in his "Miscellaneous Works," by Lord Sheffield, Vol. II. p. 707.

† In some future Number I propose to insert a disquisition on the Roll of Battle-Abbey, printed by Du Chesne.

dedicates

dedicates his "Maronides; or, Virgil Travestie, 8vo. 1673, to the said Dr. Val. Oldis. He died in 1685, aged sixty-five years, and was buried near his father. See the pedigree of the Oldis's."*

ART. VIII. THOMAS RAWLINS.

This person was engraver to the Mint, 1648. He died in that employment in 1670.

He was author of a Tragedy, called "Rebellion," 1640, 4to. and again 1654, 4to.

He also published a book of Poems, under the title of "Calanthe," 8vo. 1648; and likewise, if not the same "Good Friday; or, divine Meditations on the Passion of Christ;" and with it some other small pieces of poetry, 4to. 1663. †

ART. IX. THOMAS JORDAN.

Jordan was first a player in the company at the Red Bull. After the Restoration he was city poet, and described several Lord Mayors' Shows. He was succeeded by Matthew Taubman, and he by Elkanah Settle, who was the last.

There was a little collection of Jordan's verses,

* From Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine. In the article Oldys, in the General Biographical Dictionary, Vol. XI. p. 315, are mentioned "Memoirs of the Oldys family" which in a note are said to be among the Birch MSS. No. 4240, and to contain an account of the family, drawn up by W. Oldys himself. Alexander Oldys called "The Little Poet," and sometimes "The English Scarron," appears by this MS. to have been a relation of W. O.

† Oldys's MS. ut supra. See also Walp Anecd. of Painting, ii. 256.

 called,

called, " Wit in a Wilderness of Promise----Poesie," in 8vo. a pamphlet without date, dedicated to Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury, printed in Oliver's time by the encomiums on red noses in it. He has also some acrostics, anagrams, and epigrams; and in most of his other compositions, instances of low wit, and poor stile. Yet his friend Henry Stonestreet has two copies in praise of him, and in praise of his old acquaintance John Tatham.

Thomas Jordan also published " A royal arbour of loyal poems, &c." 1663; also " Pictures of passions, fancies, and affections, in variety of characters," 8vo. no date: also " Piety and Poetry," &c. 8vo. no date: also " The Muses Melody, in a consort of Poetry," &c. by the same, 8vo. no date: also, " Jewels of ingenuity set in a coronet of poetry," 8vo. no date: also " A nursery of novelties for delightful censure, 8vo. no date: also " A Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry:" also " Music and poetry in raillery and drollery:" also " Clarigil and Clarinda in a forest of fancies," 8vo. no date.

In the " Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry," 8vo. no date, but printed about 1662, is a comical entertainment made for Sir Thomas Allen, Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen, in 1659.

He has besides " Jordan's Cabinet of Mirth," in two parts, or vols. 8vo. 1674, consisting of jests, stories, &c. " Rules to know a Royal King from a disloyal subject, &c." by T. Jordan, 4to. 1647.

He died about the latter end of Charles II.*

For his dramatic works, see the Biographia Dramatica.

* Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

ART.

ART. X. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

This author, who was an actor, and lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles I. was the most voluminous dramatic writer, that this nation or indeed any other ever produced, except the celebrated Spanish playwright, Lopez de Vega.

He wrote a poem, called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with notes," fol. Lond. 1635. "In reading over this book," says Langbaine, "I find our author informing the world that he intended to commit to the public view the lives of the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the novissimi and last, of what nation or language soever, so far as any history or chronology would give him warrant." "But this work," continues Langbaine, "notwithstanding our author's intention, I presume, was never completed, or at least published."

On this Oldys observes, "it was too wide a plan: he would have found enough to have made him weary in giving an account of the poets of his own country, which no man has yet done. The scheme of William Brown, the pastoral poet, was more modest and practicable; of whom, Nat. Carpenter in his Geography, lib. ii. p. 364, says "that as Brown had honoured his country with elegant pastorals, so he further graced it by drawing out the line of his poetical ancestors from Josephus Iscanius down to himself; a noble design had it been effected." *

* Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

ART. XI. *The Muses Sacrifice; or, Divine Meditations. London, Printed by T. S. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his Shop, under the Black Bell within Temple Bar*, 1612. 12*mo.*

This was written by John Davies of Hereford, as appears by his name subscribed to the dedication. The author died about 1618, and an account of him may be found in Wood's Athenæ, I. 444.

These meditations are in verse, and dedicated "To the most noble and no less deservedly renowned Ladies, as well darlings as patronesses of the Muses, Lucy Countess of Bedford, Mary Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and Elizabeth, Lady Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, glories of women," in a poetical epistle.

The first meditation is "A Confession of Sinnes, with petition for grace," consisting of twelve four lined stanzas of alternate rhyme, with a couplet at the close of the poem. This is followed by forty more meditations on similar subjects, which end at page 100. Then succeeds "The Doleful Dove; or, David's Seven Penitential Psalms, somewhere paraphrastically turned into verse,"

At page 110 commences "Rights of the living and the dead: being a proper Appendix to the precedent meditations." Of these the first article is "A Funeral Elegie on the death of the most vertuous and no less lovely Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, eldest daughter of the worthy and generally beloved Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, eldest sonne to the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Elesmere, Lord Chancellor of England: which Elizabeth was, at the age of eleven years, married to John Dutton of the age of fifteen years, sonne and heyre

heyre of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton in the Countie of Chester, Esquier; which John deceased about the age of seaventeene yeeres, and left the said Elizabeth a virgin-widow: who so lived, till she died the first of October, at the age of sixteene yeeres and a halfe, in anno 1611." This is followed by "An Epitaph on the death of the right vertuous Lady Leigh, sole daughter of the same Right Honourable Lord Elesmere, Lord Chancellor of England; which Lady deceased the third day of April, A. D 1612."

At page 153 are lines "To the Lady Anne Glemmam, upon the death of her noble Father;" and at page 165, "To my most honored and approved best friend and ally, Sir Franc Lovell, Knight."

The following short poem is at page 171. "To my most deare and no lesse worthily-beloved friend and pupill Henry Mainwarring, Esquier, with the truely noble and venterous Knight, Sir Henry Thynne, accompanying into Persia the meritoriously-farre-renowned Knight, Sir Robert Sherley, Englishman; yet Lord Ambassadour sent from the great Persian Potentate to all Christian Princes, for the good of Christendome."

Heroic Pupil, and most honour'd friend,
To thee, as to my moiety, I bequeath
Half th' other half; beginning at mine end,
To make, I hope, me triumph over death!

My son, sole son, and all I ever had,
Unto thy care and service I commend;
So make me sonless, till you make me glad
With your return from this world's farther end.

The absence of so dear a son as these,
Must needs affect thine honour'd sire with grief;

But

But for thy good he doth his grief subdue:
So do I mine by his, sith his is chief!
Then, with my son, take thou my heart and these
Celestial charms in storms to calm the seas.

ART. XII. *The Shepheard's Hunting: Being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsey. By George Wyther, Gentleman. London, Printed by W. White for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull near Temple Bar,* 1615.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire, and died in 1667, aged seventy-nine. For a full account of him see Wood's Athenæ, II. 391, and some remarks on his poetry by Mr. Gilchrist, in Gent. Mag. vol. lxx. p. 1149.

For his "Abuses stript and whipt: or, satyrical essays," in two books, London, 1613, 1614, 1615, and 1622, in 8vo. he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and wrote there the above poem. This publication, Wood asserts, contains more of poetical fancy than any other of his writings.

The fourth Eclogue is addressed to his truly beloved loving friend, Mr. William Browne,* of the Inner Temple.

He gives the following as the

ARGUMENT.

Roget here on Willy calls
To sing out his Pastorals:

* The pastoral poet.

Warrants

Warrants Fame shall grace his rhymes,
Spite of Envy and the Times;
And shews how in care he uses
To take comfort from his Muses.

Of this Eclogue the following long extract is worthy notice. *

Roget.

Chear thee, honest Willy, then,
And begin thy song again.

Willy.

Fain I would, but I do fear
When again my lines they hear,
If they yield they are my rhymes,
They will feign some other crimes;
And 'tis no safe venturing by,
Where we see Detraction lie,
For do what I can, I doubt
She will pick some quarrel out;
And I oft have heard defended,
"Little said, and soon amended."

Roget.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could Heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the Earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the Sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee.

* After it had been transcribed for the press, the Editor discovered that part of it had been already given by Mr. Gilchrist in the Gent. Mag.

It

It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spight,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power!
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with Fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas, my Muse is slow;
For thy pace she flags too low.
Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly, where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.

For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will:
Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling

By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loanness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That ere Heav'n to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!

Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

TO HIS FATHER.

Epigr. 12. *

Others may glory that their fathers' hands
Have scrap'd together mighty sums of gold,
Boast in the circuit of new purchas'd lands,
Or herds of cattle more than can be told:
God give them joy; their wealth I'll ne'er envy,
For you have gotten me a greater store.
And tho' I have not their prosperity,
In my conceit I am not half so poor.
You learnt me with a little to content me,
Shewed how to bridle passion in some measure;
And thro' your means I have a talent lent me,
Which I more value than all Indies' treasure.
For when the almost boundless patrimonies
Are wasted, those by which our great ones trust
To be eterniz'd: when their ceremonies
Shall be forgotten, and their tombs be dust;
Then to the glory of your future line,
Your own and my friend's sacred memory,
This little poor despised wealth of mine,
Shall raise a trophy of eternity:
Which fretting Envy, nor consuming Time,
Shall ere abolish, or one whit offend:

* At the end of his Satires, p. 296.

A topless

A topless statue, that to stars shall climb,
Far greater than your art shall comprehend:
But I must needs confess, 'tis true, I yet
Reap little profit in the eyes of men,
My talent yields small outward benefit,
Yet I'll not leave it for the world again.
Tho' it bring no gain that you, by artful sleight,
Can measure out the earth in part or whole;
Sound out the center's depth; and take the height
Either of th' Arctic, or Antartic Pole;
Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings:
And so my Muse is my content and joy;
I would not miss her to be rank'd with kings,
However some account it as a toy:
But having then, and by your means obtain'd
So rich a patrimony for my share,
For which with links of love I'm ever chain'd;
What duties fitting for such bounties are?
Moreover Nature brought me in your debt,
And still I owe you for your cares and fears:
Your pains and charges I do not forget
Besides the interest of many years:
What way is there to make requital for it?
Much I shall leave unpaid do what I can:
Should I then be unthankful? I abhor it:
The will may serve, when power wants in man.
This book I give you then; here you shall find
Somewhat to countervail your former cost:
It is a little index of my mind;
Time spent in reading it will not be lost:
Accept it, and when I have to my might
Paid all I can to you; if powers divine
Shall so much in my happiness delight
To make you grandsire to a son of mine;

Look what remains, and may by right be due,
I'll pay it him as 'twas receiv'd from you.
Your loving Son,
GEORGE WITHER.

SONNET FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

Roget.

Now that my body dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort lies in thrall,
Do thou, my soul, begin to thrive;
And unto honey, turn this gall:
So shall we both through outward woe
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that food my flesh I give,
Doth keep in me this mortal breath;
So souls on meditations live,
And shun thereby immortal death:
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
Take a pleasure in my cares,
And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus entrapp'd me unawares:
Thou shouldst by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lie wait for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steel,
Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel,
So grievous as privation is;
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou see'st there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,

Which if in any thou eſpy,
Thus think, if mortal's frowns strike fear,
How dreadful will God's wrath appear?

By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost,
A means that may remember thee:
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid thrall thou hadst been in.

These iron chains, the bolts of steel,
Which other poor offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they do feel,
May bring some greater thing to mind:
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of hell.

Or when thro' me thou see'st a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with fear his panting breath:
Think if in that such pain you see,
How sad will "Go, ye cursed," be!

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought:
There think betwixt my heart and thee,
How sweet will "Come, ye blessed," be,

Thus if thou do, tho' closed here,
My bondage I shall deem the less;
I neither shall have cause to fear,
Nor yet bewail my sad distress:
For whether live, or pine, or die,
We shall have bliss eternally.

Art. XIII. BIBLIOTHECÆ.

In entering upon the subject of scarce and curious books in English literature, I feel considerable diffidence. Neither my inclinations nor my opportunities have enabled me to pay that attention to it, which has rendered so very perfect the skill of men, whose industry has embraced the means afforded by a long residence in the metropolis, or near public libraries. But almost from my childhood my mind has been awake to a moderate and regulated research in this field of enquiry: it is true that I could neither forsake for it the regions of fancy, nor much restrain my insatiable thirst for the more elegant, if not more solid, entertainments of modern literature. The black-letter mania never took exclusive possession of my head; and therefore I have often felt myself a mere novice in these acquirements among many, whose extensive knowledge of title-pages, editions, and dates, excited not only my wonder, but, may I add, my disgust! Of such I not only despair of increasing the knowledge, but even of avoiding the contempt. There are others, not infected with this excess of antiquarian curiosity, who may be gratified with less recondite information regarding the literature of our ancestors; who may be glad to know what has been already written on subjects, on which every day is producing new publications, and find it a pleasing and useful employment to compare the past with the present; and to learn to what authors they can effectually apply for such future enquiries as may occur to them. The mere black-letter collector, who seldom looks at any but the first and last pages of his book, and cares nothing for the in-

trinsic merits of its contents; but would value the most despicable nonsense above the noblest effort of genius, in proportion as it was rare or unique, is a being, to whose skill I would not, if I could, contribute; and whose praises I have no desire to obtain.

I trust I shall not be accused of wanting a due share of veneration for what is ancient; something perhaps even beyond its real worth I am sufficiently inclined to discover in that which bears the imposing stamp of time: but it is impossible to surrender all taste and feeling and discrimination to the ridiculous judgments and conceited arrogance of trifling and selfish collectors. If therefore the old books I may endeavour to bring back into notice, shall seem to them unworthy of attention, because copies of those books may not be difficult to be obtained, I warn them again that such a test of value I utterly disclaim. I wish to aid the researches, and mingle in the discussions of more rational enquirers; I would tear back the veil of oblivion from unjustly neglected authors, and restore and revive the faded laurel to the brows of unfortunate and forgotten poets!

The late ingenious Dr. Farmer, and still more ingenious George Steevens, though both were, I think, infected with this mania a little beyond what a severe judgment and exact taste can approve, yet both made good use of the copious libraries they formed, as is evinced by the sagacious Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, and the acute illustrations of that incomparable dramatist. The mere sale catalogues of their books furnish much valuable information. To extend therefore the recollection of these catalogues, I shall insert their titles here, accompanied by some remarks.

Bibliotheca

Bibliotheca Farmeriana. A Catalogue of the curious, valuable, and extensive Library, in print and manuscript, of the late Rev. Richard Farmer, D.D. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, Master of Emanuel College, and Fellow of the Royal and Antiquary Societies, deceased: comprehending many rare editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, and of the most eminent philologers; a fine Collection of English History, Antiquities, and Topography, including all the old Chronicles; the most rare and copious assemblage of old English poetry, that, perhaps, was ever exhibited at one view; together with a great variety of old plays, and early printed books, English and Foreign, in the Black Letter, many of which are extremely scarce." &c. &c.

The sale to commence Monday, May 7, 1798, and continue 35 days.

This catalogue extends to 379 pages, and the articles of books amount to 8155. It seems that Dr. Farmer once proposed himself to have had a catalogue taken of his library, to which he intended to have prefixed the following Advertisement.

"This collection of books is by no means to be considered as an essay towards a perfect library; the circumstances and the situation of the collector made such an attempt both unnecessary and impracticable. Here are few publications of great price, which were already to be found in the excellent library of Emanuel College: but it is believed, that not many private collections contain a greater number of really curious and scarce books; and perhaps no one is so rich in the ancient philological English literature. R. Farmer."

The other Catalogue is entitled,

Bibliotheca Steevensiana. A catalogue of the curious and valuable Library of George Steevens, Esq. Fellow of the Royal and Antiquary Societies, lately deceased: comprehending an extraordinary fine collection of books, in classical, philological, historical, old English, and general literature; many of which are extremely rare, &c. &c.

The sale to commence Tuesday, May 13, 1800, *and continue* 10 *days.*

The articles of books in this catalogue, which consists of 125 pages, only amount to 19*l*. 5*s*.

In both these libraries, I believe, the rarest articles were those of old English poetry; the former possessed the greatest number; but in the latter there were some books of uncommon curiosity. It seems a little singular that on this subject both the Bodleian Library, and that of the British Museum, are very deficient. To the late Mr. Herbert, therefore, in his new edition of Ames's useful publication of Typographical Antiquities, these private collections were eminently serviceable. And Mr. Joseph Ritson, unilluminated by a particle of taste or fancy, and remarkable only for the unceasing drudgery with which he dedicated his life to one of the humblest departments of literary antiquities, and for the bitter insolence and foul abuse with which he communicated his dull acquisitions to the public, was equally indebted to the same sources, particularly in his "Bibliographia Poetica," 1802. Whoever is acquainted with that strange, but not totally useless, book, will wonder how it was possible for a man, with such a fund of materials before him, to compile a work so utterly lifeless and stupid, so uncheared by one single ray of light, or one solitary flower admitted

admitted even by chance from the numerous and varied gardens of poetry, over which he had been travelling! But, poor unhappy spirit, thou art gone! Perhaps thy restless temper was disease: and mayst thou find peace in the grave! *

Above all men the late Laureat, whom this pitiable critic has loaded with the coarsest epithets, has taught us what use to make of dark and forgotten materials. And, among many other instances of the living, Mr. George Ellis, in his "Specimens of our early poetry" and Mr. Walter Scott in his interesting "Minstrelsy of the Scottish borders" have exhibited the happy result of the most minute and patient investigations of this kind with the most splendid talents. Nor ought I to omit (if delicacy did not make me hesitate) my friend Mr. Park, who, with a very accurate and extensive skill in black-letter literature, combines a most elegant taste and rich and cultivated imagination.

ART. XIV. DR. BEATTIE.

The following just character of this amiable and exquisite poet appeared in the Sun Newspaper of Sept. 3, 1803.

"Dr. Beattie, who died a few days ago at Aberdeen, was one of the few poets of the present time, whose works will descend to posterity. His chief work, the Minstrel, has received high eulogiums from the best cotemporary critics and poets. It is indeed a beautiful work. The character of a poetical Enthusiast,

* He died in August or September 1803. See a very affecting account of his death in the British Critic at that period.

from the first dawn of sentiment through all the progressive feelings arising from a more enlarged knowledge of Nature, is delineated with truth, delicacy, tenderness, and expression. The varied emotions of the heart, and the expansive powers of the mind, as well as the richness and sublimity of Nature, are painted in this work with all the splendour of poetry. But a moral charm predominates over the whole of this interesting and animated work, which no man could read without a refinement of his affections. But Dr. Beattie was not merely a poet or moralist; he was also a powerful reasoner; and though he might not be able to triumph over the profound and subtle philosophy of Hume, he succeeded in placing it in an unfavourable light in the opinion of the world in general, and induced all the readers of his work, against the acute sceptic, to say in his (Dr. Beattie's) own words:

"Perish the lore, that deadens young desire."

"His Essays on literary, philosophical, and moral subjects, display sound taste, and an amiable mind; and altogether the Historic Muse of the British Empire will record with pride and pleasure the name of Beattie.

"The death of his son, who very early in life manifested strong proofs of extraordinary genius, was a shock to his feelings, from which he was not able to recover; and he has left an elegant and affecting memorial of parental admiration and regret."

The meagre and imperfect life, lately published, of this enchanting writer, in which little is said illustrative of his character, and scarce any thing of his poetry, induces me to transcribe for the sake of juxta-position, what is sufficiently known. "Gray" (says Johnson) "having

" having undertaken a journey into Scotland, 1765, naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

Gray in a letter to Beattie, dated 2d July 1770, writes:

" I rejoice to hear that you are restored to a better state of health, to your books, and to your Muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself), any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem (the Minstrel). On the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to have informed you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? What service, I must leave to your invention: such as no general, no statesman, no moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times,

times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, what weighs most with me, it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery."

Mr. Gray in the remainder of the letter commends the "Essay on Truth;" of which he says on another occasion, "I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind."

There is another poem of Beattie, spoken of in a letter of Gray, 1767, which has not yet seen the light, but to which Mr. Bower does not make the slightest allusion. It contained, says Mason, many touching reflections on morality, "The specimen," says Gray, "I think excellent; the sentiments are such, as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return but with so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose: the versification is easy and harmonious."

It seems a subject of deep regret, that Beattie neglected the exercise of that genius, with which Nature had

had so richly endowed him, for philosophical enquiries to which his powers were less adapted. Yet it adds to the glory of the Muses, that the most subtle and dangerous of modern philosophers should have been completely vanquished on his own ground by a poet! The Essay on Truth however raised a host of enemies against the bard; for he struck at the root of that species of literary merit, to which a large portion of his own countrymen had been lately addicted. Dull, and useless, if not dangerous, metaphysics, and a silly spirit of *philosophizing* on every occasion, had nearly infected the whole nation; and instead of the effusions of genius, and those moral discussions, which "come home to men's business and bosoms," had turned the general attention to abstruse and deceitful theories, which ended in scepticism, depressed the vigorous productions of natural talent, and fostered the offensive and overbearing conceit of heavy, plodding, and half-witted coxcombs. Yet let me not be understood to mean any reflection on the genius of Scotland, which, in the rarest department of intellectual excellence, produced in the same century, Thomson, and Beattie, and Burns!

ART. XV. *Political Arithmetic: containing a catalogue of writers on the subject, from Petty to Thornton, with remarks.*

SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

Several Essays on Political Arithmetic. By Sir William Petty, Knt. F.R.S. The fourth edition corrected. London, 1755, 8vo.

These

These Essays consist of

I. An Essay concerning the multiplication of mankind: together with another Essay in political arithmetic, concerning the growth of the city of London, with the measures, periods, causes, and consequences thereof, 1682.

II. Observations upon the Dublin bills of mortality, 1681, and the state of that city: and further observations on the same, 1682.

III. Two Essays concerning the people, houses, hospitals, &c. of London and Paris, 1685.

IV. Observations on the cities of London and Rome, 1685.

V. Five Essays in political arithmetic, 1687; viz. 1. Objections from the city of Rey in Persia, and from Monsieur Auzout, against two former Essays answered, and that London hath as many people as Paris, Rome, and Rouen, put together. 2. A comparison between London and Paris in fourteen particulars. 3. Proofs that at London, within its 134 parishes named in the bills of mortality, there live about 696,000 people. 4. An estimate of the people in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Venice, Rome, Dublin, Bristol, and Rouen, with several observations upon the same. 5. Concerning Holland, and the rest of the seven United Provinces.

VI. Political Arithmetick; or, a Discourse concerning the extent and value of lands, people, buildings; husbandry, manufactures, commerce, fishery, artizans, seamen, soldiers; public revenues, interest, taxes, superlucration, registries, banks; valuation of men, increasing of seamen, of militias, harbours, situation, shipping, power at sea, &c. as the same relates to every

every country in general, but more particularly to the territories of his Majesty of Great Britain, and his neighbours of Holland, Zealand, and France, 1691.

Sir William Petty, the founder of the Shelburne family, was son of a clothier at Romsey in Hampshire, was born 26 May 1623, and died 16 December 1687, æt. 64. By his last will he appears to have estimated his real estate at 6,500l. per annum, and his personal property about 45,000l. and the demonstrable improvements of his Irish estates at 4000l. per annum—a prodigious fortune to have raised from so small a beginning.

DR. DAVENANT.

As a collection of early editions of the principal works, on this subject, of Dr. Davenant lies before me, I shall here insert them.

I. An Essay upon Ways and Means of supplying the War. The Second Edition. London, for Jac. Tonson, 1695, 8vo.

II. Discourses on the public Revenues, and on the trade of England. In two parts, viz. 1. Of the use of political arithmetic, in all considerations about the revenues and trade. 2. On credit, and the means and methods by which it may be restored. 3. On the management of the King's Revenues. 4. Whether to farm the revenues may not in this juncture be most for the public service? 5. On the public debts and engagements. By the Author of the Essay on Ways and Means. Part I. To which is added, a discourse upon improving the revenue of the state of Athens: Written originally in Greek by Xenophon; and now made English from the original, with some historical notes

notes by another hand. London, for J. Knapton, 1698, 8vo.

III. Discourses on the public revenues, and on the trade of England; which more immediately treat of the foreign traffick of this kingdom: viz. 1. That foreign trade is beneficial to England. 2. On the protection and care of trade. 3. On the plantation trade. 4. On the East India trade. By the author of the Essay on Ways and Means. Part II. To which is added the late Essay on the East India Trade. By the same hand. London, for J. Knapton, 1698, 8vo.

IV. An Essay upon the probable methods of making a people gainers in the balance of trade: Treating of these heads; viz. of the people of England: of the land of England, and its product: of our payments to the public, and in what manner the balance of trade may be thereby affected: that a country cannot increase in wealth and power but by private men doing their duty to the public; and but by a steady course of honesty and wisdom, in such as are trusted with the administration of affairs. By the author of the Essay on Ways and Means. London, for J. Knapton, 1699, 8vo.

V. Essays upon Peace at home, and War abroad, in two parts Part I. By Charles D'Avenant, LL.D. The second Edition. London, for J. Knapton, 1704, 8vo.

VI. Essays upon 1. The Balance of Power. 2. The right of making war, peace, and alliances. 3. Universal Monarchy. To which is added an Appendix, containing the records referred to in the second Essay. London, for J. Knapton, 1701, 8vo.

VII. A discourse upon grants and resumptions: Showing

Showing how our ancestors have proceeded with such Ministers as have procured to themselves grants of the Crown-Revenue; and that the forfeited estates ought to be applied towards the payment of the public debts. By the author of the Essay on Ways and Means. The second Edition. London, for J. Knapton, 1700, 8vo.

To these the Biographia Britannica adds

VIII. The true picture of a Modern Whig, in two parts, 1701-1702.

IX. Reflections on the constitution and management of the trade to Africa. London, 1709, fol. in three parts.

X. Reports to the Commissioners for stating the public accounts, in two parts, 1712, 8vo. And Dr. Kippis adds, that the "True Picture of a Whig" was carried on by him in 1710, in 2 volumes, 8vo. entitled "New dialogues on the present posture of affairs, the species of money, national debts, public revenues, Bank and East India Company, and the trade now carried on between France and Holland. By the author of the Essay on Ways and Means." Sir John Sinclair, from whom Dr. Kippis acknowledges to have received this information, says, "there are very few who on the whole can rival Davenant as a political writer." Sir Charles Whitworth republished these works 1771, in 5 vols. 8vo. But Mr. Chalmers asserts that Davenant was more indebted even than he owned to the following writer.

GREGORY KING.

Gregory King was born at Litchfield, 15 Dec. 1648; was appointed Rouge dragon Herald, 1677, and afterwards Lancaster Herald, in which office he performed, probably, the most valuable services and left the best records

records of any one who ever belonged to it, and died 29 Aug. 1712.

Mr. Chalmers at the end of the third edition of his "Estimate" 1802, has at length published, what had hitherto remained in MS. in the British Museum:

"Natural and political observations and conclusions upon the state and condition of England, 1696; by Gregory King, Esq. Lancaster H." These contain 1. The number of people in England and Wales, calculated from the assessments on marriages, births, and burials. 2. The proportion of England in acres and people to France, to Holland, to Europe, and to the world in general; with a calculation of the number of people now in the world. 3. The several distinctions of people; as to males and females, married and unmarried, children, servants and sojourners. 4. The several ages of the people. 5. The origination and increase of the people of England, with some observations about procreation. 6. The annual income and expence of the nation, 1688; with a scheme of the income and expence of the several families respectively; and a calculation of the quantity of silver and gold in England, France, and Holland, in Europe, and in the world in general, and of the increase and consumption thereof. 7. The several sorts of land in England, and the value and product thereof; with a scheme of the live stock of the nation, in cattle, &c. and of the flesh yearly consumed as food. 8. The beer, ale, and malt, annually consumed in England; and the revenue of excise arising thereby. 9. A calculation of the produce of the poll-bills, and some other taxes; viz. the tax on marriages, births, and burials, and on houses and windows; and what may be raised on some commodities

modities not yet taxed. 10. The state of the nation, anno 1695; and what may be the effect of continuing the war to 1698, inclusive. 11. The state of France and Holland in 1688, and 1695. 12. The state and condition of the three nations of England, France, and Holland, compared one with another with respect to the years 1688, and 1695. 13. The expence of the three nations, proportioned for the years 1688 and 1695: to these are added a scheme of the inhabitants of the city of Gloucester, and a computation of the endowed hospitals and alms' houses in England.

These three celebrated authors, Petty, Davenant, and King, were the founders of our political arithmetic, a science in which several of our cotemporaries have shewn both industry and skill.

It is not my intention, nor have I indeed the materials at this moment before me to enable me, to give a complete series of the subsequent authors on this subject; among whom I should have been glad, had I been able to have furnished an adequate Memoir of Sir Matthew Decker, a man of uncommon skill in commercial arithmetic, who was born at Amsterdam, came into England 1702, and settled himself as a merchant in London, and was representative in parliament for Bishop's-Castle in Shropshire, temp. Geo. I. was created a Baronet 1716, and had three daughters by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Richard Watkins, Rector of Wickford, in Warwickshire: Katharine wife of Richard, sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam of Ireland, and mother of the present Viscount; Maria, married to the Honourable John Talbot; and

Mary, married to William Crofts of Saxham, in Suffolk, Esq.*

MALACHY POSTLETHWAYT.†

This person was the author of "the English Commercial Dictionary," in 2 vols folio; a work much and justly esteemed. He also wrote the following:

"Great Britain's true System: wherein is clearly shewn, 1. That an increase of the public debts and taxes must in a few years prove the ruin of the monied, the trading, and the landed interests. 2. The necessity of raising the supplies to carry on war within the year. 3. That such a design, however seemingly difficult, is very practicable. 4. An Expedient, which will support the public credit, in all times of public distress and danger. To which is prefixed, An introduction relative to the forming a new plan of British politics, with respect to our foreign affairs, and our connections on the Continent. Humbly submitted to all the great men in and out of power. By Malachy Postlethwayt, Esq. London, for A. Millar, 1757, 8vo."

In the introductory discourse to this volume he feelingly complains of neglect. "The public encouragement" says he, "Monsieur Savary met with in France, to induce him to engage in compiling his Dictionary of Commerce, was very engaging, and sufficient to influence him to the undertaking. He had the joint aid and assistance of a great number of

* Coll. Bart. V. 185.

† Archibald Hutchinson, Esq. Treasurer of the Middle Temple, and Member for Hastings, died 12th August 1740, aged nearly 80, famous for his calculations on the public debts.

persons

persons to accumulate matter for that work. Not only merchants of the first eminence, but personages of various conspicuous ranks in the state, distinguished for their superior knowledge in trade, chearfully united to help him; all the public offices of the kingdom, the royal council of commerce, and even the first ministers of state themselves contributed to his commercial fund for the benefit of France; and the author was not only honoured with the peculiar encouragement and patronage of all the great men in power, but he was liberally rewarded by them, and enjoyed a lucrative and honourable post to his death. This was the treatment that the author of the French Universal Dictionary of Commerce met with. I do not choose by way of contrast to make any declaration at present, what treatment the author of the English Universal Dictionary of Commerce has hitherto met with; reserving that perhaps for an humble appeal to the public, previously to the further tender of my best services to them. To which reservation I am the more readily induced from the public-spirited declaration of some persons of distinction, who have spontaneously done me the honour to declare, that they will use their good offices that some public notice may be taken of the disinterested zeal, and indefatigable industry, that has been shewn throughout that undertaking: and it is well known that I several times hazarded my life in the prosecution of that work.

"Every man of candour and impartiality will grant, that the person who, in a private capacity, importantly serves his king and country, is no less entitled to a reward suitable to the service done, than he who does the same in a public one. The speculative person may

be as useful to the state as the active: and when a person takes upon him the contemplative recluse, rather than the bustling life, either from choice or tenderness of constitution, or from other motives that induce him to think that he may be more serviceable in the one capacity than he could be in the other, it is a sign that he has made the best choice in regard to the public service; and if such service has been accepted, no man will say but he has just pretensions to be paid for it.

"Had the writer of these papers given no public or private testimony of his turn to studies that have proved useful to the state, it might be unreasonable, it might have been justly thought presumptive in such an one to expect to make terms for his future intended services; but as the case is otherwise, he humbly hopes that some people will be candid and ingenuous enough to think that he has a right to be treated upon a footing something different to that of an upstart, idle schemist, or projector, who has never given proof of any talents that might deserve the public regard and attention.

"Nature having given me but a very tender and weak constitution, I have studiously declined and avoided as much as I well could, every degree of the public life, as being inconsistent with, and indeed destructive of that small state of health, which I have several years enjoyed; and it will easily be believed, that the studies I have been engaged in have not mended it. I therefore considered in what capacity I might prove any way useful to society; and accordingly betook myself to the studious life; experiencing that to be more consonant to my preservation, than that of

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the active and public one, as it left me at liberty to live in a way agreeable to myself, and not conformable to that of others.

"In this my retired and contemplative state, I am willing to think, that I have made such unprejudiced and disinterested observations upon men and things, that may not only prove of peculiar utility to these kingdoms, and especially with respect to the present situation and circumstances of public affairs, but to mankind in general; having made some discoveries from my philosophical speculations into nature, that may one day not a little surprize the learned world; and many of them tend importantly to such improvements in the active life, as will greatly benefit and advantage society in general." He died 1767.

Nothing needs at present to be said of a book so well known as Adam Smith's * "Wealth of Nations," first published in 1776. Nor shall I here discuss the financial calculations of Dr. Price †, the late Lord Stair ‡, and others. Still less can I at present give an account of Sir John Sinclair's copious "History of the Revenue."

Arthur Young more than thirty years ago published a volume entitled "Political Arithmetic; or, Observations on the present State of Great Britain, and the principles of her policy respecting agriculture; addressed to the Œconomical Societies of Europe."

But one of the most useful and conclusive books both for the extent and accuracy of its researches, and the force of its reasonings was

* Adam Smith was born June 5, 1723, and died July 1790.

† Dr. Price was born 1723, died 1791.

‡ Lord Stair died October 1789.

"The Estimate of the comparative strength of Great Britain, and of the losses of her trade from every war since the Revolution." By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A.; of which the first edition was published in 1782, and the last with many additions in 1802, 8vo. to which were annexed Gregory King's "Political Conclusions" and a brief memoir of the life of that ingenious calculator, as already mentioned.

Something of the same kind, but certainly without the same originality, or the same masterly command over the subject, is the work, entitled,

"Financial and political facts of the eighteenth century, with comparative estimates of the Revenue, Expenditure, Debts, Manufactures, and Commerce of Great Britain. By John M'Arthur, Esq. author of a treatise on Naval Courts Martial. Third Edition, with an Appendix of useful and interesting documents, &c. London, 1801, 8vo.

Here also may be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Clarke's "Survey of the strength and opulence of Great Britain," 1801.

The eminent skill in figures possessed by Mr. William Morgan, the nephew of Dr. Price, has always secured the greatest attention to his financial pamphlets. His last publication is entitled, "A comparative view of the public finances from the beginning to the close of the late administration," 1803, 8vo. But the great objection to the result of his arguments is, that he confines them to a mere question of figures; whereas true political arithmetic surely requires a wide extent of collateral considerations *. This defect has exposed Mr.

* See the British Critic; and also the Edinburgh Review, Vol. iv. p. 75.

Morgan to various replies, among which Mr. Nicholas Vansittart first distinguished himself. And here perhaps it may be proper to mention the two pamphlets by Mr. Rose in 1792, and 1799, containing "A brief examination of the Revenue," which afforded very satisfactory information to desponding minds. A similar purpose was, I believe, effected by Mr. D. Wakefield, in his "Answer to Morgan," 1802.

Perhaps I ought in this place to give an account of the very useful, solid, and important publications of Lord Sheffield; but they will, I think, come more properly under the head of "Works on Commerce;" which, though it embraces a very large and essential part of political Arithmetic, yet requires a separate division.

That great luminary, Burke, whose research was occasionally as laborious, and information as copious and minute, as his fancy, eloquence, and wisdom were extensive and splendid, both in the outset and close of life, shewed himself a master of this science, as his "Observations on a late publication, entitled, "The present state of the nation, 1769," and his posthumous "Third letter on a Regicide Peace" sufficiently evince.

This article shall be closed with four recent publications.

1. A Letter to the Right Honourable William Pitt on the influence of the stoppage of issues in specie at the Bank of England; on the price of provisions, and other commodities. By Walter Boyd, Esq. M. P. 1801.

2. An Enquiry into the nature and effects of the paper credit of Great Britain. By Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. 1802.

 3. Thoughts

3. Thoughts on the restriction of payments in specie at the Banks of England and Ireland. By Lord King, May 1803.

4. Remarks on Currency and Commerce. By John Wheatley, Esq. 1803 *.

Party prejudices, and suspicions arising from the unfortunate circumstances under which the writer of the first of these articles at that time laboured, much weakened the effect due to his arguments. The British Critic in particular gave an account of it ill-becoming the skill it has generally shewn on such subjects: an account which could scarcely have been written by the profound and masterly commentator on the "Enquiry" of Mr. Thornton, which has been only concluded in the Review for January 1805. The signature at the close of this article (J. B---d.) accounts for the extraordinary ability with which it is written. The Rev. John Brand, to whom alone this subscription can belong, has long been known for his acuteness and depth in similar investigations †. By the secrets discovered by Mr. Thornton, as they are drawn forth in Mr. Brand's criticism, the evils arising from the in-

* I may add here "An Inquiry into the nature and origin of Public Wealth, and into the means and causes of its increase. By the Earl of Lauderdale," 8vo. 1804.

† He has often been strangely confounded with the Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, of the same name, who is author of the History of Newcastle upon Tyne, and Editor of Bourne's Antiquitates Vulgares: and whose pursuits have been in a very different track.

Mr. Brand, the politician, distinguished himself at Cambridge, principally in Mathematics, where he became A. B. 1766, and has written several pamphlets of great merit; particularly on the alteration of the constitution of the House of Commons, 1793, and on the Price of Wheat, 1800. Probably the suggestions of Mr. Thornton have furnished him with some new light on this subject.

crease

crease of the quantity of the circulating medium, combined with its augmented power from a more skilful and more œconomical use, are truly alarming. They, who from the mere operation of what Beattie defines to be "common sense" have long beheld these results with sorrow and lamentation, and expressed them with the ardor of a moral and justly directed sensibility, have been considered as prejudiced and narrow-minded declaimers. But perhaps when these effects are deduced and accounted for, in a mode which scarcely falls short of mathematical demonstration, they will not be so easily rejected by the scornful taunts of such half-witted pretenders to an enlightened philosophy. I am irresistibly impelled therefore to transcribe two or three paragraphs even from so recent a publication, which must be in every body's hands, thinking that I shall be well repaid, if I can in the smallest degree add to the circulation of remarks so truly important, and so worthy the consideration of every thinking mind.

"The private distress," says the Critic, "arising from the rapid increase of prices from these causes, the increase of the notes of the bank, the unrestrained augment of country paper, the increased power of currency of all kinds, and the monopoly, we shall pass by, to note another and more natural consequence, arising from the effect of a revolution, which it silently introduces in the classes of society; undermining civil subordination, that great supplement to law, acting while in vigour with a more extensive, more constant, and more moral effect. Men of property are customarily divided into three classes; the mercantile, the monied, and the landed interests; the spirit of subordination in cities and great trading towns is maintained

tained by the two former; and in such places, as a manufacturing populace increases, it becomes more refractory, more debauched, and more seditious, notwithstanding any increase of wealth, and number of the greater traders; and on the monied men their dependence is indefinitely less, and may be taken as nothing.

"The effect of this increase of prices on the spirit of subordination in the country, is now to be enquired after. The incomes of the commercial and monied men have been increased with a much greater celerity than that of the landed interest; with respect to the former this is self-evident; and of late years the addition to the interest of the public debt forms a part, and a part only, of the augment of the income of the latter. Now in any one year each of these classes will divide the commodities produced for all collectively, in proportion to its income; and as the income of the landed class is perpetually declining in proportion to that of the other two, its share in the whole product of the year will be less than of those preceding; together with that of every individual on the average. Now the real opulence of the class, like that of the individual, is as that share; and the circumstance of character being taken equal, and such as neither adds to nor subtracts from it, his consequence will be as his share of opulence; and this is the root of the subordination of the inferior to the superior class; with this it increases; with this it declines, and with this it perishes.

"In this universal progress of descent, many of the old gentry of the land are unable to conquer their old habits of consumption, or to diminish their former appearance;

appearance; they may, by preserving it preserve that consequence a little while; but it terminates in the sale or diminution of their lands: thus their weight must be daily decreasing, their number rapidly diminishing, and the vacuity supplied by the new men who retire from commerce after having made their fortunes. But let the new proprietor be in character, and in income, equal to the individual of an old family, whose place he takes; the neighbouring yeomanry and peasantry will not look up to him with that respect, with which they recently regarded the representative of a family, whom their ancestors have reverenced for generations; hence by a rapid change of landed proprietors, subordination is weakened in the country at large.

"Besides, as the landed interest is in a state of swift relative decline, the daily increasing opulence of the monied and commercial men will be perpetually adding to their ascendency in the House of Commons; which will be far from an improvement of its spirit; and of the great number of these classes who have had seats in that house for the last half century, we do not recollect one, who has been even reputed a great general politician. This evil also affects the commercial gentry themselves, as soon as they retire to enjoy their acquisitions. He, who forty years ago converted his capital into a monied income, finds its power or command of commodities and services already reduced in the proportion of 61 to 100, or 39l. per cent.; and they, who invested their property in land, notwithstanding the rise of rents, find theirs reduced by about the half of that rate; and even the merchant who, after thirty years successful traffic, shall to-morrow withdraw from business, will find the acquisitions of the first two thirds

thirds of that term greatly impaired in their power; and in this progress one new set of landed proprietors will be rapidly succeeding another.

"That highly valuable part of the population of a modified monarchy, an old landed gentry, and the subordination arising from the respect entailed on their names, we can no longer possess; and this class is a necessary counterpoise to all the irregularities into which such states are apt to run. It must be always changing, always new; and families to continue their real opulence unimpaired must continue commercial, until the spirit of the declining years and old age of the Dutch commonwealth, become that of the upper class of Great Britain; that is, the effective national character of Great Britain itself." *

The following observations, which have some relation to this subject, extracted from Bisset's Reign of George III. under 1784, deserve attention.

"The chief constituents of national prosperity are first, the means of subsistence, through agriculture, mines, fisheries, manufactures, and commerce: secondly, defence in military and naval strength, for securing those advantages; comprehending also, connections with foreign countries, when conducive either to benefit or security: thirdly, the preservation and improvement of that physical and moral character, which is best fitted for retaining and promoting the advantages; this head requires the encouragement of useful and liberal arts, and in every civilized and enlightened country the promotion of science and literature: fourthly, the gratification of prevalent habits of comfort and enjoyments, as far as depends upon government,

* Brit. Crit. Jan. 1805, p. 31, 32.

unless

unless restriction be necessary for public good, and the liberty of the subject, without which, to generous and independent spirits, no other blessing of life can afford perfect enjoyment: fifthly, subsidiary to the rest, is provision for the continuance of these, as far as human foresight can extend. * A statesman of consummate wisdom may bestow a greater or less proportion of attention on one or another of these constituents, according to circumstances; but such a minister will have them all in his view. The peculiar situation of Britain, exhausted by the enormous expences of her late ruinous (American) war, and loaded with an immense public debt, rendered the promotion of trade and improvement of finance the most immediately urgent objects of legislative and ministerial consideration. Besides, at this time, the study of political economy occupied the greater number of scholars, moral and political philosophers, and almost every able and informed senator and statesman. Such disquisitions, originating in French ingenuity, had been corrected, enlarged, and digested into a grand system, by British experience, knowledge, and deduction. Adam Smith was the framer of commercial science and the consequent inculcation; and his inestimable work indeed was become the text book of political economists in the closet, the cabinet, and senate. A very eminent writer often gives a tone and fashion to the subjects which he treats that procures them an atten-

* "This analysis the reader will perceive to be abridged from Gillies's Frederic, which appears to the author to exhibit a much juster and more comprehensive estimate of national advantage, than those, either of writers or counsellors, who should consider mere opulence, either private or public, or the aggregate of both, as the test of national prosperity."

tion,

tion, perhaps, greater than may be justified by their comparative value among the various pursuits of life and constituents of happiness. Dwelling on the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, both theorists and politicians by too exclusive attention to that one subject, have frequently been led into an imagination that the supreme constituent of national good was opulence, an idea totally inconsistent with a knowledge of human powers and enjoyments, the experience of happiness, and the history of nations.* This very high estimation of wealth, as the supreme excellence of a country, co-operated with the mercantile character so prevalent in Britain, and many in the various departments of active (especially trading) life considered commerce and finance as the principal objects of executorial conduct. Mr. Pitt, though too enlarged in his views to admit the opinion in the common extent, yet regarding trade, and especially revenue, as most immediately urgent, in forming his plans for the first session of the new parliament, directed his mind chiefly to commerce and finance; and these constitute the principal subjects of his Majesty's introductory speech to parliament."

* Compare for instance, the Greeks and Persians, the Romans and Carthaginians, the Europeans and Hindoos. The heroes sent by poverty from the north, to the dastardly and enervated defenders of the riches of the south. These in the monuments of Gillies, of Fergusson, and Gibbon, shew how falsely a political reasoner would conclude, who should measure national glory and happiness by national receipts.

ART. XVI. TOPOGRAPHY.

The dull manner in which this department of literature has been generally conducted, without one faint ray of fancy to illuminate the dreary paths of antiquity, has brought it into contempt with men of elegant learning and feeling hearts. It cannot be denied, that to extract from court-rolls, deeds of feoffment, and parish registers, to copy tombstones, and epitomize wills, to hunt indexes for inquisitions, and transcribe meagre pedigrees of obscure names, is a very humble exercise of some of the lowest qualifications of an attorney's clerk—But to elucidate local history in the manner in which it ought to be elucidated, is to rescue the worthy from oblivion, to delineate the changes of manners, and the progress of arts, and call back to the fancy the pomp and splendour of ages that are gone; to restore the ruinated castle; to repeople the deserted mansion, and bid for a moment the grave render back its inhabitants to the fond eye of regret. To execute works of this kind would require powers very different from those of most of our Topographers, and not very compatible with that industry which the necessary researches would call for. Few men have united, with the powers of fancy and taste, such laborious investigation, as the late Mr. Thomas Warton. His specimen of a History of Oxfordshire, in his account of the parish of Kiddington, is a model for such compilations, and shews how instructive and entertaining he could have made the account of a more favoured spot.

But the principal purpose of my entering at present on this subject is to introduce the fragment of a Poem,

in

in which it is attempted to describe the feelings of a tender heart on re-visiting the scenes of former happiness. It seems to me that such effusions come strictly within the plan of the most valuable part of topographical memoirs; and would add life, interest, and moral charms to what is now considered as the most useless and unattractive branch of modern reading.

A POETICAL FRAGMENT

On a deserted mansion, the supposed place of nativity of the person in whose character it is written.

Ah! poor deserted solitary dome!
Thou wast, tho' now so dreary, once my home!
From these lov'd windows was I wont to mark
The swain at noontide cross the chearful park;
And oft as pensive eve began to draw
O'er the sweet scene her shadowy veil, I saw
The weary woodman thro' the twilight pace,
His hearth's domestic circle to embrace!
Unnoticed now his mournful path he treads;
No casual ray thy gloomy window sheds;
From thy chill halls no clouds of smoke appear:
No sound of human habitant is here.
The angry spirits ~~of~~ the wind alone
Shriek thro' thy rooms and 'mid thy turrets groan;
While the poor villager, who wont to stay,
And near this spot to linger on his way,
Now passes fearful on, nor looks around,
Starts at each bough; and quakes at every sound.
With trembling footsteps I approach thy gates;
The massy door upon the hinges grates;
Hark! as it opens, what an hollow groan
'Cross the dark hall and down the aisles is thrown!

Still

Still as each lov'd apartment I explore,
The ghosts glide by of joys that are no more;
Cold tremors seize my frame, and to my heart
Despair's chill shafts in clouds of sorrow dart!
O where are all the crew, whose social powers
Speeded beneath these roofs my youthful hours:
Some near yon fane, beneath the turfy mound,
From worldly cares have early quiet found
Wide o'er the globe dispersed the rest are seen;
Vast lands extend, deep oceans roll between.
Some in the burning suns of Asia toil
To win deceitful Fortune's gaudy smile;
Some in the battle's perils spend their breath,
And grasp at honour in the arms of death;
On Egypt's sandy plains, or 'mid the crew
Of mad rebellion still their course pursue;
Some to the gentler arts of peace apply,
Or with the gown's or senate's labours vie;
Watch with the moon thro' midnight's tranquil hour,
Learning's exhaustless volumes to explore;
Or paint bright Fancy's shadowy shapes, which throng
Before the raptured sight, in living song,
While fondly as the fairy structure grows
With hope of endless fame the bosom glows.
But where are they, whose softer forms display'd
Beauty in all the charms of youth array'd?
Which first the breast with love's emotion fill'd,
And with new joys the dove-winged moments thrill'd.
Here glimmered first, amid a thousand wiles,
Thro' the deep blush, affection's purple smiles,
In murmurs died the voices melting tone,
And the heart throbb'd with softness yet unknown.
On yonder lawn in yonder tangled shade
Till twilight stole upon our joys we played;

Danced on the green, or with affected race
Pursued thro' winding walks the wanton chase;
Or sat on banks of flowers, and told some tale
Where hapless lovers o'er their fate bewail;
Or bad soft echo from her mossy seat
The floating music of their songs repeat!
Ye dear companions of my boyish days,
Fair idols of my vows and of my lays,
O whither are ye gone? what varied fate
Has heaven decreed your riper years to wait?
The bloom of youth no longer paints your cheeks;
In your soft eyes gay hope no longer speaks;
Bright as the hyacinthine rays of Morn
Your cheeks no more the auburn locks adorn.
Some in the distant shades of privacy
With watchful looks a mother's care supply;
Some in the realms of fashion feed their pride,
Wafted on dissipation's vapoury tide:
And some alas! ere yet the silver hair
And tottering footsteps warn'd them to prepare,
Of life's vain course have closed the fickle race,
And sudden sunk in chilling death's embrace.
But happy they, who, in the quiet grave,
The world's relentless storms no more must brave;
For here no more had childhood's pure delights
Bless'd their sweet days, and hover'd o'er their nights.
Here cruel fate had early closed the door,
That opens to the voice of joy no more;
And still, wheree'er the wretched exiles strayed,
Black Care had gloom'd their steps, and Fraud betray'd,
And Envy scowl'd upon their fairest deeds,
And Calumny, that cursed fiend who feeds
With most delight on those, who most aspire
To win pure fame by virtue's holiest fire,

Had

Had damp'd the ardor of the generous breast,
And glory's kindling visions had suppress.—
The grave contains them now: beneath a heap
Of mouldering turf in silent rest they sleep,
Till the dread day when sounds the trump of fate,
And all with trembling hope their doom must wait.
O ye deep shadowy walks; ye forest-dells,
Where solitude with inmost mystery dwells!
Again I hail you! From the leaf strown earth
Visions of happy infancy spring forth
At every step I tread; and to my heart
A momentary ray of joy impart:
But ah! how soon, with present ills combin'd,
The dreadful contrast strikes the wounded mind!
The clock that sent its undulating sounds
With deep-ton'd stroke thro' all your distant bounds
From yonder lofty tower, is silent now;
Silent the horn, that on yon airy brow,
Blew its shrill notes thro' all your calm retreats,
And rouz'd the Nymphs and Dryads from their seats;
And call'd sweet Echo, bidding her prolong
Thro' hill and grove and vale the chearful song:
Still is the breath of him who wak'd the horn;
The master's tongue, who did these scenes adorn,
Is silent in the dust; no more his voice
Bids the deep coverts of your woods rejoice;
No more the rustics' grateful breasts he chears,
Nor wipes from Poverty her bitter tears;
No more around him draws the eager cry
Of prattling childhood, to attract his eye,
From whence the rays of love and kindness fly;
No more his lips pronounce the awful tone
Of wisdom, and instruct the bad to moan
Their guilty course; and virtue still to bear
The load of life with fortitude and prayer.

Beneath the pavement of yon humble fane
Low in the earth his mouldering bones remain.
Mem'ry shall o'er the spot her vigils keep,
And Friendship and Affection long shall weep;
And he, who now attempts, in simple lays,
His honour'd fame so weakly to emblaze,
Shall never cease, till life its current stays,
To love, to speak, to view with idol eyes,
His merits kindling as they upward rise!
O what a sudden gloom invests the heaven!
Black clouds across the fair expanse are driven:
No sound is heard; save where a casual breeze
Shakes off the rustling leaves from faded trees.
Hark! what a gust was that! a fearful moan
Along the dark'ning forest seems to groan.
Ye holy spirits of my buried sires,
Still e'en in death survive your wonted fires?
Still hovering round your once lov'd earthly walks,
Is it your voice that in the breezes talks?
To him who sighs o'er all your glories gone,
Who weeps your scatter'd grove, your ruin'd lawn;
Who views with bursting heart your falling towers,
And fills with loud lament your ravag'd bowers;
To him, perchance your guardian cares extend;
O'er him perchance with favouring voice ye bend!
O hear me, sainted beings of the air,
One sign, ye smile upon my efforts, spare!
That gust again! louder it seem'd to move,
Rushing across the center of the grove!
Sure 'tis the signal that ye come at last
To calm my breast, and soothe my sorrows past:
For long Misfortune's baleful hand has spread
Her iron tortures round my luckless head.

Cætera desunt.

ART.

ART. XVII. REV. ROBERT POTTER.

Of this very accomplished and venerable scholar, who died in August 1804, the following character appeared in the Newspapers of the day.

"Thursday last died, aged 83, the Rev. Robert Potter, M. A. Prebendary of Norwich, and Vicar of Lowestoff, in Suffolk. Mr. Potter has long been known to the literary world as the translator of three great writers of the Greek drama; of all the translations in our language, this undoubtedly possesses a superior claim to excellence; not merely from the fidelity with which it has been executed, but from the singular fidelity by which the genius and manner of the respective writers are presented to us. When we further consider the magnitude of the undertaking, and that it was the work of one man, we cannot but rank Mr. Potter (not to mention his original publications), among those to whom British literature is especially indebted. In his private character, he exhibited a mind of strong sensibility and elevated sentiments; and his principles and conduct were such as to do honour to his profession and country."

The following article also appeared at the same time.

"Mr. Potter was one of the best classical scholars of his time. His translations of the Greek dramatic writers are proofs of poetical energy as well as profound erudition. He distinguished himself by other works of learning and genius; but he was entitled to still higher praise for the benevolence of his disposition and rectitude of his conduct. The living of Lowestoff is in the gift of the Bishop of Norwich, who will

perhaps find it a difficult matter to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Potter, who executed its duties with exemplary piety without ostentatious zeal."

Art. XVIII. JACOB BRYANT.

From the Sun Newspaper, 23 Nov. 1804.

"Jacob Bryant, Esq. We have already stated that this venerable ornament of literature died on Tuesday the 13th instant at Chippenham, Bucks, aged 89, deeply regretted by all who knew him. His death was in consequence of a wound on his shin, occasioned by his foot slipping from a chair, which he had stepped on to reach a book in his library; thus did he die, as he had lived, in search of knowledge. As a small but sincere tribute to his memory, a friend is induced to give a short sketch of his character, which an uninterrupted intercourse with him for the last thirty years enables him to do.

"Jacob Bryant, a man, whose whole life had been devoted to the acquirement of learning, and the goal of whose labours was a firm settlement of conviction in religion. He had by study amassed an erudition, which was paralleled by few and surpassed by none; his piety grew out of his learning, and was only equalled by it. With the mildness of a child, he united the firmness of a stoic; from a mind truly christian, his precepts flowed with milk and honey. Though belonging to the lay part of the community, his efforts in the cause of religion were as unceasing as they were satisfactory. His studies were chiefly directed to one object,

object, the developement and establishment of universal truth; this he knew could only be effected by removing the doubts of the sceptic, and softening the heart of the infidel. The tenets of his own life were those of a true Christian; and though he looked upon Providence rather as an indulgent than an angry father, yet his walk through life shewed his conviction of the necessity of never forgetting the "one thing needful."

"Were it necessary to add any thing farther of so good a man, it might be truly said, that in society he stood unrivalled; as a companion he was both communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, and manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. Such a man was Jacob Bryant; such a man his friends have lost, and such a loss they have to deplore."

Art. XIX. MRS. MONTAGU.

The following character of this lady appeared in the newspapers on her death, on August 25, 1800.

"The observation of Hume, respecting Queen Elizabeth, is applicable to this lady. We are not so much to consider her sex, as her abilities. She was an excellent scholar; she possessed a sound judgment and an exquisite taste. Her Essay on the writings and genius of Shakspeare, in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire must always rank with the best illustrations of the transcendent powers of our great English poet. Her work is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of

human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. This Essay is, we believe, the only work, of which Mrs. Montagu publicly avowed herself to be the author; but it is well known that she assisted the first Lord Lyttelton in the composition of his "Dialogues of the Dead;" and some of the best of those dialogues, by his Lordship's own acknowledgment, were the efforts of her pen. Lord Lyttleton was very much attached to her, and if he had been free from matrimonial connexions, she might have commanded his title and fortune. Mrs. Montagu however, it is imagined, was attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath. * She accompanied this nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

"Mrs. Montagu peculiarly excelled in epistolary composition, and her letters, in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, far exceed those of her namesake, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, even supposing that the latter was really the author of the letters attributed to her, which have however been long known to be fictitious. †

"Mrs. Montagu was a near relation of the late celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, ‡ to whose care she devolved in early life, and who superintended her education with parental fondness.

"It is said that she made so early a display of her tendency to literature, that she had transcribed the

* This was a strangely erroneous report. Pulteney was much older than her father; and Mr. Montagu survived him many years. *Editor.*

† Another unfounded assertion! See Dallaway's late edition of Lady Mary's Works, in which the new letters have even greater merit than those before published. *Editor.*

‡ Dr. Middleton married her grandmother, Mrs. Drake. *Editor.*

whole

whole of the Spectators, before she was eight years of age Incredible as this story seems to be, it has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea College, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and of Mrs. Montagu.

"The epistolary correspondence that took place between Dr. Monsey * and Mrs. Montagu, during her tour in Germany, and indeed through the whole of their intercourse for upwards of thirty years, affords proofs of uncommon talents, original humour, and acute observation on both sides. We sincerely hope, that these letters, or at least those of Mrs. Montagu, will be submitted to the world, as they contain nothing but what would tend to impress mankind with high reverence for her capacity, her attainments, and her virtues.

"In private life Mrs. Montagu was an example of liberal discretion, and rational benevolence. Her hand was always extended to the protection of genius, and the relief of distress; but she was careful to distinguish the objects, and not to lavish her bounty upon false pretensions. This lady's magnificent mansion was the resort of the most distinguished characters of her time, and all were emulous to testify their esteem, and pay homage to the endowments of her mind, and the amiable qualities of her heart.

"We are extremely sorry to conclude this impartial tribute to her worth, by informing the world, that she patiently resigned her meritorious life at a very advanced age (80) on Monday last, 25th Aug. 1800, at her house in Portman Square."

* Dr. Monsey died 26th Dec. 1788, aged 95.

ART. XX. *Original Letter of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. W. B.*

DEAR MADAM, *Chaillot, Sept.* 19, 1776.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter from the hands of a very lively polite French lady. Who she is I cannot learn, for at Paris every body does not know every body as at London. Miss G—— and I were going to step into the coach with an intention to pass one night at Paris; but I changed my scheme, and insisted on Madame C—— staying the evening; she has travelled a great deal, and is very amusing. I have called twice at her door, but did not find her at home; she wrote me a very obliging note to express her regret. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I was disgusted with the noise and dirtiness of an hotel garni. I had the best apartments in the best hotel at Paris. In my drawing-room I had a fine lustre, noble looking-glasses, velvet chairs; and in my bed-chamber a rich bed with a superb canopy. Poets and philosophers have told us that cares and solicitudes lurk under rich canopies, but they never told us that at Paris les punaises lie concealed there; small evils it may be said, but I assure you as incompatible with sound sleep as the most formidable terrors or the wildest dreams of ambition. I did not rest well at night, and in the day for the few hours I was chez moi I did not enjoy that kind of comfort one feels at home, so I was determined to have an habitation quite to myself. I got a pretty small house at

Chaillot

Chaillot with the most delightful prospect; it was unfurnished, so I hired furniture. I had not brought house linen, but I found a Flemish linen-draper; then I composed my establishment of servants; I have of English, French, Italians, Germans, and Savoyards; they cannot combine against me, for they hardly understand one another, but they all understand me, and we are as quiet and orderly as possible. I was not ten days from the time I hired my house before I inhabited it. I made use of it at first as an house to sleep in at night, and to visit from in the day, but I soon found out that it was an house in which one might dine and ask others to dinner. I got an excellent cook who had lived with the Prince of Wirtemberg, and have since had duchesses, and fine ladies, and learned academicians, to dine with me; and I live a la mode de Paris, as much as if I was a native. I have usually only a pair of horses; but when I go to visit, or any where at a distance, the man of whom I hire them furnishes me with six and a postillion, so that I have all manner of accommodations.

"I placed the boys and Mr. B—— at a French school, half a quarter of a mile from hence, where they have an opportunity of talking French all day as well as learning it by rule. If they had been here, the boys must have been continually with servants, for my nephew being too old for a plaything, and not yet a man, it would have been impossible to have introduced him into company. A little child is the prettiest of animals, but of all companions, to be sure a human being before it is at years of rational discourse is the worst, except to those who have a parental affection for them; and though I think it no shame to

own

own I have a wonderful delight in my nephew, whom I have, in a manner, brought up, I should be very absurd to expect other people should take more pleasure in my nephew than I do in their nephews; nor do I think the conversation of mixed society very good for children. Things are often thrown out in a careless imperfect manner, so as to be very dangerous to young minds; as indigested food fills the body, indigested opinions do the mind, with crudities and flatulencies, and perhaps there is not any place where a young person could be in more danger of being hurt by society than at Paris. Till I had conversed so intimately with the French I did not imagine they were so different from us in their opinions, sentiments, manners and modes of life as I find them. In every thing they seem to think perfection and excellence to be that which is at the greatest distance from simplicity. I verily believe that if they had the ambrosia of the gods served at their table they would perfume it, and they would make a ragout sauce to nectar; we know very well they would put rouge on the cheek of Hebe. If an orator here delivers a very highly adorned period he is clapt; at the academy where some verses were read, which were a translation of Homer, the more the translator deviated from the simplicity of Homer, the more loud the applause; at their tragedies an extravagant verse of the poets and an outrageous action of the actor is clapped. The Corinthian architecture is too plain, and they add ornaments of fancy. The fine Grecian forms of vases and tripods they say are triste, and therefore they adorn them. It would be very dangerous to inspire young persons with this contempt of simplicity before experience taught

choice

choice or discretion. The business of the toillette is here brought to an art and a science. Whatever is supposed to add to the charm of society and conversation is cultivated with the utmost attention. That mode of life is thought most eligible that does not leave one moment vacant from amusement. That style of writing or conversation the best that is always the most brilliant. This kind of high colouring gives a splendour to every thing which is pleasing to a stranger who considers every object that presents itself as a sight and as a spectacle, but I think would grow painful if perpetual. I do not mean to say, that there are not some persons and some authors who, in their conversation and writings, have a noble simplicity, but in general there is too little of it. This taste of decoration makes every thing pretty, but leaves nothing great. I like my present way of life so well I should be glad to stay here two months longer, but to avoid the dangers of a winter sea and land journey I shall return, as I intended, the first week in October.

I had a very agreeable French lady to dine with me to-day, and am to dine with her at Versailles on Sunday. As she is a woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen, she was obliged (being now in waiting) to ask leave to come to me; the queen, with her leave, said something very gracious concerning the character of your humble servant. The French say so many civil things from the highest of them to the lowest, I am glad I did not come to Paris when I was young enough to have my head turned.

We are going to sup with a most charming Marquise de Dufants, who, being blind and upwards of four-score, is polite and gay, and I suppose we shall stay till after midnight

midnight with her. I hope to contrive to get a peep at you in my journey through Kent.

Miss G——— desires her best compliments. I have sent you a copy of Voltaire's saucy letter on a translator of Shakspeare's appearing at Paris; he was very wrath. Mr. Le Tourneur, whom he abuses, is a very modest ingenious man. Voltaire is vexed that the French will see how he has often stolen from Shakspeare. I could have sent you some very pretty verses that were made on your humble servant and Miss G———; but I think satire is always more poignant than praise, and the verses on us were high panegyric.

I am, Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Sister and Friend,

and faithful humble Servant,

E. MONTAGU.

ART. XXI. BEN JONSON.

Oldys in his MSS. says, "what I have observed of Ben Jonson's being tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son Walter, in my life of Raleigh,* should be somewhat corrected from Mr. Oldisworth's MS. as follows.

"Mr. Camden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and instruction of his eldest son Walter, a gay spark,† who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment, but perceiving one foible in his disposition made use of that to throw off

* Before his "History of the World," 1736. fol. p. clxxii.

† This was the heroic son, who fell gloriously in his father's last unfortunate expedition.

the

the yoke of his government. And this was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter did of all vices most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket, and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor."

"This I had, (says Oldys) from a MS. memorandum book written in the time of the civil wars by Mr. Oldisworth, who was Secretary, I think, to Philip Earl of Pembroke. Yet in the year 1614, when Sir Walter published his History of the World, there was a good understanding between him and Ben Jonson: for the verses, which explain the grave frontispiece before that history, were written by Jonson, and are reprinted in his "Underwoods," where the poem is called "the Mind of the frontispiece to a book;" but he names not this book."

Jonson was born 11th June 1574, and died 16th August, 1637, of a palsy. His father died about 1580, * and his mother re-married a bricklayer.

He was very corpulent, and weighed within two pounds of twenty-two stone, as he says himself in his epistle to Mr. Arthur Squibb in his "Underwoods." †

"The first edition of his works was in 1616, one volume folio, pages 1015, imprinted by W. Stansby,

* Query this date?

† Whalley's edit. Vol. VI. p. 418.

entitled,

entitled, "The Workes of Ben Jonson." Another volume in folio was added 1631. Again with additions, 169?, folio, with a copper-print of him laureated, his cloak over one shoulder, and gloves in his right hand, engraved by Wm. Elder, the writing-master, with Latin and English verses underneath. But the face is too smooth, not crabbed, but full enough. Mr. Vertue's print is much more like him. I have seen an original painting of him in the Cotton Library, but it is not done by a masterly hand. There is a painting of him in the picture-gallery at Oxford: and I have been told of a picture in Bricklayers' hall. A curious painting in miniature of his head in oil colours by Cornelius Jansen, and set in a gold frame or border, in possession of Mr. Collevous the painter, was sold by him for five guineas to Lord James Cavendish. There was an edition of Ben Jonson's works in 6 volumes, 8vo. with cuts.

"I do not perceive," adds Oldys, "that Langbaine had ever seen any of Ben Jonson's plays that were printed singly in his life-time, but two; and these are "The New Inn" and "Staple of News," both printed in different sizes in the year 1631. So that others of his which were printed separately seem greater rarities than Shakspeare's. The single copies might die the sooner by his publishing a folio volume in 1616 of all he had written.

"In Ben's "Execration upon Vulcan for suffering a fire to burn his MSS." printed in his "Underwoods" it appears, that among them was a history he had compiled of the reign of King Henry V. as far as eight of his nine years, in which he had the assistance of Sir Geo. Carew, Sir Robert Cotton, and Mr. Selden.

He

He then lost also a poetical journal of his adventures in Scotland, and all his collections in poetry and humanity for twenty-four years, &c. I think the "Execration on Vulcan" is not in the first edition of Ben's works in folio, 1616: and think that the fire was near or about the year 1629. He mentions in it the burning also of one or two of the play-houses; viz. the Globe on the Bank-side, and the Fortune near Whitecross-street.

"Mr. Thomas Odell tells me that Ben Jonson was master of a play-house in Barbican, now the meeting-house of Mr. James Foster, the dissenting minister, and lived for some time in the house lately inhabited by Mr. Samuel Palmer, the painter in Bartholomew Close, and now by Mr. James, the letter-founder, whence he accounts for his rhime on the Sun and Moon taverns in Aldersgate-street. He mentions something of his theatre to the Earl of Pembroke, I think, before his Epigrams. He often mentions the Mermaid * tavern, and commends the Canary there, where Sir Walter Raleigh had also a club, of which the ingenious Sir Francis Stuart, K. B. and son of the Earl of Murray, was one, to whom Ben Jonson dedicates his "Silent Woman." In the latter part of his Epigrams he mentions the Mermaid in Bread-street.

"See Drummond's Letter to his worthy friend, Master Benj. Jonson, at the end of his History of Scotland, 8vo. 1618, p. 395, or in folio, 1655.

"I have somewhere read that Ben Jonson and Tom

* "This was the Mermaid in Bread-street, and not that in Friday-street. Whalley's Ben Jonson, Vol. VI. p. 262."

Brown died in Aldersgate-street. He was married in his younger years, and had a son who lived to be seven years old (see his epitaph on him); and also daughters, one of which, named Mary, dying young, he has also an epitaph on her (see the Life of Waller, 8vo. 174 of his son.) About the year 1622, some lewd, perjured woman deceived and jilted him; and he writes a sharp poem on the occasion. And in another poem, called his Picture, left in Scotland, he seems to think she slighted him for his mountain belly and his rocky face.

"Ben Jonson was charged in his "Poetaster," 1601, with having libelled or ridiculed the lawyers, soldiers, and players: so he afterwards joined an apologetical dialogue at the end of it; wherein he says he had been provoked for three years on every stage by slanderers, as to his self-conceit, arrogance, insolence, railing, and plagiarism by translations. As to law, he says he only brought in Ovid chid by his father for preferring poetry to it. As to the soldiers, he swears by his Muse they are friends; he loved the profession, and once proved or exercised it, as I take it, and did not shame it more then with his actions than he dare now with his writings. And as to the players he had taxed some sparingly, but they thought each man's vice belonged to the whole tribe. That he was not moved with what they had done against him, but was sorry for some better natures who were drawn in by the rest to concur in the exposure or derision of him. And concludes that since his Comic Muse has been so ominous to him, he will try if Tragedy has a kinder aspect.

"A full shew of those he has exposed in this play is not

not now easily discernible. Besides Decker, and some touches on some play that has a Moor in it (perhaps Titus Andronicus; I should hope he did not dare to mean Othello), some speeches of such a character being recited in Act iii. Scene iv. though not reflected on, he makes Tucca call Histrio the player, "a lousy slave, proud rascal, you grow rich, do you? and purchase you twopenny tear-mouth; and copper-laced scoundrels" &c. which language should not come very natural from him, if he had ever been a player himself; and such it seems he was before or after." *

"See R. Herrick's poems on B. Jonson, in his Hesperides, 8vo. 1648, who has four or five little poems or epigrams on the same."

"See Oldham's Ode to the Memory of B. Jonson—Sam. Sheppard's Epigrams in 6 books, 8vo. 1651, p. 138. There are three poems, or epigrams, and an epitaph on Ben Jonson in a book called "Recreation for ingenious head-pieces, &c. 8vo. 1667. One is about his being robbed by a highwayman, in verse: another, his approbation of a copy of verses: another, a kind of epitaph, containing some very just praise, and a short epitaph." †

* Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine.

† Oldys.

A LIST

OF

LITERARY MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LAST TWELVE YEARS, WITH THE DATES OF THEIR DEATHS.

1793.

John Gordon, D.D. F.S.A. 5 Jan. æt. 68.
Edward Drewe, Esq. of Exeter, 19 Feb.
William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, 20 Feb. æt. 89
William Hudson, F.R.S. (botanist) 23 May, æt. 60,
William Robertson, D.D. 11 June, æt. 73
Rev. Gilbert White, 26 June, æt. 74
George Stuart, LL.D. 18 June, æt. 79
Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone, 21 July, æt. 73
John Hunter, 16 October, æt. 68
Richard Tickell, 4 November

1794.

Sir Clifton Wintringham, M.D. 10 January, æt. 84
John Hinchliffe, Bp. of Peterborough, 10 Jan. æt. 65
Edward Gibbon, 16 January, æt. 57
Reverend Edward Harwood, 14 January, æt. 65
John Charles Brooke, F.A.S. 3 February, aged 45
Richard Burke, Esq. 5 February
Sir John Fenn, Kt. F.A.S. 14 February, æt. 55
Sir William Jones, 27 April
Richard Burke, Junior, 2 August, aged 36
George Colman, 14 August
Rev. James Bentham, F.A.S. 17 November, æt 86

1795.

George Berkeley, LL.D. 6 January
Thomas Balguy, D.D. 12 January
Reverend Richard Southgate, 25 January
William Herbert, Antiquary, 17 March, æt. 77
Dr. Alexander Gerrard, 22 March
James Boswell, Esq. 19 May, æt. 55
Ralph Heathcote, D.D. 28 May
William Smellie, Printer, 25 June
Rev. Mr. Morrison, (biog.) June
Thomas Ford Hill, F.S.A. 16 July
Mrs. Dobson, July
Andrew Kippis, D.D. 8 October, æt. 72
Henry Owen, M.D. F.R.S. 14 October
George Butt, D.D. 30 September
Reverend Samuel Bishop, 17 November, æt. 63

1796.

Sir William Burrell, LL.D. 20 January
John Sibthorp, M.D. (botanist) 7 February
Sir William Chambers, (architect) 8 March
Reverend Benjamin Sowden, March
George Anderson, A. M. (accountant) 30 April
George Campbell, D.D. 6 April
William Gerard Hamilton, 16 July, æt. 69
Robert Burns, 21 July
William Temple, LL.B. of St. Gluvias, August
Reverend William Benwell, 6 September, æt. 31
Thomas Reid, D.D. 7 October, æt. 87
James Fordyce, D.D. 8 October, æt. 76
Reverend John Bree, A. M. 14 December
John Maclaurin, Lord Dreghorn, 24 Dec. æt. 67

1797.

Reverend Mr. Parkhurst, 21 February
Horace, Earl of Orford, 2 March, æt. 81.
William Mason, A. M. 5 April
Reverend G. Travis
William Cadogan, M.D. 26 February
Miss Ryves, April
George Keate, F.R.S. 28 June, æt. circ. 67
Reverend Henry Venn, R.M. 24 June, æt. 73
Edmund Burke, 9 July, æt. 68
Charles Macklin, 11 July, æt. 98
Harvey Viscount Mountmorris, 18 Aug. æt. 55
James Petit Andrews, 4 August
Josiah Dornford, Barrister, 1 July, æt. 34
Richard Farmer, D.D. 8 September, æt. 63
Robert Marsham, F.R.S. 4 September, æt. 90
Mrs. Wolstonecraft Godwin, 10 September
William Enfield, LL.D. 2 November, æt. 57
Mrs. Hayley, wife of Mr. W. Hayley, 6 November
Peter Peckard, D.D. 8 December, æt. 83
Richard Brocklesby, M.D. 12 December
John Wilkes, 26 December, æt. 71

1798.

Thomas Kirkland, M.D. 17 January
Reverend William Holwell, B.D. 13 February
Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart. 16 June, æt. 68
Robert Masters, B.D. 5 July, æt. 83
James Adair, Serjeant at Law, 21 July
Daniel Webb, Esq. Critic, 2 August

Edward Waring, M.D. 15 August, æt. 63
Owen Salusbury Brereton, 9 September, æt. 84
John Zephaniah Holwell, Esq. 5 November
Thomas Pennant, Esq. 15 December, æt. 73
John Reinhold Forster, LL.D. 16 December, æt. 70
Robert Merry, 24 December
William Wales, F.R.S. 29 December

1799.

Thomas Mulso, Esq 7 February, aged 78
William Melmoth, 14 March, aged 89
Reverend Clayton Cracherode, 6 April
William Seward, F.R S. 24 April
James Moore, F.A.S. 11 May
Anthony Storer, 5 July
William Curtis, (botanist) 7 July, æt. 53
Rev. Samuel Denne, F.A.S. 3 August, æt. 70
John Bacon, Statuary, 7 August, æt. 59
William Withering, M.D. 6 October, æt. 58
John Tweddell, Esq. 25 July, æt. 32
Josiah Tucker, D.D. 4 November, æt. 88
Michael Dodson, Esq. 13 November
Dr. Towers
General Washington, 14 December, æt. 68.

1800.

Joseph Black, M. D.
Sir William Musgrave, Bart. F.A.S. 3 January
William Newcome, D.D. Primate of Ireland, 11 Jan. aged 71
John Warner, D.D. 22 January, æt. 64

George

George Steevens, F.A.S. 22 January, aged 65
Rev. William Jones, F.R.S. 6 January
Robert Glyn (Clobery), M.D. 8 February, æt. 81
Daniel Malthus, Esq.
Dr. Macknight
Rev. William Tasker, 4 February, aged 60
Rev. Joseph Warton, D.D. 23 February, aged 78
Honourable Daines Barrington, 14 March
William Brownrig, M.D. F.R.S. 7 January, æt. 89
William Cowper, 25 April, æt. 69
Samuel Pegge, Esq. F.A.S. 22 May, aged 68
Mallet Du Pan, 8 May
Rev. William Bagshaw Stevens, 28 May, æt. 45.
Bryan Edwards, 16 July
Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, 29 July
Samuel Ireland, July
Mrs. Montagu, 25 August
Mrs. Gunning, 28 August
Matthew Lord Rokeby, 30 November, æt. 88
Mrs. Robinson, Poetess, 26 December

[*This List will be continued.*]

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER II.

ART. I. *A Poetical Rapsodie; containing diverse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, Epigrams, Pastorals, Eglogues, with other Poems, both in Rime and Measured Verse. For varietie and pleasure, the like never yet published.*

The Bee and Spider by a diverse power,
Sucke hony and poyson from the selfe-same flower.*

Newly corrected and augmented.
London. Printed by William Stansby for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleet Street, near the Great Conduit, 1611. 12*mo.*

THIS perhaps most valuable of our early metrical miscellanies (the rare occurrence of which can alone account for the little use which has been made of it by our republishers of early English poetry,) was first printed in 1602; and passed through three successive and augmented editions in 1608, 1611, and 1621. The

* So Chettle, in his Kind Hart's dreame, 1592;—
"From one selfe flower the bee and spider sucke
Honey and poyson."——

principal contributor appears to have been the avowed editor, Francis Davison, son of that unfortunate Secretary of State, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. * Being a poet himself, he was more ably qualified for the delicate task of selection from his contemporaries, than Bodenham, the compiler of "England's Helicon," in 1600; though his publisher, like some modern purveyors of literature, seems to have slighted the judgment and taste of an editor, for the purpose of making a bulkier book. This we gather from the preface, which, as it contains a casual notice of Walter Davison, † the natural and poetical brother to Francis, and as it is written in a strain of animated defiance to the hypercritics of that period, is here transcribed.

"To the Reader.

"Being indueed by some private reasons and by the instant entreaty of speciall friends, to suffer some of my worthlesse poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my deere friends *Anonymoi*, and my deerer *Brother*, to beare them company: both, without their consent; the latter being in the low-country warres, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed; mine owne and my brother's, I willed the Printer to suppresse, as well as I had concealed the other, which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure perhaps than our namelesse workes should have done; and I especially. For if their poems be

* See Reliques of English Poetry, I. 332, edit. 1794.

† A very friendly letter from the Earl of Essex to Walter Davison is printed in Birch's Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.

liked,

l, the praise is due to their invention; if disliked; blame both by them and all men will be derived ı me, for publishing that which they meant to ›resse.

If thou thinke we affect fame by these kinds of ings, though I thinke them no disparagement even ıe best judgements, yet I answere in all our behalfes, ı the princely shepherd, Dorus, *Our hearts do e another estimation.* If thou condemne poetry in ɛrall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine, make men utterly unfit eyther for more serious lies, or for any active course of life, I onely say— *ɔo te stultum esse libenter.* Since experience ves by examples of many, both dead and living, : divers delighted and excelling herein, being princes tatesmen, have governed and counselled as wisely; ıg souldiers, have commanded armies as fortuely; being lawyers, have pleaded as judicially and ıuently; being divines, have written and taught as foundly; and being of any other profession, have charged it as sufficiently, as any other men whatsor. If, liking other kinds, thou mislike the lyricall, ɛause the chiefest subject thereof is love;—I reply, at love being vertuously intended and worthily placed, the whetstone of wit and spurre to all generous acons; and many excellent spirits with great fame of it and no staine of judgement, have written excelntly in this kind, and specially the ever-praiseorthy Sidney: so as if thou wilt needs make a fault, r mine owne part,

Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro.

"If any except against the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this booke) of diverse things written by great and learned personages, * with our meane and worthlesse scriblings, I utterly disclaim it; as being done by the Printer, eyther to grace the forefront with Sir Philip Sidney's and others' names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.

"For these poems in particular, I could alledge these excuses—that those under the name of *Anonymos* were written (as appeareth by divers things to Sir Philip Sidney living, and of him, dead) almost twenty yeares since, when poetry was farre from that perfection to which it hath now attained: that my brother is by profession a souldier, and was not eighteen years old when he writ these toys: that mine owne were made most of them sixe or seven yeares since, at idle times as I journeyed up and downe during my travails. But to leave their works to justifie themselves, or the authors to justifie their works, and to speake of mine owne; thy dislikes I contemne, thy praises (which I neither deserve nor expect) I esteeme not; as hoping (God willing), ere long to regaine thy good opinion, if lost, or more deservedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some graver worke. Farewell.

FRA. DAVISON."

The edition of 1611 is preceded by an alphabetical table of contents, and a dedicatory sonnet "To the most noble, honorable, and worthy Lord William Earle

* Two Letters written by Francis to his father, Secretary Davison, occur in Dr. Birch's 14th Vol. of transcripts and extracts from the MSS. of Ant. Bacon, Esq. and were printed in the Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth's time, Vol. II.

of

of Pembroke, * Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Marmion, and St. Quintine:

Great Earle, whose brave heroike minde is higher
And nobler then thy noble high degree;
Whose outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in faire robes a fairer soule attier:
Who, rich in fading wealth, in endlesse treasure,
Of vertue, valour, learning, richer art,
Whose present greatnesse men esteeme but part
Of what by line of future hope they measure!
Thou worthy sonne unto a peerelesse mother,
Or nephew to great Sidney of renowne,
Who hast deserv'd thy coronet, to crowne
With laurell crowne, a crowne excelling th' other:
I consecrate these rimes to thy great name,
Which, if thou like, they seeke no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON." †

[*To be continued in another Number.*]

ART. II. "*The pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre: Newlye compyled into one volume, that is, to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steel-glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, imprinted by Abel Jeffes, dwel-*

* The poetical patron of Ben Jonson, Abr. Fraunce, Daniel, Davies of Hereford, &c.

† To this signature was added in edit. 1602, "The devoted admirer of your Lordship's noble virtues, humbly dedicates his owne, his brother's, and Anonymos poems, both in his owne and their names."

*ling in the Fore-street, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grub-streete. 4to. 1587. B. L.**

As it is the purpose of this work not only to give an account of curious and neglected volumes, but to elucidate the history of the authors, and to correct the errors of preceding biographers, the communicator of this article conceives that his time cannot be more advantageously employed than in adding to the meagre details, and rectifying (in some degree) the erroneous accounts of this once celebrated poet.

George Gascoigne was born (according to Tanner)† of an ancient and noble family in Essex, and, as I learn from himself, received the rudiments of his education under a clergyman by the name of Nevinson, and thence removed to Cambridge. My reason for concluding that he never studied at Oxford shall be given in a note. ‡ How long he remained at the University no where appears, but he afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him

* My copy was given by Bishop Warburton to the late Thomas Warton.

† Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, p. 310; but his account is so closely copied from Antony Wood that it is scarcely necessary to refer but to Athenæ Oxon. Vol. I. 189. Ed. 1720. He calls himself "Esquire by birth, and soldier by profession." By the bye his being born in Essex may be questioned: in the address prefixed to the "Hermit's Tale," he says he "stale his English in Westmerland."

‡ The following lines from his "Satyre of the Steel-glass" will be sufficient ground on which to found this opinion: he there directs the Priests to

Pray for the nurses of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy universities,
And Cantabridge shall have the dignitie
Whereof I was unworthy member once.

Sig. H. j.

drew

drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it

to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England. Returning to his native country, Gascoigne betook himself once more to Grays Inn, where it may reasonably be conjectured he continued but a short time; for in 1575 we find him retired to "his poore-house" at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems; having previously finished "the complaint of Phylomene" (begun as early as 1562), and written a satire called the Steele Glass.

Glass. In the summer of this year he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in her progress, and supplied part of the entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, and at Woodstock.

Here the source of my information, his own writings, necessarily fails me, as the poet probably died soon after, in all probability at Walthamstow. In an address to the Queen, prefixed to "the Hermit's Tale" dated 1st Jan. 1576 (a MS. in the British Museum) he complains of his infirmities; and as nothing appeared from his futile pen, subsequent to 1576, we may reasonably conclude that he soon after terminated his existence. *

For

* It may here be necessary to answer for the variations from Wood's account. In no part of his works, which abound with accounts of himself, does it appear that Gascoigne "travelled in Holland," according to the acceptation generally received; it is true he was in Holland, but it was in his military capacity: that "he went from thence into France to visit the fashions of the Royal Court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame," is a ludicrous mistake of honest Antony's, originating, most probably, in a superficial examination of our author's works, among which is a Sonnet "wrote unto a Scottish Dame whome he chose for his mistresse in the French Court;" which, upon minuter inspection, he would have perceived was written in an assumed character: indeed in "The Hermit's Tale" * he thinks it necessary to apologize for his French, *as being learned in Holland*. His return into England appears above to have proceeded from other causes than "a weariness of those vanities, and of his travels in other countries."

It is to be regretted and admired that Tanner, having Whetstone's life of Geo. Gascoigne, if it was "our Gascoigne," gave no account from it. That the voluminous author of Promos and Cassandra (who has also a copy of verses prefixed to Gascoigne's works) should execute such an undertaking is highly

* Printed in the 1st Vol. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, where the Editor's industry has forsook him, and where he has compiled a life of Gascoigne, in which the errors of Wood's account are heightened.

For the general merits of Gascoigne's poetry the reader is referred to the last edition of Philips's Theatrum Poetarum, p. 94 (White, 1800) and as specimens may be found in Headley, Ellis, Cooper, &c. they will be the less necessary in this place; one short poem which has not hitherto obtained the honour of selection may, however, tend to relieve the tædium of an extended narrative;

Cantates, licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus.

At the end of a close walk in the author's garden were written these lines in rime.

If any flower that here is grown,
Or any herb may ease your pain,
Take, and account it as your own,
But recompence the like again:
For some and some is honest play,
And so my wife taught me to say.

If here to walk you take delight,
Why come and welcome when you will;
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

Thus if you sup or dine with me,
If here you walk, or sit at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please;
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

highly probable, but whether it related to this or to another must now remain a matter of bare conjecture. The tract not being among the Bishop's books in the Bodleian Library has probably "perished mid the wreck of things that were."

I have in vain searched the registers of Stamford (which are unusually perfect) for the name of George Gascoigne.

It

It were endless to remark on every part of this multifarious volume,* but it may be observed that, to the list of his writings in the "Biographia Dramatica" should be added "the device of a Mask for the Rt. Hon. Visct. Montacute, pronounced on account of the marriage of his sonne and heire, to the daughter of Sir W. Dormer; and the marriage of the son and heire of Sir W. Dormer, to the daughter of Lord Montacute."

By this time it may be thought that I have written sufficient on the subject; and but that such was my opinion it was my intention to have observed that to this edition (as to that of 1575) are prefixed three several Epistles, from the second of which the following passage is worth transcribing: it will be necessary first to observe that some of Gascoigne's works, "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi," more particularly, had been supposed to reflect on particular individuals, and in ridicule of those "who being indeed starke staring blind would yet seem to see far into a milstone," he adds, "I will forbear to recite examples by anie mine own doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the arraignment and divorce of a lover," (being written in a jest) have been mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithense between M. Churchyard and Camel, were by a blockheaded reader, construed to be indeed a quarrel between two neighbours; one of whom having a camel in keeping, and the other

* In the list of Gascoigne's works Wood enumerates a "discourse of the adventures of Mr. F. J. (Freeman Jones) about 1572." This is no other than the first edition of "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi! Risum teneatis.

having

having charge of the churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate, because the camel came into the churchyard. Laugh not, lustie yonkers at this; since the pleasant dittie of the noble Earl Surrie beginning thus, *In winter's just return*, was also construed to be made indeed by a shepheard. What should I stand much in rehersal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, *I loth that I did love*, was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed; and that the *Soulknil* of Mr. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sickness."

These trifling memoranda, as reflecting the opinions of our forefathers, are yet worth preserving, and do well as notes to the poems they refer to. "Let us cast nothing away," says Pandarus, "for we know not the use we may have for it." O. G. G.

ART. III. "*Here begynnith the firste volum of Sir John Froissart, of the Cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretaine, Flaunders: and other places adjoynynge. Translated oute of Frenche into our materall * Englyshe tongue, by John Bouchier Knyghte, Lord Berners: at the com̃aundement of oure moste hyghe redoubted soveraygne Lorde Kynge Henry the Eyghth Kynge of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande, defendour of the faith: and of the church of Englande, and also of Irelande, in earth the supreme heade.*"

* Sic.

On

On the back of the title are the King's arms. Next follows "The Preface of John Bouchier Knight, Lord Berners, translatour of this present cronicle," which fills one leaf, at the bottom of the second side of which is "Thus endeth the preface of Syr John Bouchier Knight Lord Berners, trãslatour of this present cronicle. And hereafter foloweth the table, with all the chapters as they stande in the boke in order, frõ one to foure hundred LI. whiche be in numbre CCCC and LI. chapiters." The whole contains fo.CCCXXII, besides preface and contents. The Colophon, "Thus endeth the firste volume of Sir Johan Froissart," &c. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton."

"*Here begynneth the thirde and fourthe boke of Sir John Froissart of the cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spaygne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders, and other places adjoynyng, translated out of Frenche into Englyshe by Johan Bourchier Knyght Lorde Berners, deputie generall of the Kynges towne of Calais and Marchesse of the same, at the comãundement of our most highe redouted soverayne lorde Kyng Henry the eyght Kynge of Englande and of France and kyghe defender of the Christen faithe, &c.*"

On the back of this leaf is the King's arms as to the first volume. Then the preface and a table of the contents of CC XLIX chapters. This volume contains Fo. CCCXX, though numbered only CCCXIX, which number was repeated by mistake. Colophon, "Thus endeth the thirde and fourthe boke of Sir John Froiſſart" &c.

"the whiche two bokes be cōpyled into one volume, and fynysshed in the sayd towne of Calais the tenth day of Marche, in the 16th yere of our said soverayne lordes raigne. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Rycharde Pynson, printer to the kynges moost noble grace. And ended the last day of August: the yere of our Lorde God. MDXXV.

Cum privylegio a rege indulto."

At the back of the last page is Pynson's device, No. 7, supposed to be his arms. *

* Herbert says, "William Middleton printed both volumes of Froissart, but the type is much ruder than Pynson's. Mr. Ames's copy had only the four last sheets of Pinson's edition, and having his colophon at the end, made Ames suppose the whole last volume had been Pinson's; and that Middleton printed only the first volume." "There appear" Herbert afterwards adds, "to have been three editions of Froissart's Chronicle; one by Pinson himself, another with Pinson's name, but supposed to be a pirated edition, and a third by W. Middleton; of this it has been queried whether he ever printed any more than the first volume. I had a copy of it which had been Mr. Ames's; the title like the late Dr. Archer's copy; but had the king's arms, &c. on the back, and the colophon with Middleton's name without date. The title of the second volume had neither compartment nor border, and the back page blank. The remainder of this volume to Fo. cccxii inclusive is printed on the same rude types as the first volume, except the last eight leaves, which are on much neater types, with the colophon in Pinson's name, printed on types of the same size as the chronicle, the lines gradually shortening, &c. This is supposed to be part of the pirated edition: the other edition with Pinson's name, differs from it, particularly in this respect, that the lines of the colophon are of equal length, and of a larger size. I imagine there were no more entire editions than these three, but the making up copies from one or another of these may seem to multiply editions greatly. I have seen Pinson's edition with the last leaf reprinted on modern black letter, copied from the supposed spurious edition, but dated MDXXIII."—Herbert, p. 1790.

"Sir

"*Sir John Froissart's Chronicle of England, France, and the adjoining countries, from the latter part of the reign of Edward II. to the coronation of Henry IV. Newly translated from the best French editions, with variations and additions from many celebrated Manuscripts.*

By Thomas Johnes.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or else he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE.

Vol. I. At the Hafod press, by James Henderson, 1803, 4to. pp. 835, with a dedication to Lord Thurlow, and a short advertisement, dated from Hafod, 24 Dec. 1803.

The same—Vol. II. 1804, pp. 744.

There is a good account of Lord Berners's translation by Oldys in the "British Librarian," p. 67, in which he says "if Froissart has not hitherto received the honour of being printed at the Louvre with some other historians, according to the proposal of the learned Monsieur Du Fresne, in Le Long, Bibl. Hist. p. 235, upon the national motive of praising his own country too little, and ours too much, (see La Popeliniere, Hist. des Hist. lib. 8, and Bodin Meth. Hist. c. 4) these reasons, with the extraordinary dearness of the printed copies, should excite some learned person of this kingdom, for the reputation of our own country, to

to collate the MS. copies, compare the facts with records, and contemporary writers, and correct the miserable mis-spellings in the several impressions of their surnames, who abundantly signalized their valour, in justice to the merits of these celebrated persons, and in honour to their posterity. The most ancient of these impressions in French seems to be that printed by Ant. Verard, a bookseller of Paris, fol. without date. The next was that printed also at Paris by three several persons, that is, the first volume by Fra. Regnauld, the second and third by Michael Le Noir, 1505. The fourth by John Petit, 1518. There was another impression at Paris by Ant. Couteau, also bound in two volumes, fol. 1530. This was that chiefly used by Denis Sauvage, Historiographer to King Hen. II. of France, in the edition he revised and corrected from many copies and abridgments; which was printed at Lyons by John de Tournes, fol. 1559, and again, at Paris, in fol. 1574, with marginal remarks, and annotations at the end of every book. He finds fault with the preceding Editors, several parts of whom he may have rightly corrected, but is himself liable in many places to correction; notwithstanding he has been so preferred, that a copy of his edition has been sometimes sold in London for ten guineas. We could wish that most of the errors in these French editions were as truly corrected in the English one, as Bishop Nicholson imagined they were. In three of the editions we have seen, neither the books nor the chapters are divided alike; so that it is very tedious and confusing to find in one of them the references of the other. Though Froissart's method is somewhat diffuse and interrupted, yet the epitome we have of him in print is scarce worth

worth mentioning, however drawn up by Sleidan, such a skeleton he has made of it, 12mo Franc. 1584, &c. and with such partiality, to the prejudice of the English, has he so diminished it; according to the censure of our learned Humphrey Lhuid in Comment. Brit. Descrip. fol. 27. And yet it has been translated into English by P. Golding, and printed in a 4to pamphlet, 1608."

Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners, was born about 1467, son and heir of Sir Humphry Bourchier by Elizabeth daughter and heir of Sir Frederick Tilney, (widow of Sir Thomas Howard) which Humphrey was slain at Barnet-field, on Edward the Fourth's part, and buried in Westminster-Abbey, during the life of his father, who was Sir John Bourchier, K. G. fourth son of William Earl of Ewe, and Baron Berners, by marriage with Margery, daughter and heir of Richard Lord Berners. Lord Bourchier succeeded his grandfather 16 May, 1474, being then only seven years old. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards travelled abroad, and returned a master of several languages, and a complete gentleman. In 1495 he obtained the notice of Henry VII. by his valour in quelling the fury of the rebels in Cornwall and Devon, under the conduct of Michael Joseph, a blacksmith. In 5 Hen. VIII. he was captain of the pioneers at the siege of Therouenne. In 6 Hen. VIII. being made Chancellor of the King's Exchequer for life he attended the Lady Mary, the King's sister, into France, to her marriage with King Lewis XII.; and in 19 Hen. VIII. obtained a grant from the king of several manors. Afterwards he was made Lieutenant of Calais and the

marches adjoining in France, and spending most of his time there, wrote several learned works in that situation. There he made his will, 3 March, 1532, (24 Hen. VIII.) bequeathing his body to be buried in the chancel of the parish church of our Lady, within the town of Calais, and appointing that an honest priest should sing a mass there for his soul, by the space of three years. He died 16th March following, leaving by Katharine his wife daughter of John Duke of Norfolk, Joane his daughter and heir, married to Edmund Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe in Norfolk, Esq.*

Lord Berners translated besides Froissart, the following:

"The Castle of Love, translated out of Spanyshe into Englyshe, by John Bowrchier, Knyght, Lord Bernes, at the instance of the Lady Elyzabeth Carew, which book treateth of love betweene Leriano and Laureola, daughter to the King of Masedonia," with cuts—Twelves: Printed by Robert Wyer. †

The same "Imprinted at London by John Kynge, 8vo. ‡

* Dugd. Bar. II. 133. Wood's Ath. I. 33. Lord Berners had another daughter and co-heir, Mary, who married Alexander Unton of Wadley in Berkshire, but died without issue. Lord Berners's will is printed at length in the case of the Barony of Berners in Collins's Baronies in Fee, 1734, Fol. p. 337, where it appears that Jane Berners who married Edmund Knyvet, died 1561, having had John K. who, by Agnes Harcourt, had Sir Thomas K. who died 1617, having had by Muriel Parry, Sir Thomas K. who dying 1605, left by Elizabeth Bacon, Thomas K. who died 1658, leaving by Katharine sister and co-heir to Thomas Burgh, Lord Burgh, Sir John Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe, K. B. whose daughter and at length sole heir Katharine marrying first John Harris, Gent. and afterwards Richard Bokenham, of Weston Mercate, Co. Suff. Esq. claimed and was allowed the Barony of Berners, 1720, but died s. p.

† Herbert, I. 380. ‡ Ibid II. 764.

"The

" The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius Empetour and eloquent oratour." At the end, " Thus endeth the volume of Marke Aurelie, Emperour, otherwise called the golden boke, translated out of Frenche into Englishe by John Bourchier Knight Lorde Barners, deputie generall of the Kynge's town of Caleis and marches of the same, at the instaunt desire of his nevewe Sir Frauncis Bryan Knighte, ended at Calais ye tenth daie of Marche, in the yere of the reigne of our Soveraygne lorde Kyng Henry the VIII. the XXIIII." Printed by Thomas Berthelet, 1534.*

" Arthur of Brytayn." On a ribbon; under which " The hystory of the moost noble and valyaunt Knyght Arthur of lytell brytayne, translated out of frenshe into englyshe by the noble Johan bourghcher Knyght, lorde Barners, newly imprynted." Over a cut of the Knight and his Squire, inclosed in a border of four odd pieces. On the back is the translator's prologue. On the next leaf begins " The table of thys present hystorie," ten pages, double columns. Contains 174 leaves, with cuts, though numbered only Fol. LXIX. " Here endeth the hystory of Arthur of lytell Brytayne. Imprynted at London in Powles churche yearde at the sygne of the Cock by Robert Redborne." †

Lord Berners also wrote " The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of Bourdeaux," a book " of the duties of the inhabitants of Calais," &c. " Ite in vineam," a comedy usually acted at Calais after vespers, never printed. ‡

Mr.

* Herbert, I. 425. † Ibid II. 686.

‡ Royal and noble authors. Dame Juliana Berners author of the book on Hawking.

Mr. Johnes, the new translator of Froissart, is a man of fortune, of whose beautiful seat at Hafod descriptions may be found in many modern tours; and is M. P. for the county of Carmarthen.

A specimen of each translation of the same chapter may exhibit the fairest character of both.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

FROM LORD BERNERS'S TRANSLATION, VOL. I. CH. CCLXX.

"*How Sir Johan Chaundos was slayne in a batayle, and howe finally the Frenchemen were discomfyted, and taken in the same batayle.*"

Greatly it greved Sir Johan Chandos the takynge of saynt Salvyn, bycause it was under hys rule; for he was seneschall of Poictou. He set all hys mynde howe he myght recover it agayne, other by force or by stelthe, he cared nat so he myght have it, and for that entent dyvers nyghts he made sundrie bussh-mentes, but it aveyled nat. For sir Loyes who kept it, toke ever so good hede therto, that he defended it fro all dangers. For he knewe well the takyng therof greved sore sir Johan Chandos at the hert. So it fell, that the night before the first day of January, sir Johan Chandos beynge in Poytiers, sent to assemble togyder dyvers barons, knyghtes, and squyers of Poitou. Desyring them to come to hym as prively as they coude: for he certeyned them how he wolde ryde forthe, and they refused nat hys desyre, for they loved

Hawking, Hunting, and Armoury, 1481, was sister to Richard Lord Berners, whose daughter was this author's grandmother. Sir Francis Bryan was distinguished for his poetical talents.

him

him entyerly, but shortely assembled togyder in the cyte of Poicters. Thyder came sir Guysshard Dangle, sir Loyes Harcourt, the lorde of Pons, the lorde of Partney, the lorde of Pynan, the lorde tanyboton, sir Geffray Dargenton, sir Maubruny of Leniers, sir Thomas Percy, syr Baudwyn of Fesvyll, sir Rycharde of Pontchardon, and dyvers other. And whan they were all togyder assembled, they were thre hundred speares and departed by night fro Poictiers, none knewe whyder they should go: except certayne of the lordes, and they had redy with them scalyng ladders, and so came to saynt Salvyn. And there alighted, and delyvered their horses to their varlettes which was about mydnight, and so entred into the dyke, yet they hadde nat their entente so shortely, for sodaynly they herde the watche horne blowe. I shall tell you wherfore it blewe. The same nyght Carlonet was departed fro the Roche of Poisay, with a XL speares with hym. And was come the same tyme to saynt Salvyn, to speke with the capitayne Sir Loys of saint Julyan, to thentent to have ryden togyder to Poictou, to se if they coude gette any pray. And so he called up the watchman, the whiche made hym to sounde hys horne. And so the englyshmen, who were on the other syde of the fortresse, herynge the watche blowe, and great noyse in the place, feared lest they had ben spyed by some spyes, for they knewe nothyng that the sayd frenchemen were on the other syde, to have entred into the place. Therfore they withdrue backe agayne out of the dykes, and sayd, let us go hens for this night, for we have failed of our purpose. And so they remounted on their horses, and retourned hole togyder to Chauvigny on the ryver of Cruse, a two leages thens.

Than the poictevyns demaunded of sir Johan Chandos, if he wolde commaunde them any farther servyce, he answered and sayde: sirs, retourne home agayne whan it please you, in the name of God: and as for thys day, I wyll abyde styll here in thys towne. So there departed the Knyghtes of Poictou and some of England, to the nombre of cc speares. Than Sir Johan Chandos went into a house, and caused to be made a good fyre, and there was styll with hym sir Thomas Percy and hys company seneschall of Rochell, who sayde to sir Johan Chandos, sir, it is your entent to tary here all this day. Ye, truly, quod he, why demaunded you? sir, the cause I desyre you is, sith ye wyll nat styre this daye, to gyve me leve, and I wyll ryde some way with my company, to se if I can fynde any adventure. Go your way, sir, in the name of God, quod Sir Johan Chandos. And so departed sir Thomas Percy with a xxx speares in his company, and so passed the bridge at Chauvigny, and toke the longe way that ledde to Poictiers. And sir John Chandos abode styll behynde full of displeasure, in that he had fayled of his purpose, and so stode in a kechyn warmynge him by the fyre. And his servantes jangeled with him, to thentent to bring him out of his melancholy. His servants had prepared for him a place to reste him; than he demaunded if it were nere day? And therewith there came a man into the house, and came before hym and sayd, sir, I have brought you tidynges.—What be they, tell me?—sir, surely the frenchmen be rydinge abrode.—Howe knowest thou that? said he;—I departed fro Saynt Salvyn with them.—What waye be they ryden? —sir, I can nat tell you the certentie; but surely they

toke

toke the high way to Poiters.—What frenchemen be they; canst thou tell me? sir, it is sir Loys of Saynt Julyan, and Carlonet the breton.—Well, quod sir Johan Chandos, I care nat; I have no lyst this night to ryde forthe: they may happe to be encountred thoughe I be nat there. And so he taryed there styll a certayne space in a gret study, and at last whan he had well advysed hymselfe, he sayde, whatsoever I have sayde here befor, I trowe it be good that I ryde forthe; I must retourne to Poicters, and anone it wyll be daye. That is true, sir, quod the knights about him. Than he sayd, make redy, for I wyll ryde forthe; and so they dyd, and mounted on their horses, and departed, and toke the right way to Poicters costynge the ryver, and the frenchmen the same tyme were nat past a leag before hym in the same way, thinkynge to passe the ryver at the bridge of Lusac. There the englyshmen had knowlege howe they were in the trake of the frenchmen, for the frenchmen's horses cryed and brayed, bycause of thenglysshe horses, that were before them with sir Thomas Percy. And anone it was fayre light daye, for in the begynnyng of January the mornyngs be soone light. And whan the frenchmen and bretons were within a leage of the bridge, they percyved on the other syde of the bridge sir Thomas Percy and his company: and he lykewise perceyved the frenchmen, and rode as fast as he might to get the advantage of the bridge. And sayd, beholde yonder frenchmen be a great nombre agaynste us, therfore let us take the avantage of the bridge. And whan sir Loys and Carlonet sawe thenglysshemen make suche hast to gette the brydge, they dyde in lyke wyse. Howbeit the englisshemen gate it first, and lighted all afore, and so

raynged themselfe in good order to defende the bridge. The frenchmen likewyse lighted a fote, and delyvered their horses to their pages, commaundynge them to drawe a backe. And so dyde put themselfe in good order to go and assayle thenglisshemen, who kept themselfe close togider, and were nothynge afrayed: though they were but a handfull of men, as to the regard of the frenchmen. And thus as the frenchmen and bretons stayed and ymagined, howe and by what meanes to their advantage they might assayle the englysshemen, therewith there came behynde them sir Johan Chandos, his baner displayed, berynge therein, sylver, a sharpe pyle goules, and Jakes of Lery, a valyant man of armes dyd bere it: and he had with him a xl. speares: he approched fiersly the frenchmen. And whan he was a thre forlonges fro the bridge, the french pages who sawe them comynge, were afrayed; and so ran away with the horses, and left their maysters there a fote. And whan sir Johan Chandos was come nere to them, he sayde, hark ye, frenchmen, ye are but yvell men of warre: ye ride at youre pleasure and ease day and night; ye take and wyn townes and forteresses in Poyctou, whereof I am seneschall. Ye raunsome poore folke without my leave; ye ryde all about clene armed: it shulde seem the countrie is all yours. But I ensure you it is nat so. Ye sir Loyes and Carlonet, ye ar to great maisters. It is more than a yere and a halfe that I have sette all myne entent to fynde or encountre with you; and nowe I thanke God I se you and speke to you; nowe shall it be sene who is stronger, other you or I. It hath ben shewed me often tymes, that ye have greatly desyred to fynde me; nowe ye maye se me here. I am Johan Chandos, advyse me well.

Your

Your great feates of armes wherwith ye be renowmed, by goddes leave nowe we shall prove it." Whyle suche langage was spoken, Johan sir Chandos company drewe toguyder; and sir Loyes and Carlonet kept themselfe close togyder, makynge semblant to be glad to be fought withall. And of all this mater sir Thomas Percy, who was on the other syde of the bridge, knewe nothynge; for the bridge was highe in the myddes, so that none coude se over. Whyle sir Johan Chandos reasoned thus with the frenchmen, there was a breton toke his glayve, and coude forbere no lenger, but came to an englysh squyer, called Sunekyn Dodall, and strake him on the brest that he cast him downe fro his horse. Sir Johan Chandos, whan he herde the noyse besyde him, he tourned that way, and sawe his squyer lye on the erthe, and the frenchmen layenge on him. Than he was more chafed than he was before, and sayd to his company, sirs, howe suffre you this squyere thus to be slayne: a fote, a fote. And so he lepte a fote, and all his company, and so Sunekyn was rescued, and the batayle begone. Sir Johan Chandos, who was right hardy, and a coragyous knight, with his baner before him, and his company about him, with his cote of armes on him great and large beten with his armes of whyte sarcenet, with two pylles goules, one before and another behynde, so that he semed to be a sufficyente knyght to do a great feate of armes; and as one of the formast with his glayve in his hande, marched to his enemyes. The same mornyng there had fallen a great dewe, so that the grownde was somwhat moyste, and so in his goynge forwarde he slode and fell downe at the joyninge with his enemyes; and as he was arysing, there light a stroke on him,

him, given by a squier called Jakes of Saynte Martyn with his glayve; the which stroke entred into the fleshe under his eye, bytwene the nose and the forheed. Sir Johan Chandos sawe nat the stroke commynge on that side; for he was blynde on the one eye. He lost the sight thereof a fyve yere before as he hunted after an harte, in the landes of Burdeaux. And also he had on no vyser. The stroke was rude, and entred into his brayne, the whiche stroke greved him so sore, that he overthrue to the erthe, and tourned for payne two tymes up so downe, as he that was wounded to dethe: for after the stroke he never spake worde. And whan his men sawe that mysfortune, they were right dolorouse. Than his uncle Edwarde Clyfforde stepte and bestrode him, for the frenchmen wolde fayne have had him; and defended him so valyantly, and gave rounde about him such strokes that none durst aproche nere to him. Also sir Johan Chambo and sir Bertram of Case semed lyke men out of their minds, whan they saw their mayster lye on the erthe. The bretons and frenchmen were gretly comforted whan they sawe the capitayne of their enemyes on the erthe, thynkynge verily that he had his dethe's wounde. Than they avaunced themselfe, and sayd, Ye englysh men yeelde you, for ye are all ours; ye can nat scape us. There the englyshmen dyd marveyls in armes, as well to defende themselfe, as to reveng their mayster sir Johan Chandos, whome they saw lye in a harde case: and a squyer of sir John Chandos spyed Jaques of Saynte Martyn, who hadde gyven his mayster his mortall stroke, and ran to hym fiersly and stroke him with such vyolence, that his glayve pearsed through bothe his thyes; howebeit

for

for all that stroke he left nat styll to fight. If Sir Thomas Percy and his company had knowen of this adventure, who were on the other syde of the brige, they shulde well have socoured him: but bycause they knewe nothynge therof, nor herde no more of the frenchmen, wenyng to them they had ben gone backe. Therfore he and his company departed, and toke the waye to Poycters, as they that knewe nothynge of that busynesse. Thus the englyshmen fought styll before the bridge of Lusal, and there was done many a feat of armes: brevely the englyshemen coude endure no lenger agaynste the frenchmen, so that the moost parte of them were disconfyted and taken; but alwayes Edwarde Clyfforde wolde nat departe fro his nephue there as he laye. So thus yf the frenchmen hadde bene so happy, as to have had their horses there redy as they had nat, for their pages were ronne awaye fro them before, or els they might have departed with moche honour and profite with many a good prisoner; and for lacke of them they loste all, wherfore they were sore displeased, and sayd amonge themselfe, A, this an yvell order, for the journeye is ours, and yee, throughe faute of our pages we can nat departe, seynge we be hevy armed and sore traveyled, so that we can nat go a fote throughe this countre, the whiche is full of our enemyes, and contrary to us. And we are a sixe leages fro the next forteresse that we have; and also dyvers of our company be sore hurt, and we maye nat leave theym behynde us. Thus as they were in this case, and wyst nat what to do, and had sent two bretons unarmed in to the feldes, to se yf they might fynde any of their pages with their horses, there came

on

on them sir Guyssharde Dangle, sir Loyes Harcourte, the lorde Parteney, the lorde Tanyboton, the lorde Dargenton, the lorde of Pynan, sir Jaques of Surgyers, and dywers other englysshmen, to the nombre of two hundrid speares, who rode about to seke for the frenchmen; for it was shewed them howe they were abrode. And so they fell in the trake of the horses, and came in great hast with baners and penons wavynge in the wynde. And as sone as the bretons and frenchmen sawe them comynge, they knewe well they were their enemyes. Than they sayde to the englysshmen whome they had taken as prisoners before, Sirs, beholde yonder cometh a bande of your company to socour you, and we perceyve well that we can nat endure against them, and ye be our prisoners. We will quyte you, so that ye wyl kepe us and wyll become your prisoners, for we have rather yelde us to you, than to them that cometh yonder; and they aunswered, as ye wyll, so we are content.

Thus the englysshmen were losed out of their prisons. Than the Poictevins, Gascoyns, and Englysshmen came on them, their speares in their restes, cryeng their cryes. Then the Frenchmen and Bretons drue a syde and sayd to them, Sirs, leave, do us no hurt, we be prisoners all redy.

The englysshmen affirmed the same, and sayd, they be our prisoners. Carlonet was prisoner with sir Bertram of Case, and sir Loyes of Saynt Julyan with sir Johan Cambo; so that there was none but that he had a maister.

The barons and knyghtes of Poictou were sore disconforted, when they sawe their seneschall sir Johan Chandos lye on the yerthe, and coude nat speke: than they lamentably complayned, and sayd, A, sir Johan Chandos, the floure of all chivalry, unhappely was that glayve forged that thus hath wounded you, and brought you in parell of dethe. They wepte pyteously that were about hym, and he herde and understode them well, but he coulde speake no worde. They wronge their handes and teare their heares, and made many a pytefull complaynt, and specially suche as were of his owne house. Than his servauntes unarmed hym and layde hym on pavesses, and so bare hym softely to Mortymer, the next forteresse to them. And the other barons and knyghtes returned to Poycters, and ledde with them their prisoners. And as I understode, the same Jaques Martyn, that thus hurte sir Johan Chandos, was so lytell taken hede to of his hurtes, that he dyed at Poycters. And this noble knyght, sir Johan Chandos, lyved nat after his hurte, past a day and a nyght, but so dyed: God have mercy on his soule, for in a hundred yere after, there was nat a more curtesse, nor more fuller of noble vertues, and good condycions amonge the englysshmen than he was. And whan the prince and princesse, the erle of Cambridge, the erle of Pembrouke, and other barons and knyghtes of Englande, such as were in Guyen, herde of his dethe, they were all disconforted, and sayd, they had lost all on that syde of the see. For his dethe his frendes, and also some of his enemyes, were ryght sorrowfull. The englysshmen loved him, bycause all noblenesse was founde in hym. The frenchmen hated hym, bycause they douted hym. Yet I herde his

dethe

dethe greatly complayned among ryght noble and valyant knyghtes of France, sayenge that it was a great dommage of his deathe, for they sayde, better it had ben, that he had ben taken a lyve. For if he had ben taken alyve, they sayde he was so sage and so ymaginatyve, that he wolde have founde som maner of good meanes, wherby the peace myght have ensued, bytween the realmes of Englande and Fraunce, for he was so well beloved with the kyng of Englande, that the kynge wolde beleve hym rather than any other in the worlde. Thus bothe frenche and englysshe spake of his dethe, and specially the englisshemen; for by hym Guyen was kept and recovered.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

FROM MR. JOHNES'S TRANSLATION, VOL. II. CHAP. IX.

Sir John Chandos is slain in a skirmish. The French, at first victorious, are in the end defeated.

Sir John Chandos, being seneschal of Poitou, was seriously afflicted with the loss of St. Salvin: he was continually devising means to retake it, whether by assault or scalade was perfectly indifferent to him, so that he could gain it. He made many nightly ambuscades, but none succeeded; for sir Louis, who commanded in it, was very watchful, as he knew the capture of it had highly angered sir John Chandos.

It happened that, on the night preceding the eve of the new year (1370) sir John Chandos, who resided in the city of Poitiers, had sent out his summons to the barons and knights of Poitou to come to him as secretly as they could, for he was going on an expedi-

tion. The Poitevins would not refuse him any thing, being much beloved by them: they obeyed his summons, and came to Poitiers. Sir Guiscand d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Pons, de Pinane, de Tannybouton, sir Geoffry d'Argenton, sir Maubrun de Linieres, lord Thomas Percy, sir Baldwin de Franville*, sir Richard de Pontchardon, came thither, with many others.

When they were all assembled, they were full three hundred lances.

They left Poitiers in the night, and no one, except the principal lords, knew whither they were going. The English, however, had scaling ladders, and every thing they might have occasion for, with them. They marched to St. Salvin; and when there arrived, were told what was intended: upon which they all dismounted, and, giving the horses to their valets, the English descended into the ditch. It was then about midnight.

They were in this situation, and would very shortly have succeeded in their expedition, when they heard the guard of the fort wind his horn. The reason was this. That very night Carnet le Breton had come from La-Roche-posay, with forty lances, to St. Salvin, to request sir Louis de St. Julien to accompany him in an expedition to Poitou: he therefore awakened the guard and those within the fort.

The English, who were on the opposite side, ignorant of the intentions of this body of Frenchmen wanting to enter the fort, thought they had been seen by the guard, or that spies had given information of their

* Qu. Freville? *Editor.*

arrival

arrival to the garrison. They immediately left the ditch, and said, "Let us away, for this night we have been disappointed in our scheme." They mounted their horses, and advanced in a body to Chauvigny on the river Creuse, two short leagues distant.

When all were arrived there, the Poitevins asked sir John Chandos if he wished them to remain with him: he answered, "No: you may return in God's name; I will to-day stay in this town." The Poitevins departed, and with them some english knights; in all, about two hundred lances.

Sir John Chandos entered a hotel, and ordered a fire to be lighted. Lord Thomas Percy, seneschal of La Rochelle, and his men remained with him. Lord Thomas asked sir John Chandos if he intended staying there that day: "Yes," replied sir John: "Why do you ask?" "Because, Sir, if you be determined not to go further, I shall beg of you to give me leave to make an excursion, to see if I shall meet with any adventure." "In the name of God, go then," replied sir John. At these words, lord Thomas Percy set out, attended by about thirty lances. Sir John Chandos remained with his own people. Lord Thomas crossed the bridge of Chauvigny, taking the longest road to Poitiers, having left sir John Chandos quite low spirited for having failed in his intended attack on St. Salvin. He continued in the kitchen of the hotel, warming himself at a straw fire which his herald was making for him, conversing at the same time with his people, who very readily passed their jokes in hopes of curing him of his melancholy.

After he had remained some time, and was preparing to take a little rest, and while he was asking if it were

were yet day, a man entered the hotel, and came before him, saying, "My lord, I bring you news." "What is it?" asked sir John. "My lord, the French have taken the field." "How dost thou know this?" "My lord, I set out from St. Salvin with them." "And what road have they taken?" "My lord, that I cannot say for a certainty; but it seemed to me they followed the road to Poitiers." "And who are these French?" "My lord, they are sir Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton, with their companies." "Well, it is indifferent to me," replied Sir John: "I have not any inclination to exert myself this day: they may be met with without my interference."

He remained a considerable time very thoughtful: after having well considered, he added, "Notwithstanding what I have just said, I think I shall do right to mount my horse; for at all events I must return to Poitiers, and it will be soon day." "It is well judged," replied the knights who were with him. Sir John ordered every thing to be got ready, and his knights having done the same, they mounted and set off, taking the road to Poitiers, following the course of the river. The French might be about a good league before them on this same road, intending to cross the river at the bridge of Lussac *. The English suspected this from perceiving the tracks of the horses, and said among themselves, "Either the French or lord Thomas Percy are before us." Shortly after this conversation, day appeared; for in the early part of January the mornings begin to be soon light. The French might be about a league from the bridge of Lussac,

* Lussac, a town in Poitou, diocese of Poitiers.

when they perceived lord Thomas Percy and his men on the other side of the river. Lord Thomas had before seen them, and had set off full gallop to gain the bridge. They said, "There are the French: they are more in number than we are: let us hasten to take advantage of the bridge."

When sir Lewis and Carnet saw the English on the opposite side of the river, they also made haste to gain the bridge: however, the English arrived first, and were masters of it. They all dismounted, and drew themselves up to defend and guard it.

The French likewise dismounted on their arrival, and giving their horses for the servants to lead them to the rear, took their lances, and advanced in good order, to attack the English and win the bridge. The English stood firm, although they were so few compared with the enemy.

Whilst the French and Bretons were considering the most advantageous manner to begin the onset, sir John Chandos arrives with his company, his banner displayed and flying in the wind. This was borne by a valiant man at arms, called James Allen, and was a pile gules on a field argent. They might be about forty lances, who eagerly hastened to meet the French. As the English arrived at a small hillock, about three furlongs from the bridge, the French servants, who were between this hillock and the bridge, saw them, and being much frightened, said, "Come away: let us save ourselves and our horses." They therefore ran off, leaving their masters to shift as well as they could.

When sir John Chandos, with displayed banner, was come up to the French, whom he thought very lightly

lightly of, he began from horseback to rail at them, saying, "Do you hear Frenchmen? you are mischievous men at arms; you make incursions night and day at your pleasure; you take towns and castles in Poitou, of which I am seneschal. You ransom poor people without my leave, as if the country were your own; but, by God, it is not. Sir Louis, sir Louis, you and Carnet are too much the masters. It is upwards of a year and a half that I have been endeavouring to meet you. Now, thanks to God, I do so, and will tell you my mind. We will now try which of us is the strongest in this country. It has been often told me, that you were desirous of seeing me: you have now that pleasure. I am John Chandos: look at me well: and, if God please, we will now put to the proof your great deeds of arms which are so renowned."

With such words as these did sir John Chandos greet them: he would not have wished to have been any where else, so eager was he to fight with them.

Sir Louis and Carnet kept themselves in a close body, as if they were willing to engage. Lord Thomas Percy and the English on the other side of the bridge knew nothing of what had passed, for the bridge was very high in the middle, which prevented them from seeing over it.

During this scoffing of sir John Chandos, a Breton drew his sword, and could not resist from beginning the battle: he struck an English squire, named Simkin Dodenhale, and beat him so much about the breast with his sword that he knocked him off his horse on the ground. Sir John Chandos, who heard the noise behind him, turned round, and saw his

squire on the ground, and persons beating him. This enraged him more than before: he said to his men, "Sirs, what are you about? how suffer you this man to be slain? Dismount, dismount:" and at the instant he was on foot, as were all his company. Simkin was rescued, and the battle began.

Sir John Chandos, who was a strong and bold knight, and cool in all his undertakings, had his banner advanced before him, surrounded by his men, with the scutcheon above his arms: he himself was dressed in a large robe which fell to the ground, blazoned with his arms on white sarcenet, argent, a pile gules; one on his breast, and the other on his back; so that he appeared resolved on some adventurous undertaking; and in this state, with sword in hand, he advanced on foot towards the enemy.

This morning there had been a hoar frost, which had made the ground slippery; so that as he marched he entangled his legs with his robe, which was of the longest, and made a stumble: during which time a squire, called James de St. Martin (a strong expert man) made a thrust at him with his lance, which hit him in the face, below the eye, between the nose and forehead. Sir John Chandos did not see the aim of the stroke, for he had lost the eye on that side five years ago, on the heaths of Bourdeaux, at the chace of a stag: what added to this misfortune, sir John had had not put down his vizor, so that in stumbling he bore upon the lance, and helped it to enter into him. The lance, which had been struck from a strong arm, hit him so severely that it entered as far as the brain, and then the squire drew it back to him again.

The great pain was too much for sir John, so he fell

fell to the ground, and turned twice over in great agony, like one who had received his death-wound. Indeed, since the blow he never uttered a word. His people, on seeing this mishap, were like madmen. His uncle, sir Edward Clifford, hastily advanced, and striding over the body (for the French were endeavouring to get possession of it), defended it most valiantly, and gave such well-directed blows with his sword that none dared approach him. Two other knights, namely, sir John Chambo and sir Bertrand de Cassilies *, were like men distracted at seeing their master lie thus on the ground.

The Bretons, who were more numerous than the English, were much rejoiced when they saw their chief thus prostrate, and greatly hoped he was mortally wounded. They therefore advanced, crying out, "By God, my lords of England, you will all stay with us, for you cannot now escape."

The English performed wonderful feats of arms, as well to extricate themselves from the danger they were in, as to revenge their commander, sir John Chandos, whom they saw in so piteous a state. A squire, attached to sir John, marked out this James de St. Martin, who had given the blow: he fell upon him in such a rage, and struck him with his lance as he was flying, that he ran him through both his thighs, and then withdrew his lance: however, in spite of this, James de St. Martin continued the fight.

Now if lord Thomas Percy, who had first arrived at the bridge, had imagined any thing of what was going

* Sir John Chambo, Sir John Cassilies.—Q. Barbea calls the last Caie.

forward, sir John Chandos' men would have been considerably reinforced: but it was otherwise decreed; for, not hearing any thing of the Bretons since he had seen them advancing in a large body towards the bridge, he thought they might have retreated; so that lord Thomas and his men continued their march, keeping the road to Poitiers, ignorant of what was passing.

Though the English fought so bravely on the bridge of Lussac, in the end they could not withstand the force of the Bretons and French, but were defeated, and the greater part made prisoners. Sir Edward Clifford stood firm, and would not quit the body of his nephew.

If the French had had their horses, they would have gone off with honour, and have carried with them good prisoners; but, as I have before said, their servants had gone away with them. Those of the English also had retreated, and quitted the scene of battle. They remained therefore in bad plight, which sorely vexed them; and said among themselves, "This is a bad piece of business: the field is our own, and yet we cannot return through the fault of our servants. It is not proper for us, who are armed and fatigued, to march through this country on foot, which is quite against us; and we are upwards of six leagues from the nearest of any of our fortresses. We have, besides, our wounded and slain, whom we cannot leave behind."

As they were in this situation, not knowing what to do, and had sent off two or three of the Bretons, disarmed, to hunt after and endeavour to find their servants, they perceived advancing towards them, sir Guiscard d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Partenay,

Partenay, de Tannybouton, d'Argenton, de Pinane, sir James de Surgeres, and several others. They were full two hundred lances, and were seeking for the French; for they had had information they were out on an excursion, and were then following the traces of their horses. They came forwards, therefore, with displayed banners fluttering in the wind, and marching in a disorderly manner.

The moment the Bretons and French saw them, they knew them for their enemies, the barons and knights of Poitou. They therefore said to the English, "You see that body of men coming to your assistance: we know we cannot withstand them: therefore," calling each by his name, "you are our prisoners; but we give you your liberty, on condition that you take care to keep us company; and we surrender ourselves to you, for we have it more at heart to give ourselves up to you than to those who are coming." They answered, "God's will be done." The English thus obtained their liberty.

The Poitevins soon arrived, with their lances in their rests, shouting their war-cries; but the Bretons and French, retreating on one side, said, "Hola! stop, my lords: we are prisoners already." The English testified to the truth of this by adding, "It is so; they belong to us." Carnet was prisoner to sir Bertrand de Cassilies, and sir Louis de St. Julien to sir John Chambo: there was not one but who had his master.

These barons and knights of Poitou were struck with grief when they saw their seneschal, sir John Chandos, lying in so doleful a way, and not able to speak. They began grievously to lament his loss, saying, "Flower of knighthood! oh, sir John Chandos!

cursed be the forging of that lance which wounded thee, and which has thus endangered thy life!" Those, who were around the body, most tenderly bewailed him, which he heard, and answered with groans, but could not articulate a word. They wrung their hands, and tore their hair, uttering cries and complaints, more especially those who belonged to his household.

Sir John Chandos was disarmed very gently by his own servants, laid upon shields and targets, and carried at a foot's pace to Mortemer, the nearest fort to where they were. The other barons and knights returned to Poitiers, carrying with them their prisoners. I heard that James Martin, he who had wounded sir John Chandos, suffered so much from his wounds, that he died at Poitiers.

That gallant knight only survived one day and night. God have mercy on his soul! for never since a hundred years did there exist among the English one more courteous, nor fuller of every virtue and good quality than him.

When the prince, princess, earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, and the other English knights in Guienne, heard of this event, they were completely disconcerted, and said, they had now lost every thing on both sides of the sea. Sir John was sincerely regretted by his friends of each sex; and some lords in France bewailed his loss. Thus it happens through life. The English loved him for all the excellent qualities he was possessed of. The French hated him, because they were afraid of him. Not but that I have heard him at the time regretted by renowned knights in France; for they said it was great pity he was slain, and that, if he could have been taken prisoner, he was so wise and

full

full of devices, he would have found some means of establishing a peace between France and England, and was so much beloved by the king of England and his court, that they would have believed what he should have said in preference to all others. Thus were the French and English great losers by his death, for never have I heard otherwise; but the English the most, for by his valour and prudence, Guienne might have been totally recovered *.

Lord

* Sir John Chandos was buried at Mortemer. Underneath is his epitaph, from Les Annales d'Aquitaine, par Bouchet.

Je Jehan Chandault, des Anglois capitaine,
Fort chevalier, de Poictou seneschal,
Après avoir fait guerre tres lointaine
Au rois françois, tant a pied qu' a cheval,
Et pres Bertrand du Guesclin en un val,
Les Poitevins, près Lussac, me diffirent,
A Mortemer, mons corps enterrer firent,
En un cercueil elève tout de neuf,
L'an mil trois cens avec seixante neuf.

He founded and endowed the Carmelite convent at Poitiers.

" He was never married. Elizabeth and Eleanor, two of his sisters, (the latter being the wife of sir Roger Collins), and Isabella, daughter to Margaret, the third sister, at that time married to sir John Annesley, were found to be his next heirs." Barnes.—Translator's note.

There are some genealogical mistakes in this note, but this is not the place to correct them. Leland says, " There were dyvars knights of fame of the Chaundois afore the time of him, that was in Edward the Third's days, a noble warrior. This Chandois dyed without issue, and left his two sisters heirs, whereof one was married to Bridges, and the other to Pole. Bridges had Cowberlie and other lands to the value of 300 marks by the yere. Pole had Rodburne, within four miles of Darby. Chaundois in his old writings nameth himself Vicecomitem S. Salvatoris.——Chaundois had lands in or about Herefordshire; and he was founder, as I remember, of Goldclyve Priory in Wales, and here, as I think, was his first and chief howse. The olde howse of Rodburne is of no great thinge, but the last

Chaundois

Lord Thomas Percy was appointed seneschal of Poitou, after the death of Sir John Chandos. His estates of St. Sauveur le Vicomte fell to the king of England, who gave them to one of his own knights, by name Sir Aleyne Boxhall,* a wonderful able man. The Prince of Wales succeeded to the other riches of Sir John Chandos, as he was never married, and therefore had no children, to the amount of four hundred thousand francs. †

Shortly afterwards those captains who had been made prisoners at the bridge of Lussac were ransomed, and received their freedom on paying down the sums agreed on, in which the king of France assisted them. Sir Louis de St. Julien, Sir William des Bourdes, and Carnet le Breton returned to their garrisons."

The literary world are very truly obliged to Mr. Johnes for this honourable occupation of his time and money. The two volumes already published by him

Chaundois begun in the same lordshipe a mighty large howse of stone with a wonderful cost, as it yet apperithe by foundations of a man's height standinge yet as he lefte them. He had thought to have made of his olde place a college." There is a castle a mile and more beneth Dorston, upon the right ripe of Dour', (Co. Heref.) 'it is called Snothill, and there is a park wallyd,' &c. &c. See Lel. Itin. Vol. 8. f. 70—89, &c. Here also are some mistakes, and a confusion of br.nches. But I forbear to rectify them now. *Editor.*

* Sir Aleyne Boxhall was the fifty-second Knight of the Garter, constable of the tower of London, custos of the parks of Clarendon, &c. He lies buried near St. Erkenwald's shrine in St. Paul's church, about 1380.

Sir Aleyne Boxhall had a commission to restrain the excesses of Charles de Navarre in Normandy, and to put the castle in good repair, dated the 24th of Nov. 1370. *Rymer.*

† I should imagine Froissart must mean that the Prince inherited all he possessed in Aquitaine, &c. but his sister's children were his heirs in England.

extend

extend no farther than the contents of the first volume of Lord Berners. Both translations are curious and valuable; the last was no doubt a great desideratum; the scarcity and high price of the former; the repulsive appearance of the black letter; and the total want of breaks and paragraphs, rendered the perusal of it a task of labour which few had the patience to encounter; and the want of notes was a defect which required amendment. At the same time the diligent investigator of the progress of the English language, the lover of the ages of chivalry, and of that romantic cast of expressions and manners and feats, of which Lord Berners was himself a speaker, a spectator, and an actor, will always secure an increasing rather than a diminished interest for his venerable work. And were a new impression of it in modern types, and with due arrangement of paragraphs, and judicious critical and historical illustrations, given to the world, it would afford one of the most entertaining and instructive treasures of our ancient literature, without at all depreciating the value and attraction of Mr. Johnes's most liberal and praise-worthy undertaking. *

* The Edinburgh Review, in a criticism of this work, altogether just, and indeed candid, Vol. 5, p. 347, truly remarks, that "Lord Berners's version in the pure and nervous English of that early period, and deserves to be carefully consulted by the philologist." But the critic, when he complains of the omission, by Mr. Johnes, of Froissart's Life, does not seem aware that the translator had already published a Memoir of the Historian as introductory to his undertaking.

ART. IV. *Lord Chandos. The glorious life and honourable death of Sir John Chandos, Lord of St. Salviour, le Viscount, great Seneschall of Poyctow, high Constable of Acquitaine, Knight of the honorable order of the Garter, elected by the first founder King Edward the third at his institution thereof.* —*4to.* 1592.

The title of this poem is placed here, as connected with the last article. It is subjoined to a scarce book, entitled "The true use of Armorie; * showed by historie, and plainly proved by example: the necessitie thereof also discovered: with the manner of differings in ancient time, the lawfulness of honorable funerals and moniments: with other matters of antiquitie, incident to the advaunceing of banners, ensignes, and markes of noblenesse and chevalrie. By William Wyrley. Imprinted at London by J. Jackson, for Gabriell Cawood, 1592." 4to.

The above poem of Lord Chandos begins at p. 29, and ends at p. 108—then follows another poem entitled "Capitall de Buz. The Honourable life and languishing death of Sir John de Gralhy Capitall de Buz, one of the Knights elected by the first founder of the Garter into that noble order, and sometime one of the principall Governors of Guyen, ancestor to the French King that now is." This poem consists of fifty pages.

A very short specimen of the first poem will satisfy my readers.

* This treatise was republished by Dugdale under the title of "the ancient usage of bearing arms." Duod. It is a sensible and instructive little book.

STANZA

STANZA I.

Let none rejoice too much in fortune's state,
Reading the story of my tragic death,
But watchful be t' attend some turning fate
Which like wild whirlwind all our doings sway'th.
For as grave Senec', in wise morals, saith,
No mortal man with Gods gain favor might
Of warrantize, to see next morning's light.

STANZA 10.

When first that worthy golden book began,
" For Magistrates" bright " Mirror"* clear indeed,
Through which eternal praise the authors wan,
Strait I believ'd as truly as my creed,
My hard mishap so happily would speed,
As that some one of those rare learned men,
My bliss and bale would have vouchsaf'd to pen.

STANZA 374.

Sweet gentle Knight, he said, † fair peerless flower,
Of Mars his train, good valiant champion stout,
What wicked wight to forge bad gleave had power
Whereby bright lamp of life was stricken out?
Black coaly smith, when first thou went'st about
This tool to forge, I would thou hadst been mad,
Dan Vulcan's luck, or worse mischance hadst had.

STANZA 375.

Brave England never had a braver knight,
Puissant France hath felt no fiercer foe;
Fairer condition'd never living wight;
More courtesies no earthly man did know;
More finer wit, more judgments none did show
In his attempts: more honours none had gain'd
By high exploits than those thou hast attain'd!

* The Mirror for Magistrates, 1559.

† One who bewailed his fate.

STANZA

STANZA 376.

From out our bunch our orient's pearl is gone,
From treasure ours our rarest jewel lost,
From ivory ours stol'n is our whitest bone,
Reft from our wealth rich thing of greatest cost;
Of all our pillars fall'n is most surest post;
Good Chandos slain, I say no more but this,
Best English Knights thy presence much will miss.

STANZA 388.

What glorious praise deserves that worthy wight,
Whose arm'd body as bulwark 'gainst the foe,
Despising life in throngs of foes doth fight
For country's cause, and sweetest sweet bestow?
Though bodies die, wide do their praises grow,
Seld' well-got honour suffer'd is to die,
But memorized lives perpetually.

STANZA 396.

Ah! throughfare full of baleful miseries,
Hard passage cover'd with sharp threat'ning rocks,
Vile toilsome life subject to destinies,
Mad fools on stage whom flouting fortune mocks,
Poor silly sheep to slaughter led by flocks;
Drunk peevish men, whom safety's thought confound,
Dreaming they never shall consume in ground.

STANZA 397, AND LAST.

As silent night brings quiet pause at last
To painful travels of forepassed day,
So closing death doth rest to labours cast;
Making of our toilful work a stay;
Thoughts, griefs, sad cares are bandon then away;
In pomp and glory though brave days we spend;
Yet happy none, until be known his end.

FINIS.

WILLIAM WYRLEY.

ART.

Art. V. DR. CHARLES DAVENANT.

"Dr. Charles Davenant," says Oldys in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, "was Inspector General of the Exports and Imports of the Customs. He died Nov. 6, 1714.

"I had above sixty letters of his writing to his son Henry, who was Envoy at Frankfort, &c. in 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, &c. I gave them all to Mr. James West, with 150 more about Christmas 1746: but the same fate they found, as grain that is sowed in barren ground.

"Harry Davenant had given the Electress of Hanover his father's political books, and the Dr. upon hearing how complaisantly she had received his last, writes thus to him at Hanover from London, Feb. 18th, 1703. "I am very glad to hear her Royal Highness is pleased with my book, which had not created me so many enemies as it hath done, if we had in England but three or four persons with understandings as enlightened as hers is. The rancour begins now to wear off; but I may venture to say that for this last age there has not been so persecuted a martyr to truth and right sense, as I have lately been." So desires him to let her know that in a little time he shall be got into a temper fit for writing a letter to her."*

* A friend has suggested that I ought to have mentioned Sir James Steuart's book with Adam Smith's on the Wealth of Nations in my last Number. I shall endeavour therefore to do him justice on some future occasion. Sir James died Nov. 1780.

Art.

ART. VI. THOMAS RYMER.

"Thomas Rymer," says Oldys, "was born in Yorkshire, went to school at North-Allerton under Mr. Thomas Smelt, when Dr. George Hickes was his schoolfellow. He studied the laws in Gray's Inn. In 1692 he succeeded Shadwell as Historiographer Royal. See a character of his "Fœdera" in Dr. Kennet's 2d letter to the Bishop of Carlisle, and in the said Bishop's Historical Library, and in Davis's Icon Libellorum.

Rymer translated Plutarch's Life of Nicias, which was published with the rest in 1683-4. There are also in print "Rymer's Curious Amusements," 8vo. 1714, and his "View of Parliaments," 8vo. 1714; "Rymer's Three Letters to Bishop Nicholson occasioned by some passages in his Scottish Hist. Library," 8vo. 1702.

Rymer died Dec. 14, 1713, and was buried four days after in the church of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.

See a reflection on him in Fenton's Life of Milton. See the Satire on Translators in the State Poems, reprinted in R. Cross's Collection of Poems, 8vo. 1747. See the "Impartial Critic; or, some observations on Mr. Rymer's late book, entitled "a Short View of Tragedy, by Mr. Dennis," 4to. 1697.

ART. VII. LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

The industrious compiler of the Biographia Dramatica is ignorant of the family and history of this lady, who wrote a Tragedy, entitled "Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry, 4to. 1613," which was never acted;

acted; yet "considering those times and the lady's sex, may be allowed to be well penned. It is written in alternate verse, and with a chorus, which chorus is composed of *Settines*, or stanzas of six lines, the four first of which are interwoven, or rhyme alternately, the two last rhyming to each other, and forming a couplet in base."

Oldys supposes her name should be spelt Carey, and that she was the wife of Sir Henry Carey, to whom Davies dedicated his "Muses Sacrifice" 1612. (see p. 40). If so, she was probably Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Laurence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and wife of Sir Henry Carey, who in 1622 was created Viscount Falkland.

But it is more probable she was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, wife of Sir George Carey, 2d Lord * Hunsdon, † to whom Thomas Nash dedicated his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem. Whereunto is annexed a comparative admonition to London. A Jove Musa. By Thomas Nashe." Printed for Andrew Wise in St. Paul's churchyard, at the Angell, 1594. Dedicated "To the most honored and vertuous beautified Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Carey: wife to the thrice magnanimous and noble discended Knight, Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall." 4to. ‡

To this last lady, Spenser dedicates his Muiopotmos, in these words:

* See Memoirs of Peers of James I. 8vo. 1802. Vol. I. p. 398.

† Unless it should be objected that she would have been called Lady Hunsdon; but perhaps the play was written, though not published, before her husband succeeded to the title, which was in 1596.

‡ Herbert III. 1373.

" To the Right Worthy and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Carey.

" Most brave and bountiful Lady, for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determined to give myself wholly to you, as quite abandoned from myself, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yielded. My person, I wot well, how little worth it is. But the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the fair service thereof; which taketh glory to advance *your excellent parts* and noble vertues, and to spend itself in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name and kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name, which ye have by your *brave deserts purchased* to yourself, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and render your name to commend to the world this small poem. The which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and all things therein, according to your wonted graciousness, to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your La. ever humbly;

ED. SP."

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that this lady was sister to Alice Countess of Derby, for whom Milton's " Arcades" was written.

ART

ART. VIII. *The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. Lond. Printed, and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell,* 1639—&c.

SIR,

The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, you requested I would furnish you with some information respecting a little volume in my possession. The volume to which I allude is entitled "The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. London, printed and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell, 1639." It has a title-page neatly engraved, by Cor. Van. Dahen, from subjects in the poem. Of the author I learn, from a copy of commendatory verses (in Latin) by Jacob Bernard of Trinity College, that Whiting was Master of Arts, and that he was of King's College, Cambridge. There are several commendatory poems prefixed, as was the custom of the age. The scene is placed in Spain; and of the story, which is written in the sextain measure of a stanza and a couplet, the following is a brief analysis. "Bellama, the daughter of Don Rivilezzo, refusing to marry Don Fuco, a rich old nobleman, is carried by her father to the monastery of Darwey, the inhabitants of which are minutely described; then follows an account of her instauration,

Adorn'd with vesture, white as bleached snow;
A cyprus mantle, over which was cast,
(So lightly hung 'twould not abide a blow)
A milk-white ribbon lock'd unto her waste,
Grac'd with a crucifix: her slender wrists
With praying beads were wreath'd on sable twists."

Among the votaries attendant upon the convent is Albino, a young monk of modest carriage and singular beauty, whose mental talents are complimented in two lines:

> Discreet as Tyro's are, he'd store of wit
> In that he knew to use and husband it;

in which the mind naturally reverts to Butler's account of Hudibras:

> Who, though he had great store of wit,
> Was very spare of shewing it.

Upon the first sight of Bellama he is enamoured of her beauty, and finds an opportunity of disclosing his passion to her; after several meetings the jealous matron discovers them in an arbor in the garden, in consequence of which Bellama is secluded, and the frown of the duenna, when next he meets her, convinces Albino that his attachment is discovered. Unable to gain the ear of his mistress, he employs one of his brother monks to deliver letters to Bellama; but Bardino, forfeiting his trust, discloses the letters to the "Abbatesse," and tells Albino that his lady treated him with scorn. Rivilezzo, after two years confinement, fetches Bellama from the convent *vi et armis*. Albino, in order to obtain the sight of his mistress, assumes the habit of a young woman, and presents himself at the grate of the abbey as the daughter of Don Fulco, and is admitted into the order, where he soon learns the escape of his flame. In order to get without the pale of his confinement the *he-lady* persuades the "Abbatesse" that in his way he has lost a ring, but the abbess only offers to send a maid to recover it. He then endeavours to bribe the porter by a purse of coins, consisting of pieces of glass gilt over; but before the time of elopement arrives,

arrives, Avaro discovers the fraud. At the hour appointed Phœliche (the lover's assumed name) knocking loudly to awaken the porter awakens the abbess, who had been dreaming that her ward was destroying by a lion, and she is on the instant persuaded by the noise which alarmed her, that her vision is realized. In her fright she discharges a pistol which awakens the porter. The bell is immediately rung and the whole convent is roused: the attempt to bribe Avaro being disclosed, Phœliche is confined closely and dieted sparely for three days. Unable at length to effect his escape, Albino (alias Phœliche) turns his regard to his sister nuns, and in a few weeks the influence of his intimacy becomes visible. After many fruitless searches the cause of this change in the appearances of the devotees is traced to its source, and the "Abbatesse" contrives to get Albino into a cell utterly excluded from the light.

> The lynx at mid-day there would wish for day,
> And cats, without a light, must grope their way.
>
> Pa. 92.

Here she invents means to torment him by stoves "under-vaulted" in summer, and in winter by pouring water through holes drilled in the roof of his confinement.

Bellama hearing nothing of Albino dispatches a messenger to the grate of the convent, but obtains no other answer than that he had left the priory long since, and it was supposed he was dead. Albino in the interim manages to gain the favour of Conrado by promising him marriage, if the monk will extricate him from his present confinement. The purpose is effected, and by a stratagem Albino leaves Conrado in the

prison. Immediately upon his escape Albino secretes himself in a cavern in a neighbouring thicket, where he rescues from the embrace of a rude rustic his flame Bellama, who, in company with her maid in disguise, had fled her father's house with the hope of discovering Albino. At night they take up their abode in a peasant's hut, but are surprized early in the morning by the noise of the monkish crew in pursuit of their runaway. The fugitives, after assuming various disguises, at length arrive at the house of the brother of Albino, a Carthusian friar, by whom they are united."

Such are the adventures of this "Harlequin and Columbine," of which I have drawn an abstract, because the volume, at least as far as I have discovered, is of uncommon occurrence. From the nature of the fable it will be readily imagined the language is not free from licentiousness. The "Vindication of Poesie" is written in the form of a vision, which has since become a favourite mode of composition.

JOSEPH RITSON.

Since my return into the country I have looked into Ritson's Bibliographia, and am confident that in spite of all his grubbing he has left his book very imperfect. This might be excused by the nature of the undertaking, did he not call others "fool and rascal" in every page.

HENRY WOTTON.

I have in my possession an uncommonly scarce volume with the following quaint title: "A Courtlie controversie of Cupid's Cautels, containing five tragi-

call

call Historyes by three Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen, translated out of French by Henry Wotton, B. L. Impr. by John Caldock and Henry Bynneman, 1578:" in which are many "songes," some of them by no means inelegant for the time when they were written: I will transcribe part of one as a specimen.

What hard mishap doth hamper youth,
When cursed Cupid list to frown;
And yet he will not credite truth
Till hard mishap doth throw him down:
He hath the power in his distresse
To see what may his smart redresse.

Must hoarie hairs needs make us wise
Discovering naked treason's hooke?
Whose glittering hue by slight devise,
Doth make them blind that thereon looke,
And till into the trap they slide,
Believe that reason is their guide. Pa. 127.

Of this book, by the bye, I think Herbert had but an imperfect knowledge, and perhaps adopted the title from Bagfield's MS. Bibl. Sloan. In a translation of Cranmer's "Confutation of unwritten verities, &c." B. L. by E. P. without date or printer's name, is a metrical address of "the boke to the reader," of equal value with many similar compositions which *mister* Ritson has fortunately "retrieved from latent obscurity."

LORD BACON.

Sir Henry Wotton has, in "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," assigned one of the poems to Francis Lord Bacon, upon what authority I know not. I could point out

many other inaccuracies that have come within the confined compass of my observation, and from which I am persuaded that those who possess extensive collections would discover many more.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

John Chalkhill, the author of Thealma and Clearchus, has two songs in Walton's Complete Angler, part of one of which Dr. Johnson translated into Latin. His translation is printed in Murphy's edition of his works, Vol. I. p. 190.

O. G. G.

ART. IX. JOHN LILLY.

Oldys says, that "John Lilly was born, according to A. Wood's computation (I. 295), about the year 1553; but I think he was born sooner. According to him he went in 1569, aged about 16, to Magd. Coll. Oxon. In 1566 he went to court; in 1576 he wrote his first letter to the queen; in 1597 his second, shewing he had been thirteen years led in expectation of being Master of the Revels.

William Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 4to. 1586, speaks of the good grace and sweet vein, which eloquence hath attained in our speech through the help of some rare and singular wits, and adds, "among whom I think there is none that will gainsay but Master John Lilly hath deserved most high commendations, as he who hath stepped one step farther therein than any since he first began the witty discourse of his EUPHUES, whose works surely

surely in respect of his singular eloquence and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine, and make a tryal thereof through all parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense; and surely in my judgment I think he will yield him that verdict, which Quintilian giveth of both the best orators, Demosthenes and Tully; that from the one nothing may be taken away, and to the other nothing may be added*. Yet for all this praise and merit we may see, after a dangling and tedious dependence upon the court for thirteen years, he was forced to write to the queen herself for some little grant to support him in his old age. Of his two letters, or petitions, to her, many copies are preserved in MS.

Lilly was a man (adds Oldys) of great reading, good memory, ready faculty of application, and uncommon eloquence; but he ran into a vast excess of allusion: in sentence and conformity of style he seldom speaks directly to the purpose, but is continually carried away by one odd allusion or simile or other (out of natural history, that is yet fabulous and not true in nature), and that still overborne by more, thick upon the back of one another; and through an eternal affectation of sententiousness keeps to such a formal measure of his periods as soon grows tiresome; and so, by confining himself to shape his sense so frequently into one artificial cadence, however ingenious or harmonious, abridges that variety which the style should be admired for.

See Dodsley's censure of him agreeably to Drayton's

* This passage is also quoted from Webbe's Discourse in The British Librarian, p. 90.

before

before Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe, revived, I think, in the Collection of Old Plays.

Dr. Lodge, in his "Wit's Misery and World's Madness," 4to. 1596, p. 57, says, "Lilly was famous for the facility of his discourse."

See a true character of Lilly by Drayton in his "Censure of the Poets."*

Lilly was the author of a famous pamphlet against the Martinists called "Pap with a Hatchet," about the year 1589. See Dr. Gabriel Harvey's Pierce's Supererogation against Tho. Nashe, 4to. 1593.

"Pap with a Hatchet, alias a Fig for my Godson: or crack me this Nut: or a Country Cuff; that is, a sound Box on the Ear for the Ideot Martin to hold his piece. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John An-Oke, &c. &c. and are to be sold at the sign of the Crabtree Cudgell, in Thwack-coat lane."† This has been attributed to Nashe, but was written by John Lilly.‡

See Nashe's Apology of Pierce Pennyless, 4to. 1593, in praise of Lilly: also Nashe's "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," near the end.§

The full title of Lilly's famous work, is

EUPHUES. The ANATOMY OF WIT. Very pleasaunt for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the Delights that Wit followeth in his Youth by the Pleasantnesse of Love, and the Happinesse

* Oldys's MSS. notes on Langbaine.

† Ibid. See Herbert, III. 1702.

‡ Oldys, ut supr.

§ Ibid.

that

that he repeth in Age by the Perfectnesse of Wisdome. By John Lyly, M. A. corrected, and augmented.*" Dedicated "*To Sir William West, Knight, Lord De La Warre.... To the Gentlemen Readers.—To the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford.*" 88 *Leaves. Concludes thus:* "*I have finished the first Part of Euphues, whom I lefte ready to crosse the Seas to England.—I hope to have him retourned within one Summer. In the mean Season, I will staie for him in the Countrie, and as soon as he arriveth you shall know of his comming.*" *Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood.* 1581.

EUPHUES; and his England. Containing his Voyage and Adventures, mixed with sundrie pretie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court and the Manners of the Isle. Delightful to be read," &c. Dedicated "*To Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenforde, &c.*" *To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would.—To the Gentlemen Readers.*" *Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood.* 4to.†

Oldys says that the first part was printed 1581, 1606, 1623, 1630. 4to.

* Herbert adds in a note, "I cannot find when the first edition of this part was printed. Mr. Wood mentions an edition of Euphues and his England, in 1580; but he has greatly mistaken these two books or parts, and led Bishop Tanner into the same error; supposing Euphues his England to be divided into two parts, &c. and his Anatomy of Wit to be a separate and subsequent work: whereas in fact it is the first part, and introductory to his England, as is evident by the conclusion of this Anatomy of Wit. See Ath. Ox. I. 296."

† Herbert, II. 1012, 1014.

ART.

ART. X. *A most true and exact Relation of that as honourable as unfortunate Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester. By M. C. a loyall Actor in that Engagement, Anno Dom.* 1648. *Printed in the Yeare* 1650. *Duod. pp.* 214.

I only mention this scarce little tract with the hope of preserving it from oblivion, because it records several particulars not noticed by Lord Clarendon, and our general historians. The author, Matthew Carter, acted as quarter-master-general in this expedition. It is dedicated, from some place of imprisonment, "To the truly noble and his worthily honoured friend sir C. K., whose address to the reader follows. At the end are three copies of verses, I. "To my ingenious Friend upon his exact Journal of the Kentish Forces," signed G. W. II. "To the ingenious Author of these Commentaries," signed Roderigoe. III. "To my honoured Friend upon his Commentary," signed E. P.

The author concludes his own relation with the following prophetic paragraph.

"For my own part, I will not despair while there is mercy in heaven, and a just title upon earth, but Charles the Second may fulfil that prophecy that is so authentically avowed concerning his person, when all these horrid distractions and clouds shall vanish into a calm, and there shall be no more a babel city,

Carolus a Carolo,
Major erit Carolo Magno."

There is no doubt that the author was the same who published the following:

Honor

Honor Redivivus; or, An Analysis of Honour and Armory. By Matthew Carter, Esq. London. Printed for Henry Herringman, 1673,. 8vo. And are to be sould by Henry Herringman at the Ancker on the lowest Side of the New Exchange.

All which is on an engraved title-page by R. Gaywood. The printed title-page, which follows, calls it the Third Edition.* Opposite the first is a plate of the arms of Carter (two lions combatant), with a crescent for difference.

One of the examples of arms, p. 264, points out the author's Kentish connections and acquaintance, for it contains a shield of the nine following coats, known at that time by their connection, either by blood or marriage, with the Auchers of Bourne near Canterbury. 1. Sir Thomas Peyton, of Knowlton, Bart. 2. Sir Anthony Aucher, of Bourne. 3. Sir James Thynne, of Longleat, Wilts. 4. Anthony Hammond, of St. Alban's, in East Kent, Esq. [ancestor of James Hammond, the elegiac poet]. 5. Thomas Stanley, of Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, Esq. the poet [whose mother was a Hammond]. 6. Edward Hales, of Tunstal, in Kent, Esq. 7. Roger James, of Ryegate, in Surry, Esq. 8. Killigrew, of Cornwall [whose connection with the rest I do not know]. 9. Stephen Penckhurst, of Buxted, in Sussex, Esq.†

* First printed 1655, and again 1660.

† With my copy of this last work is bound up the following: "Jus Imaginis apud Anglos; or, The Law of England relating to the Nobility and Gentry. Faithfully collected and methodically digested for common benefit. By John Brydall, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire. Lond. for John Billinger, in Clifford's Inn Lane, near Fleet Street; and George Dawes, over against Lincoln's Inn Gate in Chancery Lane. 1673. pp. 76.

ART.

ART. XI. *Pocula Castalia.—The Author's Motto.—Fortune's Tennis-Ball.—Eliza.—Poems.—Epigrams, &c. By R. B. Gent. London, printed by W. H. for T. Dring, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the George, near Clifford's Inne in Fleet-street,* 1650. 8*vo. pp.* 137.

Robert Baron, the author of these poems, was born 1630; was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards at Gray's Inn. Mr. Ellis, who has given one specimen of his writings, says, "whatever is poetical in him appears to be pilfered from other writers." The following is a close imitation of Sir John Suckling's famous Ballad on a Country Wedding.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

1.

I tell thee, Jack, as I sought out
A straggling lamb, which stray'd about
The honey-suckled plain,
Mine eyes met such brave things i' th' way,
As I ne'er saw before that day,
Nor never shall again.

2.

From yon gay house there came a band
Of simpering courtiers, hand in hand,
Drest wondrous brave and fine.
But, O their leader was a lad
In such a gaudy habit clad,
As he did all outshine!

Our

3.

Our lord o' th' town bears not such port
When he sits talking law i' th' court,
With's tenants round about.
Should he be on the green at night,
Jack, thee and I each lass would slight,
And crowd to take him out.

4.

But wot you why he went so gay?
It seems it was his wedding-day,
And now to church he go.
Methought he look'd oft at the sun,
As if he wish'd his race were run;
So did the bride also.

5.

The bride! the bravest in the row;
Our town and all the hundred too
Can't show the like, I'll swear.
I ne'er saw lady at a May,
Or Shrovetide, or on Whitsunday,
That with her might compare.

6.

Of a pair of Indies I've been told,
Where men find precious stones and gold;
I wot not where they are,
Nor do I mind to go to see;
But doubtless if such things there be,
I think they're both in her.

7.

The East, the trammels of her hair
Gilt by Phœbus' beams appear
Like to a golden fleece,

More rich and fair than that which
Was stolen by the Colchan witch,
And the bold youth of Greece.

8.

Her sparkling eyes are gems so fair,
Their lustre dims the twinkling star,
Which bids us shepherds fold.
Her lips be corrall of great price,
Her breath is violet buds, and spice
Whose worth cannot be told.

9.

The other Indies men call West,
These she hath too, and he is blest
That sought their secret treasure;
But did he dig in those mines though,
So oft as some in thought did do,
He'd labour'd out of measure.

10.

Her milky skin and front did shew
Like meadows clad in winter's snow,
Or Cotshall wool new drest;
Or like the girdle of the sky,
Or a smooth mount of ivory,
Or like to curds new prest.

11.

Her cheeks, wherein both roses join,
Seem'd milk commix'd with claret wine,
Such as we drank last May-day.
No tulip e'er such colour wore;
They look'd like strawberries sugar'd o'er,
Such as we ate last play-day.

12.

When to the new-swept church they came,
The lightning which this princely dame
Shot from her eyes so bright,
Struck blind the parson, so that he,
Poor beauty-blasted man, could see
Scarcely to read aright.

13.

For all his coat or gravity,
I think he wish'd as ill as I,
Or any that stood by her:
Though all did look, as who should say
Their very souls did melt away,
And drop before the fire.

14.

The rites done, which like long grace do
But keep them off that would fall to,
The two, now one, went home,
And call'd the waiters, sans delay,
To serve the dinner up, though they
Had their feast yet to come.

15.

The cooks, to give the guests content,
Had plunder'd every element,
And rifled sea and shore.
Beshrew my heart, I ne'er did see
Boards deck'd with such variety,
And laden with such store.

16.

Now were our heads with rose-buds crown'd,
And flowing cups ran swiftly round,
We all did drink like fiſhes;

That joy and pleasure may betide
The bridegroom, 'specially the bride,
Each lusty gallant wishes.

17.

The women's eyes dwelt on the maid,
Some lik't this lace, some that, and said
'Twas a la mode du France;
And drew the picture of the peak:
But then the youth did silence break,
And call'd them forth to dance.

18.

No dapper elves or light-heel'd fawns
Could nimblier trip it o'er the lawns,
Or fairies o'er the green;
Though by the bride all were as far
Outstripp'd as frisking fairies are
By mistress Mab the queen.

19.

No Jack-a-Lent danc'd such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is such a bonny sight:
Yet in her eyes I read that she
Meant to outstep herself, and be
Much nimbler far at night.

20.

Now supper came, and healths went round
In full-fill'd crowned bowls we drown'd
The slow and tedious day.
In singing, kissing oft, and dancing,
In sighing, wishing well, and glancing,
We drave the time away.

21.

Till the nightingale did chant her vesper,
And our curl'd dogs were warn'd by Hesper
To congregate our sheep:
Till the gay planet of the east
Took leave of Iris, and did haste
To 's sea-green couch to sleep.

22.

Now, Jack, th' unwilling willing bride,
With th' busy virgin crew, aside
Was stolen to undress;
The youth, whose active blood began
To strike up Love's tantara; came
Within an hour and less.

23.

In came he, where she blushing lay,
Like to a musk-rose into a
Lapfull of lilies cast.
What pity 'tis we still should stay,
And make them riper joys delay,
Only a kiss to taste!

24.

But still, as 'twere to cross their bliss,
The bridemaid's banquet enter'd is;
The youth devour'd it half,
To end it, not his taste to please;
For minding those sweets coming, these
Were dull, as whey and chaff.

25.

At last the lights and we went out;
Now what remain'd to do, they do't:
Some say they danc'd a jig.
If so, Jack, 'twas but such as that
That thou and I in the bower had
With Betty and with Peg.

At page 112 of these poems are some verses to his "Honoured friend Benjamin Garfield, Esq. on his excellent Tragi-Comedy, entitled, "The Unfortunate Fortunate;" an author whom I do not find mentioned in the Biographia Dramatica.

ART. XII. JOHN CROWN.

Oldys gives the following account of this author's birth, which however, I must premise, differs from that of the compiler of the Biographia Dramatica, who must have been aware of what Oldys had written, because he continually through his work makes use of Oldys's materials *, and therefore had probably some reason for rejecting his authority in the present instance.

"John Crown," says Oldys, "was the son of William Crown, who travelled under the Earl of Arundel to Vienna, and published "A Relation of the remarkable Places and Passages observed in the Travels of the Lord Howard, Earl of Arundel, in his Embassy to the Emperor Ferdinand II. Lond. 1637, 4to." but full of imperfections and errors. This William afterwards succeeded H. Lilley as Rouge-Dragon in the Heralds' Office, and was continued in 1660: but selling to Mr. Sandford, went over with his family to one of the plantations, and there died †. Of his son John the best

* I think this fact is not sufficiently explained in the Introduction to that useful work. Oldys's very words are repeatedly used, where his name is not mentioned.

† Oldys says, "There is some order or paper of instructions I once saw

best account is in one of Mr. Dennis's letters. This John Dennis makes him the son of a clergyman.

The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica, following Cibber, calls him "the son of an independent minister in that part of America called Nova Scotia, but whether born there or not is uncertain." To reconcile these accounts, perhaps when the father retired to America, he took on him the functions of a clergyman. An anecdote related by Malone from Spence seems to confirm Oldys's account that the poet was born in England. "Notwithstanding Dryden's confidence in his own powers," observes Malone, "and the just value which he set on his performances, tradition informs us that he was not wholly free from jealousy of rivals. He would compliment Crowne (as old Jacob Tonson told Mr. Spence) when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say, that Crowne had some genius; but then he always added, that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted*."

Oldys says, Crown was living in 1703, and was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields. He left behind him seventeen dramatic pieces, besides one not printed.

"Of Crowne's being set up in opposition to Dryden, see St. Evremont's letter to the duchess of Mazarine concerning the earl of Rochester."

Lord Rochester calls him "starch Johnny Crowne."

"Many a cup of metheglin" (says the writer of

saw in the Harl. Library from Charles II. as I remember, either to the Lord Baltimore, or some other possessors or governors in one of the American settlements, to inquire into, recover, or restore, for or on behalf of Mr. John Crowne or his father."

* Malone's Life of Dryden, 500.

a curious memoir in the Gent. Mag. for 1745, p. 99) "have I drank with little starch Johnny Crowne. We called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat."

To the Masque of Calisto, 1675, 4to. frequently presented at court, the author has prefixed the personators or persons of quality who acted the several parts, which may serve to throw light on the history of the court at that time. Calisto was by the princess Mary; Nyphe, the princess Anne; Mercury, by Mrs. Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough), then maid of honour to the duchess of York. The duke of Monmouth danced, &c.*

The Tragedy of Darius, 4to. 1688, was dedicated to sir George Hewytt, bart. one of the lieutenants of his Majesty's horse-guard; who in 1689 was made Baron of James-Town and Viscount Gowran in Ireland. He was son of sir Thomas Hewit of Pisheobury in Hertfordshire, bart. and was probably the same who was called Beau Hewit, from whom was drawn the character of Sir Fopling in sir George Etherege's Man of Mode, 1676; in which all or most of the characters were taken from real persons, as Dorimant for lord Rochester, and even the shoemaker, who got vast trade by the poet's representation of him. Sir George drew himself under the character of Young Bellair †.

"John Oldmixon" (I am copying from my usual authority, Oldys), "in one of his histories, says, Crowne the poet told him, that king Charles II.

* I learn this from a copy of the note of a venerable and dignified critic, now living, who remarks that the edition of Henry VI. in 1681, is only a new title page.

† Oldys's MSS.

gave

gave him two Spanish plays, and bade him join them together to form one; which he did, and shewed his majesty the plan for his comedy of "Sir Courtly Nice*." He afterwards read the acts to him scene by scene, as he wrote them. When he had finished the three first, which are by much the best of the play, he read them over to the king, who liked them very well; only he said, "'Tis not merry enough." I do not say smutty, though worse might be said with truth. Crown could easily have mended that fault; but the king dying a month after, he let the three acts pass as they are; and there does not seem to be that deficiency of which his majesty complained."

Crown wrote, besides his dramatic works, "Dœneids, or, the noble Labours of the great Dean of Notre Dames in Paris, for erecting in his Choir a Throne for his Glory; and the eclipsing the Pride of an imperious usurping Chanter: an heroic poem, in four cantos," 4to. 1692. It is a burlesque poem, partly imitated from Boileau's Lutrin.

He also translated Boileau's Lutrin, which was printed in Dryden's Miscellany.

He was author also of a Romance entitled "Pandion and Amphigenia; or, the Coy Lady of Thessalia, adorned with Sculptures," 8vo. 1665.

* "See quotations," says Oldys, "from this play in my friend Hayward's "British Muse;" to which book I wrote the introduction, but the penurious publishers (to contract it within a sheet) left out a third part of the best matter in it, and made more faults than there were in the original."

ART. XIII. NATHANIEL LEE.

Nathaniel Lee was son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield in Hertfordshire, for whom there is the following epitaph in the church of that parish on a marble in the middle of the chancel.

"Depositum Richardi Lee, S. T. P. nuper Hatfieldi Episcopalis, alias Regalis, cum capella de Totteridge Rectoris, qui obiit A. D. 1684, ætat. suæ 73. Hic requiescit spe lætæ resurrectionis."

Nathaniel was "educated at Westminster school, and Trinity Hall,* Cambridge. He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man; but given to debauchery which necessitated a milk-diet, when some of his university comrades visiting him, he fell to drinking with them out of all measure, which flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote while he was in Bedlam a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr. Bowman tells me that going once to visit him there, Lee shewed him a scene, "in which," says he, "I have done a miracle for you." "What's that?" said Bowman. "I have made you a good priest."

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not mention with whom it passed.

* So says Oldys; but he has this note in another place. "There is a copy of English verses signed Nat. Lee, A. B. Trin. Coll. Vide Musarum Cantabrigiarum Threnodia, 4to. 1670."

"I have

"I have seen an unscrew'd spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels!"

"What say you to that, Doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar." *

His melancholy death has already been inserted in the Biogr. Dram. from Oldys's notes. This event happened about 1691 or 1692, for his last play, the Massacre of Paris, is printed in 1690, and Mr. Southerne in his poem to Mr. Congreve before his "Old Bachelor" 1693, mentions his death. He was buried at St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

"There is, or lately was, a brother of Nat. Lee, somewhere in, or near the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire, who has a trunk full of his writings, as I have been informed by old Mr. Samuel Westley, the late parson of Epworth in Lincolnshire."

Lee was patronized by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of Cæsar Borgia, 1680, and who shewed him some external honours, which got Lee some envy, and his lordship more censure than either deserved. See the Satire upon the Poets in imitation of the Seventh Satire of Juvenal, printed in the State-Poems, and reprinted by R. Cross in his Collection of Poems, 8vo.

* "The ingenious Mr. William Thompson had two long letters about Nat. Lee, written by Thomas Southerne, in which is mentioned Lee's breaking somebody's head at Wills' Coffee-house in one of his merry mad fits."

1747, p. 92, in which are the six following lines upon Lord P. and dedicating Lee, because he staid so long at Wilton that the butler feared he would empty the cellar.

None of our new nobility will send
To the King's Bench or to his Bedlam friend;
Pembroke lov'd tragedies, and did provide
For butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side;
The bear was fed, but dedication Lee
Was thought to have a greater paunch than he.

"Queen Anne, when she was Princess, played Semandra in Lee's "Mithridates" (1678, 4to.) with other nobility at Court in the Banqueting-house, Whitehall. She was taught the part by Mr. Joseph Ashbury.

"Most of Lee's plays are printed by John Bentley the bookseller, who, in a catalogue at the end of St. Evremond's Gallant Memoirs, and translated by P. Bolson (or Belon) printed 12mo. 1681, has added some of John Crown's to them. Lee's plays are printed together in 2 vols. 8vo. 1713, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1722, the last edition 3 vols. 12mo. 1734"

"In Theodosius, or the Force of Love, a tragedy, 1680, 4to. are several entertainments of singing; the music by the famous Henry Purcell, being the first time he ever composed for the stage. See Mrs. Eliza Heywood's Companion to the Theatre, Vol. II. p. 329, 1747."

"See Gildon's Character of Lee, Cibber's Apology and Tom Brown of him, Jacob in his Life, and Dryden, Sir Carr Scrope, and Mr. Duke in their prologues of his plays, and Felton, and Tatlers, &c. and Downes

the Prompter of his first appearance on the stage, and Sessions of Poets, and Dr. Trapp's character of him in his Prælectiones Poeticæ, and my Epigram printed in the last volume of Epigrams for Walthoe."

ART. XIV. *Characters of the Poets and Actors in King Charles II's. Reign.*

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1745, VOL. XV. P. 99.]

"Though misfortunes joined with my own choice, have greatly abated the taste, which I once had for poetry, (alas! 'tis now full sixty years since I bad adieu to the Muses,) yet let me profess (vanity may be a little pardonable in what Will Davenant calls talkative old age) that the wits and poets usually esteemed me a notable young fellow. I am now in my 87th year, and though my memory fails as to things of yesterday, yet I remember the bards and theatres of Charles the Second's Reign, (even the comedy you allude to, * at its first appearance,) as well as you can recollect any thing concerning the present poets or theatres.

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform cloathing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve † at the Mulberry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest

* Marriage A La Mode, by Dryden.

† Mrs. Ann Reeve, Dryden's mistress; she acted the part in the Rehearsal, &c. She died a Religious.

creature

creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horribly full of double entendres, yet it was owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

"Master Elkanah Settle,* the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and sattin cap. He run away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year 1674. You'll be glad to know any trifling circumstance concerning Otway. His person was of middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking, and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Pl——th, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

"Poor Nat. Lee (I cannot think of him without tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense he had, at intervals, inspiration itself: but lived an outrageous boisterous life like his brethren. He was a well looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved, that before his misfortune we always called him honest Nat, and afterwards poor Nat.

"Shadwell in conversation was a brute.† Many a cup

* When above seventy years old, he published an Elegy on the Duke of Marlborough, 4to. 1722, and died in the Charter-house, 1723.

† "Thomas Shadwell was born at Stanton-Hall in Norfolk, 1640. His father had eleven children. He was bred up at Bury school, and Caius College in Cambridge. At the age of twenty-three years he went over to Ireland,

cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Johnny Crown; we called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat.

" But

land, and at four months end returned. His father was bred to the law, and had a place of profit and distinction in his profession in Ireland, and when Tom returned from Ireland he had chambers in the Middle Temple. His father bestowed the learning and exercises of a gentleman upon him, as music, &c. which himself tells us in his dedication to the 10th Satire of Juvenal to Sir Charles Sedley. See the Preface of Henry Higden's Modern Essay on the 10th Satire of Juvenal with annotations, dedicated to Richard Lord Lumley, with verses prefixed by Dryden, Mrs. Behn, and E. Settle;—in which preface this author laughs at Shadwell's Translation of Juvenal, and at him too. It is printed in 4to. 1689, in fifty-eight pages.

" Notwithstanding that Lord Rochester has said,

None seem to touch upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley;

yet that Lord had a better opinion of his conversation than his writings, when he said, that if Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shewn more wit and humour than any other poet. But the wit of his conversation was often very immoral, obscene, and profane. By which course having meanness of spirit and servility to render himself ridiculous and contemptible to men of fortune, title, and wit, he got their favour and assistance, under the pretence of being a useful instrument of the Revolution. Lord Lansdowne has a short discourse on these two lines above, against the remark of Wycherley's being a slow writer." Oldys MSS.

" I have heard that Dorset, Sedley, and others of those idle wits would write whole scenes for him." *Ibid.*

Shadwell died Nov. 1692, aged about 57 (but qu. the date of his birth above?)—" See his Life before his plays, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1720, published by his son John Shadwell, and dedicated to the King. He also wrote the short account of his father's Life before it, and the epitaph at the end in Latin, in which Bishop Sprat prevailed on him to retrench part of the high encomium he had given of plays, unseemly to be read in a church: but here the castrated inscription is restored according to the original as it is said in his life." *Ibid.*

" Upon the death of Mr. Shadwell, see a character of him as a comic writer and useful in his degree, no sublime genius, or master of an elegant style,

"But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age. I will now speak to that part of your verses * which relates to the first acting of Marriage A La Mode, on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre. This comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants at the Theatre Royal, made its first appearance with extraordinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man, I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I am out of my province on this head. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us an history of the stage from Shakspeare's time, or at least from the restoration till the period where his own begins, 1690. If any traditionary accounts remain, he is the only man living who can inform you:—If he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the Belles Lettres world will be irreparable.

"Old Bowman, I think, is no more, to the infinite regret of the curious and ingenious in this particular; others will drop off daily, except Mr Cibber takes down what they remember, and delivers it to posterity. That admirable and worthy person Mrs. Bracegirdle must recollect many circumstances, which it is greatly

style, in "P. Motteux's Gentleman's Journal, or Monthly Miscellany for Nov. 1692," p. 21, and of his being succeeded by Tate as Poet Laureat, and by Rymer as Historiographer; also of his posthumous comedy The Volunteers." *Ibid.*

"His wife, Anne Shadwell, acted in Otway's Don Carlos." *Ibid.*

"His son, sir John Shadwell, knight, physician to Q. Anne, died 4 Jan. 1747." Gent. Mag. vol. xvii. p. 47.

* "Verses to Mrs. Sybilla, on her acting the Goddess of Dulness, and persuading her to attempt Melantha in Dryden's Marriage A La Mode, which preceded this Memoir.

hoped

hoped she will commit to paper. Ten years hence any history of the stage in the abovementioned manner will be impracticable: forty years ago nothing might have been performed more easily.

"As Mr. Cibber is the only person furnished with materials for this delightful and ingenious work, so he is alone the proper person for stage criticisms and observations. (Some things might be intermixed concerning the famous stage poets of Charles the Second's time, of whom at present we hardly know a syllable.) In short Mr. Cibber's book has given the public exceedingly great pleasure. His characters of the men, Betterton, Montfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, Leigh;—and of the women, Mrs. Betterton, Barry, Leigh, Butler, Montfort, and Bracegirdle, are as animated, as strongly marked, and as precisely individuated, as can be conceived. How the playhouse stood from the Restoration till the year 1670, I cannot say. The King's theatre had a manifest advantage over the Duke's along, till their union 1684.

"The players probably may have by them written parts with the actors names affixed, from the year 60 to 70, which will greatly inform us of the state of the stage at its most curious period: the printed plays afford us little or no light. Be that as it will, the stage in the year 70 arrived to the zenith of its glory. From that time to the union of the two companies, I have framed as accurate a list of actors and actresses, as came within my narrow compass of knowledge.

"I am, &c. "W. G." *

* From the above lively and interesting Memoir, Malone has made extracts in his Life of Dryden, p. 468, in which he says it has been attributed to Southerne, with whose age he observes it is inconsistent. See in the same life, p. 176, a curious letter of Southerne.

ART.

ART. XV. *Watson's History of the Warrens, Earls of Surry.*

[*Continued from No. I. p. 23*]

I have promised to continue the account of Dr. Watson's History of the Warrens, and therefore now resume it. But it is far from my intention to encumber this work with genealogical discussions: they are not the taste of the day; nor do I wonder at it; they recal reflections too painful; they remind us too acutely of the strange inversions which society has so rapidly undergone within these very few years; of the quick decay of families; of the uncertainty of wealth; and the little advantage of birth and station; of the prosperity of contractors and adventurers; and of the daring insolence of the half-bred and mongrel great, who are still more anxious to suppress and extinguish the genuine stocks of ancient nobility and gentry, than to insult and despise the newest upstarts from India or the Stock Exchange. It is not necessary to point out more particularly the kind of people to whom I allude; but I may add, that I mean those whose names were never heard of in history, or in important offices for more than two or three generations; who having been suddenly drawn, by an accidental alliance or unexpected fortune, from some obscure manor-house, beyond the circuit of which their celebrity had never before travelled, have by a perseverance in intrigue and servility and interested connections, accumulated a fearful preponderance in estates and places and titles; or those, who having obtained through the medium of some of our dependencies, local rank and consequence,

quence, have fastened themselves to some good name of the mother-country, and obtruding with officious want of feeling among its aristocracy, have been inebriated by the fumes of the undeserved prosperity, which they have acquired by their assumption and manœuvres.

I stated in the former Number, that whatever was the real line in which Sir George Warren descended from the Earls of Surry, the mode of his descent from the time of Edward III, when his ancestor Sir Edward De Warren married the heiress of the barony of Stockport, could admit of no question. His son Sir John married Margaret daughter of Sir John Stafford of Wickham, and died 10 Ric. II. leaving Nicolas, who dying about 1413, left by Agnes daughter of Sir Richard de Winnington, Sir Laurence de Warren, who married Margery daughter of Hugh Bulkeley, and died 1444, leaving John de Warren, who married Isabel daughter of Sir John Stanley of Lathom, K. G. and dying 23 Hen. VII. had Sir Laurence, who died V. P. and left two sons, of whom William the younger was ancestor of the present Admiral Sir John Borlace Warren, Bart. and K. B. and Sir John the elder married Eleanor daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn, and dying 1518, left Laurence de Warren, who married Margaret daughter of Sir Piers Legh of Lyme, and had Sir Edward Warren, who rebuilt the mansion in Poynton Park, and married Dorothy daughter of Sir William Booth of Dunham-Massey: he died 12 Oct. 1558, and was father of John Warren, whose wife was Margaret daughter of Sir Richard Molineux of Sefton, and whose death happened 7 Dec. 30 Eliz. A portrait of him, æt. 40, 1580, is inserted in this History.

His son and heir Sir Edward Warren, married Ann daughter of Sir William Davenport of Bramall, and died 13 Nov. 1609. This Knight's portrait is also here inserted—both engraved by Basire. His son, John Warren, died 20 June 1621, leaving by Anne, daughter of George Ognell of Bilsley in Warwickshire, Edward his son and heir, commonly called Stag Warren, on account of his great size and strength, who died 1687, leaving by Margaret daughter of Henry Arderne of Harden near Stockport, John Warren, born 1630, who was one of the Judges of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery, 1681, and dying 20 March 1705—6, left by Anne daughter and heiress of Hugh Cooper of Chorley, Edward Warren, born 1659, who married Dorothy daughter and heir of John Talbot of Dinkley, by whom he had Edward Warren, Esq. who married 1731 Lady Elizabeth, daughter of George Earl of Cholmondeley, and dying 7 Sept. 1737, was father of the late Sir George Warren, who was made K. B. 26 May 1761, and died within these few years, leaving by his first wife Jane daughter and heiress of Thomas Revel, Esq. of Mitcham in Surry, an only daughter and heir, married to the present Viscount Bulkeley, who has no issue.

Thus ends the principal branch of the truly ancient family of Warren of Poynton, while the collateral branch dignified by the heroic actions of Sir John Borlace Warren seems to promise little more stability; his only son having fallen gloriously at the landing in Egypt, in 1801.

How vain therefore were Sir George Warren's anxieties for the revival of the ancient honours of his family, which would have been already extinguished!

Vain,

Vain, even if successful, would have been the ingenuity and earnestness with which Dr. Watson pleaded the cause of his friend and patron, when, towards the close of his work, he wrote the following passages, among others.

"Why, at the decease of the last earl John, without lawful issue, did none of the family lay claim to this title, if it really belonged to them? To this I answer, that they might have a reason for not doing it then, which reason may have no existence now. Their finances, as the estates were left from them, might not be thought adequate to the necessary expences of so elevated a station; and therefore they might either not attempt it, or might meet with discouragement from the crown on that very account. The kings of England, while the subjects held their estates by military tenure, found it was not their interest to permit men of small property to succeed to such great titles, when no lands belonged to them. In reality they did not partake of the nature, nor answer the end of an English barony, which was to supply the king with assistance against the enemies of the realm; for the earldom of Warren not having an inch of land annexed to it, and consequently not being obliged in any case to bring a single soldier into the field, could only be made use of for mere aggrandizement; which, whatever it may be now, was then a very impolitic reason on the part of the state to admit, where it could be avoided; neither was this very difficult to manage, when the crown had so much power. Whatever notions we may at this day entertain of British liberty, it was not an easy thing in the reign of King Edward

III. for a private man, let his pretensions have been ever so just, to have prosecuted an affair of this sort against his sovereign's inclination; they were most favoured who could muster the strongest phalanx.

" But let all this be as it would, their want of claiming this title, does not exclude their right to it; nor would their being denied it on proper application, take away their just pretensions to it; for with regard to the first, there are plenty of instances where titles have lain dormant for generations, or remained in abeyance, as hereditates jacentes, in expectation that the next in blood would sometime sue for the same, and have at last been recovered; and with respect to the second, it is well known that one prince has granted what another has refused. No perpetual bar therefore either ought or can be put to applications of this sort. Titles should not be extinguished without very substantial reasons, but no substantial reason can be given, why that of the earl of Warren should undergo this fate, so long as there has neither been forfeiture nor want of blood.

" And though an infringement was made upon the family right, by conferring the title in question on such who had no pretensions to it in the reigns of Hen. VI. and Edw. IV., yet those kings were excusable in what they did, because as the family of Warren had neglected to claim it, they could not be supposed to know any thing about it. Those acts however cannot prejudice the present claimant, for whether the grants were made in tail male or tail general, the remainders are spent. When a man's property is put into a wrong hand, he loses but the

possession

possession of it, not his right to it;* and though in the case of titles, it would be impolitic to divest a person

* "This is evident from the case of Lord Willoughby of Parham; for Sir William Willoughby, Kt. being by letters patent, dated 16 Feb. 1 Edw. VI. created Lord Willoughby of Parham, to hold to him and the heirs male of his body, he was succeeded in that title by Charles his son, who had five sons; viz. William, Sir Ambrose, Sir Thomas, Edward, and Charles; the three first of whom only left issue male, which failed in the line of William in 1679, on the decease of Charles Lord Willoughby, who ought to have been succeeded in that honour by Henry, grandson of the above Sir Ambrose, but he settled in Virginia, and died there in 1685, ignorant of the failure of issue male in the elder branch of the family; and not appearing to assert his claim, Thomas, son of Sir Thomas Willoughby above-named, was summoned to Parliament by the title aforesaid, on a presumption that Sir Ambrose and his two brothers Edward and Charles were all dead without issue male; and the descendants of the said Thomas enjoyed the honour till the death of Hugh Lord Willoughby of Parham, who died unmarried in Jan. 1765, at whose decease, Col. Henry Willoughby claimed this title, as the direct descendant of the above Sir Ambrose, and obtained it."—Watson.

I take this opportunity of adding to this note the following from Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus. Vol. XVIII. p. 155. "Hugh Lord Willoughby of Parham died at his house in Craven Street in the Strand in Jan. 1765. He was a very ingenious man, but so bigoted a Presbyterian, that I heard Mr. Coventry of Magdalen College in Cambridge, the author of Philemon to Hydaspes, who was well acquainted with him, say, that his conscience was so nice, that he could not bring himself to receive the sacrament in the church of England on his knees without scruples, and thought it idolatry. He had a very small estate, and when it came to him with the title, he was in a very humble capacity in the army. I think he left several valuable curiosities to the Antiquarian Society, and died at the age of fifty-five years."

On the death of Col. Henry Willoughby, his successor, the title went to his nephew George, on whose death in 1779 it became extinct, so that this unfortunate branch had scarce attained their right before they expired.—In the General Evening Post, 18 Nov. 1779, there was inserted the following character of the last peer: "The late lord Willoughby of Parham was born about the year 1748-9, was educated at Warrington academy in Lancashire, and removed from thence to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted pensioner about 1770. He resided there about two years;

person thereof when once allowed to him, yet when the limitations are over, as in the instances before us, the claim is again laid open as full and free as it was before. There are even these advantages attending what has been done, that when the crown conferred the title of the earl of Warren, it was looked upon as something fit to be continued, and being by creation, it evidently proved, that neither Mowbray nor the Duke of York had any right to it within themselves."

The descent of the present Admiral, Sir John Borlace Warren, K. B. is thus deduced by Dr. Watson. William, 2d son of Sir Laurence de Warren of Pointon, Kt. in the time of Edw. IV. (by Isabel Legh)

viz. from about May 1770 to about July 1772. Here he was distinguished for his amiable disposition, for his integrity, steadiness in his friendships, and that beautiful philanthropy, for which his friends and acquaintance so much esteemed him. Upon the death of that venerable old man, the late lord Willoughby of Parham, about 1775 or 1776, he succeeded to the title, and though attached from principle to the measures of administration, yet he always gave his vote in the House of Peers according to his conscience."

If the obtainment of their birthright was to be fortunate, this branch of the Willoughbys were more fortunate than the collateral branch of another noble family has since been, who, with better proofs and better pretensions, have had the contest with them prolonged beyond that of the siege of Troy, by means which it may be imprudent here to characterize, considering the strictness of the press in these days, and have at length incurred a decision against them, which yet can never alter their right. But mark how fickle are all human enjoyments! They no sooner acquired the end of all their long wishes, than they died, and have scarce left a trace of them behind. It is remarkable that of these two families, so very singularly circumstanced, the last possessor of the honours of the one, and the claimant to those of the other, were intimate friends and companions. But why should I call the latter less fortunate? His family are not likely to be extinguished; and it may operate as a spur upon their industry; it may incite them to exalt their hearts, to cultivate their talents, to win by their own deserts the due rewards from a more grateful posterity, and elevate themselves above the world and those who would depress them, by the force of paramount abilities!

settled

settled at Caunton in Nottinghamshire, and had two sons, of whom John the eldest, died in 1525, and William the second was seated at Corlingstock in Nottinghamshire, and about 1526 purchased the manor of Thorpe-Arnold in Leicestershire. He left a son William, of Thorpe-Arnold, who died in 1592, and was father of Sir Arnold Warren, Kt. an eminent loyalist, who, by Dorothy daughter of Sir Arthur Wilmot of Osmaston in Derbyshire, had Arthur Warren born at Thorp-Arnold, 1617, who died in 1678, leaving, by Catharine daughter of Sir Rowland Rugely, Arthur Warren, Sheriff of Notts, 1662, who sold Thorp-Arnold, and bought Stapleford, &c. in Notts. He married in 1676 Anne daughter and coheir of Sir John Borlace of Marlow, Bucks, Bart. and died in 1697. His son Borlace Warren was M.P. for Nottingham, 1734, 1741, and dying 1747, left, by Anne daughter of Sir John Harpur of Calke, John Borlace Warren, born 1699, who died 1763, leaving by Bridget daughter of Gervase Rossil, Sir John Borlace Warren, created a Baronet 1775, and formerly M.P. for Marlow, and at present for Nottingham, who married Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir John Clavering, K.B.

But these two volumes do not merely contain the genealogy of the Warrens of Poynton and Stapleford; the whole of the first volume and a part of the second is taken up with memoirs of the ancient earls, in which much more historical matter is involved. There are also a variety of prints of their ancient castles and seals, as well as of Poynton Hall and Widdrington castle, the residences of Sir George Warren.

Dr. Watson, the compiler, died 14 March, 1783.

ART. XVI. *De Anima Medica Prælectio, ex Lumleii et Caldwalli instituto, in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensium, ad Socios habita, Die Decembris* 16to. *Anno* 1748°. *A Fran. Nicholls, M. D. Reg. Societatis Sodali, et Medico Regio ordinario. Cui, quo clarius eluceant, quæ in ipsâ Prælectione figurate explicantur, accesserunt Notæ. Editio altera, Notis amplioribus aucta. Cui accessit Disquisitio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in homine nato et non nato, Tabulis æneis illustrata. Londini excudebat H. Hughs: Prostat venalis, apud J. Walter, juxta Charing-Cross. M.DCC.LXXIII.* 4to.

ART. XVII. *Franci Nicholsii, M. D. Georgii Secundi Magnæ Britanniæ Regis Medici ordinarii, Vita: cum conjecturis ejusdem de natura et usu partium humani corporis similarium. Scriptore Thoma Lawrence, M. D. E Collegio Sanctæ Trinitatis Oxon. et Collegii Medicorum Londinensis socio. Londini M.DCC.LXXX.* 4to.

Dr. Frank Nicholls is recorded in a very short and meagre article in the Biographical Dictionary, in which these two works are mentioned; but Dr. Lawrence, a man equally deserving, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and well known for more than half a century in the circles of literature, is totally omitted, while many a comparatively obscure name has found a place, and a long panegyric, in those volumes. I know not whether the latter article was ever published: I suspect it was only given away among Dr. Nicholls's friends.

I do not presume to give any criticism on the subject of the first article, a science of which I am totally ignorant, but merely register it here for the notice of those

those whom such inquiries interest. All I can pretend to form any opinion upon, are the composition and language, which seem perspicuous, classical, and elegant. But the following just and dignified sentiments, with which the first lecture commences, are of general import.

" Si quid inter dignum atque honestum interesse vellem, hunc honesti nomine designarem, qui, dum turpia omnia atque indecora fugit, dum ne injuriam alteri fecerit, cavet, dum eas virtutes colit, quæ hominum fidem atque benevolentiam conciliant; de aliorum rebus, de ipsâ etiam republicâ, parum solicitus, ad se solum, suamque pacem, otium, atque felicitatem omnia refert. Solus contra dignus, solus ille cultu, atque honoribus ornandus videretur, qui ad aliorum commoda magnum aliquid et eximium contulerit: tantumque tribuendum cuique dignitatis, quantum vel suis, vel civibus, vel humano generi profuerit. Eâ enim lege nascimur, et ea habemus principia naturæ, quibus parere, et quæ sequi debemus, ut hominibus consulere, et humanæ societati inservire, debeamus: ut utilitas nostra communis utilitas, vicissimque communis utilitas sit nostra.

" Suæ enim imbecillitatis, atque impotentiæ, conscii in eos omnia homines libenter conferunt, quorum vel opibus, vel consiliis, vel virtutibus fit, ut cum libertate tuti, atque beati vivant. Hinc parentibus apud suos dignitas; hinc magistratibus apud cives auctoritas; hinc purpura, splendoris et imperii insigne, ducibus et regibus communi hominum pacto tribuuntur; hinc æquissimum commercium inter homines instituitur, ut, dum optimi cujusque labore, ingenio, virtute fruimur, amplessimo dignitatis præmio (quæ aliunde non paratur)

paratur) eadem rependamus. Non fasces itaque, non purpuram, non exstructas in altum divitias, non ingenium artibus, et scientiis, utcunque ornatum et imbutum; sed animum communi utilitati inservientem, dignitas sequitur: cum communi hominum consensu sola sit cultu, atque publicis honoribus, digna illa virtus, quæ ad eorum rem confert, et in promovendâ humani generis felicitate tota occupatur.

"Neque alia est ex consociatis hominibus communitatum ratio; nisi quod, cum honoribus et immunitatibus, ornentur, cum opibus et auctoritate, pacto fœdere muniantur, ut junctis viribus, et consiliis, publicæ utilitati melius consulant et inserviant, neque spem fallere, neque institutionis suæ conditiones eludere, sine pravo dedecore, atque turpitudine, possunt."

Dr. Lawrence dedicates his life of Dr. Nicholls to the university of Oxford: and then begins the life with the following paragraph:

"Nichollsii vitam scripturo non quidem id solum mihi est consilium ut genus, et fortunam, et mores, et vitæ consuetudinem quotidianam eximii illius viri tradam; sed, ut id etiam, quod reipublicæ magis interest, quantum scilicet in natura animali exponenda, quid in vitæ salutisque causis aperiendis et potuerit, et fecerit memorem."

Dr. Frank Nicholls was born in London in 1699, of parents sprung from gentilitial families in Cornwall: his father was a learned and industrious lawyer, who had three sons and one daughter: the eldest son William was educated to merchandize, but did not follow it. Frank was educated at Westminster school, and thence admitted of Exeter College, Oxford, in

1714.

1714. Here he became distinguished in the studies of the place; but more particularly in physic, and above all in physiology. Here he read lectures on anatomy with great applause, from whence he went to London, and thence into Cornwall, where he practised for some time with much success, but after a time, weary of the fatigues of country business, he returned to London.

"Nichollsium prælegentem multa laude Oxonienses exceperunt; nam rebus injucundis gratiam, obscuris lucem dedit: præterea orationis splendido quodam genere utebatur, argumentorum momentis gravissimis, rerum ubertate summa; non solum igitur iis, qui Oxoniæ medicinæ studio incubuerunt, sese in ejus disciplinam tradidere, sed et alii multi, illecebris doctrinæ liberalis ducti, auditores quidem diligentes fruerunt, ii nimirum, quibus pars physices nulla ab homine docto aliena videbatur," &c.

He now travelled to France and Italy, and on his return gave physiological lectures in London, which were numerously attended, and to which many flocked from Oxford and Cambridge. In 1728 he was elected F. R. S., in 1629 he took his degree of M. D. at Oxford, and returning to London, was on 26 June, 1732, elected a member of the College of Physicians; and after two years read the Gulston lecture there on the fabric of the heart, and the circulation of the blood. In 1730 he read the Hervey oration there; in 1743 he married the daughter and coheir of Dr. Mead. In 1753, on the death of Sir Hans Sloane, he succeeded to the place of king's physician. On the death of George II. which, on opening the body, appeared to have been attended with uncommon circumstances

from

from a bursting of some vessel about the heart, Dr. Nicholls gave a most clear account of it in a letter to lord Macclesfield, as president of the Royal Society, among whose transactions it is published.

At last, says Dr. Lawrence, with a happy elegance and energy, "Pertæsus molestiarum, quæ a miseriis et ineptiis ægrotantium medicinam facientibus gravissimæ esse solent, *et simul impatiens urbis iniquæ, in qua hominum subdolorum artes in fama comparanda magis quam eruditio et peritia valent*, præterea ut filio adolescenti artibus ingenuis in academia operam daturo, custos morum, monitorque prudens adesset, a Londino Oxonium, quo ipse ineunte adolescentia in otio jucundissime annos aliquot transegerat, migravit. At postquam jurisprudentiæ studium filium Londinum revocaverat, comparata domo Ebeshami in agro Surriensi, senectutem in otio cum dignitate egit. Nec tamen rerum naturalium curam prorsus abjecit; nam experimentis aptis quæsivit, quid lætas segetes in agro feraci faciat, quid agrum sterilem fæcundet: naturam etiam plantarum interiorem, Linnæo facem præferente, summa admiratione est contemplatus."

At length, worn out, he placidly breathed his last on 7th Jan. 1780, æt. 80.

"Staturæ fuit mediocris, corporis compacti, et cum ævi integer erat, agilis. Facies ei honesta et decora; vultus benevolentiam et dignitatem præ se ferens, ita ut primo aspectu reverentiam simul et amorem astantium sibi conciliaret; varius autem et mutabilis, ut hominis naturæ simplicis et aperti motus animi ex oris immutatione facile cognosceres. Mira suavitate et perspicuitate orationis, et in sermone familiari, et in prælectionibus

prælectionibus usus est; in his autem id præcipuæ laudis fuit, ut verbis propriis, ordine lucido extempore prolatis, orationem aliorum meditatam et lepore et vi, et ἐναργεια facile vinceret.

" In ægrotorum curatione nihil prius habuit, quam ut signa morbi propria a communibus, quod optime potuit, nempe qui physiologiam perspectam haberet, sejungeret, ut quid oppugnandum esset cognosceret, ut motus, quibus ex naturæ instituto morbi causa vel vinceretur, vel expelleretur, a motibus illis, quibus homo patitur, nihil in malo amoliendo agit, secerneret: illum enim medicinam feliciter facturum putavit non qui symptomatis supprimendis, sed, qui, ex naturæ concilio, vim ejusdem ferocientis temperare, eandem languentem excitare, errantem, in viam reducere contendit. Quis enim prudens in Cholera materiam acrem per alvum exituram cohiberet? Quis malo arthritico cum dolore et inflammatione pedem occupante, morbum in sanguinem repelleret? ut æger molliculus et doloris impatiens ἀναλγησία frueretur. Nihil siquidem in morbis capitalius esse statuit, quam, morbi causa minime expulsa vel subacta, symptomata evanescere; unde vix aliud expectandum esse experientia docemur, quam ut ægrotus ἀμαρχητι manus hosti det.

" Medicamentorum in curationibus, quod satis esset, parca manu adhibuit; religio quippe illi fuit molestiis illis, quas morbus secum ferebat, alias addere. Literis Græcis et Latinis satis doctus; in multis libris legendis nonnullorum obscuram diligentiam contempsit; cum medicinæ principia vera, morborum facies varia, remediorum retendorum ratio paucis libris sint tradita, sententiam vero cujusque vel inepti, vel absurdi, vel delirantis, rogandi laborem stultum censuit.

" E vita

" E vita excessit septimo die Januarii, anno 1778, annum agens octogesimum, de patria, de uxore, de liberis, de amicis optime meritus, omnibus flebilis, nulli flebilior quam hujus libri scriptori, qui eo multos annos familiarissime usus est, qui eidem quicquid in physiologia et medicina noverit, id præceptis ejus acceptum gratus agnoscit, qui eum, dum viveret, ut fratrem dilexit, ut parentem coluit."

John Nicholls, his only surviving son, was in parliament many years till the last general election.

Having thus given some account of Dr. Nicholls, I hope I may be permitted to copy from the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. LVII. p. 191) an excellent Memoir of the writer of his Life, more especially as from some unaccountable neglect the name of this celebrated scholar and most amiable man is omitted in the Biographical Dictionary.

DR. LAWRENCE.

March 1, 1787.

" In almost every account which has been published of Dr. Johnson since his death, mention having been made of Dr. Lawrence the physician, and some mistakes concerning him having found their way into most of them, the following short account of his life may not be unacceptable.

" Dr. Thomas Lawrence was the grandson of another Dr. Thomas Lawrence, who was first physician to queen Anne, and physician general to the army: he lived to a great old age, and held employments under four successive princes, beginning with Charles the Second, by whom he was appointed physician to the garrison at Tangier, part of the dowry of queen Catharine.

While

While he was in that station, he married Mary Elizabeth, daughter to the lieutenant-governor of the garrison, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. The eldeſt daughter, whom we shall have occasion to remember again in the course of this narrative, was married to Mr. Gabriel Ramondon, a French gentleman; and the second, having become a widow by the death of her first husband, colonel Edward Griffith, was afterwards married to lord Mohun, well known for his fatal contest with duke Hamilton, in which both those noblemen lost their lives. All the six sons dedicated themselves to the profession of arms, and two of them were killed in the service of their country, one a soldier and the other a sailor, who was shot in a sea engagement as he stood by the side of his eldest brother Thomas, then a captain in the royal navy, and father to Dr. Lawrence who is the subject of this relation.

"He was born on the 25th of May, 1711, in the parish of St. Margaret, Weſtminster, the second son of his father, by Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Gabriel Soulden, merchant of Kinsale in Ireland, and widow of colonel Piers. About the year 1715 captain Lawrence, being appointed to the Irish station, carried his family into that country, where his wife's relations resided. But she dying in the year 1724, and leaving him with five children, one of which was a daughter, he determined, being possessed of a very easy fortune, to quit the navy, and to accept the invitation of his eldest sister Mrs. Ramondon, who was lately become a widow, of settling with her at Southampton, where she undertook the superintendence of his family, till, in the year 1726, he married a second time

time to Elizabeth the daughter of major Rufane, who survived her husband, and is still alive. Some years after this captain Lawrence went with his family to Greenwich, and soon after his removal thither was appointed one of the captains of the hospital, where he died in December 1747.

" On his arrival at Southampton young Lawrence was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Kingsman, master of the free-school at that place, and there finished his school education, which he had begun at Dublin, and was entered in October 1727 a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, under the tuition of the Rev. George Huddesford, afterwards president of that college, when he removed to London, where he pursued his studies till some time in the year 1734, and according to the custom of young physicians at that time, took a lodging in the city for the convenience of attending St. Thomas's Hospital, and became a pupil of Dr. Nicholls, who was then reading anatomical lectures in London, with a celebrity never attained by any other before or since. The novelty of his discoveries, the gracefulness of his manner, and the charms of his delivery, attracting to him, not only the medical people in every line, but persons of all ranks and all professions, who crowded upon him from every quarter. What progress Dr. Lawrence made under such a teacher is too well known to be here insisted upon. At these lectures he formed many of those friendships which he most valued during the remainder of his life; and here he was first acquainted with Dr. Bathurst, by whom he was afterwards introduced to the friendship of Dr. Johnson.

" In the year 1740 he took the degree of doctor of physic

physic at Oxford, and was, upon the resignation of Dr. Nicholls, chosen Anatomical reader in that University, where he read lectures for some years, as he did also in London, having quitted his lodgings in the city for an house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which had before been occupied by Dr. Nicholls, and was vacated by him upon his marriage with the daughter of Dr. Mead.

"On the 25th of May 1744, Dr. Lawrence was married, at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, by Dr. Taylor, Prebendary of Westminster, to Frances the daughter of Dr. Chauncy, a physician at Derby, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. Upon his marriage he took an house in Essex-street in the Strand, where he continued to read his anatomical lectures till the year 1750. After which he laid them aside, and devoted himself more entirely to physick, in which he had for many years a considerable share of business, which he obtained solely by the reputation of his skill and integrity; for he laboured under the disadvantage of very frequent and severe fits of deafness, and knew no art of success but that of deserving it.

"In the same year 1744, he was chosen Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London, where he read successively all the lectures instituted in that society with great reputation both for his professional knowledge, and for the purity and elegance of his Latin; nor did he confine himself to the oral instruction of his contemporaries, for in 1756 he published a medical disputation de Hydrope, and in 1759 de Natura Musculorum Prelectiones tres; and when the College published the works of Dr. Harvey in 1766,

Dr. Lawrence wrote the life which is prefixed to that edition, for which he had a compliment of 100 guineas. In 1759 he was chosen Elect, and in 1767 President of the College of Physicians, to which office he was re-elected for the seven succeeding years.

"In 1773 an event happened to his family, which as it gave occasion to a very elegant Latin Ode by Dr. Johnson, now published, it may not be impertinent to relate in this place. The East India Company being then in the meridian of their power, the second of his sons then alive, a young man of very lively parts and aspiring hopes, was so dazzled by the splendid accounts brought home by the servants of the Company, and had so much fixed his mind upon trying his fortune in that part of the world, that his friends were induced to persuade his father to comply with his inclinations in this point; yet such was his opinion of the corruptions and temptations of the East Indies, that though his son went out with many advantages of connection and recommendation, the grief of so parting with him, dwelt long upon his mind. The supreme court of judicature being established at Calcutta a few years after, Mr. Lawrence complied with the wishes of his friends in returning to the law, for which profession he had been educated, and became an advocate in that court; he died at Madras, whither he went for the recovery of his health, in December 1783, having obtained the rank of second advocate to the East India Company.

"About this time Dr. Lawrence's health began to decline, and he first perceived symptoms of that disorder on the breast, which is called by the physicians the Angina Pectoris, and which continued to afflict him

to

to the end of his life; notwithstanding, he remitted little of his attention, either to study or business; for no man of equal sensibility had a greater contempt of giving way to suffering of any kind; he still continued his custom of rising at very early hours, that he might secure leisure for study in the quiet part of the day; and his old friend and instructor, Dr. Nicholls, dying in the beginning of the year 1778, he paid a tribute of friendship and gratitude to his memory by writing an account of his life, which was printed in 1780.

"The death of his friend was soon followed by a nearer loss, for on the 2d of January 1780, it pleased God to afflict him by the death of his wife, with whom he had lived with great happiness for above thirty-five years; from this time his health and spirits began more rapidly to decline.

"The following year, the lease of his house in Essex-street being expired, he had nearly agreed for another, which was more commodious, when his family, observing the hourly and alarming alteration of his health, put a stop to the negociation, and prevailed with him to retire from business and London; his own choice inclined him to Oxford, but it being objected that city was not so eligible as some others, for a family that would chiefly consist of women, he at length fixed upon Canterbury, where he hoped that the Cathedral would supply him with a society as suitable, if not so numerous, as that of Oxford.

" In consequence of this resolution, an house was hired at Canterbury, and Dr. Lawrence removed thither with his family on the 16th of June 1782. But so rapid was the progress his disorder, which now indubitably appeared to be paralytic, had made

during the course of the preceding winter, that before the necessary preparations for the removal of his family could be finished, it had by slight but repeated strokes nearly deprived him of the power of speech, and entirely of the use of his right hand. He continued in this state for almost a year, and died on the 6th of June 1783, loved, honoured, and lamented by all who knew him."

I can add little to this just, modest, and well-written account, which I suspect came from a very near and accomplished relation of the subject of it. There now survive only two children of this learned physician, Elizabeth widow of George Gipps, Esq. late M. P. for Canterbury, and Sir Soulden Lawrence, Kt. one of the Judges of the King's Bench, to whom it may truly be said, as Milton said in a famous sonnet to one, who was I believe related to this family,

" Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son!"

one who is a real honour to the Bench on which he sits; a true constitutional judge, above the fumes of pride and power; acute, yet candid; learned, yet modest; ready, yet patient; firm, yet mild; but who feels no pleasure in the dignified station which he has obtained, equal to what he would have received in the gratification of a fond parent, had he survived to see his son fulfil all his anxious wishes for him. *

* The late Mr. Lawrence of Kirby Fleatham in Yorkshire, M. P. for Rippon, was first cousin to Dr. Lawrence.

Warton says that " Lawrence, the virtuous father" of Milton, was M. P. for Hertfordshire, in 1653, and that the family appears to have been seated not far from Milton's neighbourhood in Buckinghamshire: for Henry Lawrence's near relation, William Lawrence, a writer, and appointed a judge in Scotland by Cromwell, and in 1631 a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, died at Belfont near Staines in Middlesex, in 1682."—T. Warton's Milton's Juvenile Poems, 1785, p. 361.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *On the most valuable Materials of Biography, with Extracts from the Letters, and Remarks on the Character, both literary and moral, of Cowper.*

I know not whether it is from an ill-natured triumph, or whether, as I hope and believe, from an amiable sympathy, that those passages in biography and other writings, in which the movements, the foibles, and weaknesses, of the human heart are opened with a frank and undisguised simplicity, are universally read with the keenest interest and delight. Hence it seems, that whatever be the variations in shape, dress, and colour, of vanity and affectation, the real internal workings of nature, in the bosoms of human beings, have the strongest similitude. It is by pictures of this kind that the best knowledge is attained, and the most valuable quality of the memoirs of individuals discovered. These delineations afford the best topics for reflection and remark, and cannot be contemplated without deep improvement as well as pleasure. The ordinary incidents of personal history, those superficial events which give no insight into the feelings and sentiments of the individual, are of little attraction, and as little use. For this reason, those letters which were never intended for the public eye; those effusions in moments of strong agitation, in which the emotions of the soul prevail over all form and ceremony and ostentation, constitute the most precious materials for the lives of eminent men.

But however easy it may seem to throw forth these natural and unaffected touches; to seize the primary,

genuine, and unforced impressions of the head and the heart; it is a power which few have possessed at all, and still fewer in an exquisite degree. Yet there is a lately deceased author, who was most eminently endowed with this talent. I scarcely need mention the name of Cowper, who, in his poems, and above all, in his letters, has continually exhibited, by a few simple strokes of his pen, these affecting traits. We behold him with a mixture of humility and conscious innocence laying bare all the secrets of his breast, and pointing to all those amiable singularities and imbecilities, of which the discovery would have made more ordinary minds shrink with abasement. Well indeed does he illustrate how fearfully and wonderfully we are made! In thought so vigorous; in action so timid and weak; in the closet so easy, fluent, natural, copious, and bold; in public so confused, overwhelmed, and dispossessed of himself! Delighted with the cheapest, purest, and most virtuous amusements, yet often losing the relish for every earthly occupation, sinking into the most immoveable gloom, and deprest by the horrors of imaginary despair. Thence, when the deranged chords of his exquisite frame had again recovered their tone, trembling with new sensibility at every breeze, throwing forth new notes of poetic rapture to every air of heaven, and rising, almost to the very last, into notes of music and inspiration, which will never cease to charm as long as our language exists!

When age and sorrow had at length seemed to plunge him into irrecoverable melancholy, when he took little notice of any thing around him, and appeared to labour under all the imbecilities of departed intellect,

intellect, still he could occasionally write poetry. When he was as helpless as an infant, and had not spoke for days, and perhaps weeks, he still possessed, and occasionally exercised, that high faculty with which nature had pre-eminently endowed him; he could translate, he could write in Latin, and execute that kind of composition which is supposed to require the full command of the best and loftiest powers of the mind. When he sat mute and helpless, and as it seemed totally lost, day after day by the ſide of Lady Hesketh, as she employed herself with unexampled kindness in transcribing the rough MSS. of his Homer for the press, still he could promptly resolve any difficulties she found in making out the copy, and had the memory of every passage ready at her call.

I must not pronounce the lot of Cowper on earth happy; but I cannot refrain from saying that I should have preferred it with all its miseries to ordinary felicity. I revere the talents and qualities, which Heaven bestowed on him, with an uncontrollable ardor which no worldly prudence, no cold ungenerous convictions of experience can weaken; and I view the juſt reputation he attained, and the inexpressible gratification of having been admitted to have possessed and exerted the charm of delighting the world by his poetry, not with envy, but with unabated love and admiration! It is true that such pursuits do not often gratify the mere ostentatious ambition of friends and relations; slights, and vulgar scorn and neglect are the almost inevitable attendants of the bard among his neighbours; and the indulgences, luxuries, and popular respect of wealth and rank and grandeur, which are generally considered the most substantial advantages, must not be hoped for.

Yet I am unable to diminish my predilection for the empire of the mind! Many there might be, who, having risen by the exertion of coarser faculties, in the paths of public life, to the pinnacle of honours and riches, surveyed Cowper in his humble abodes at Olney or Weston with pity, or contempt, or rudeness! But while these are already forgotten in the grave where their bones are mouldering with the dirt above which their base spirits never rose, the voice of the poet is still speaking to all our hearts and fancies, we behold his illuminated countenance, we wander with him over the fields and woods; our souls expand with his sentiments; we moisten his tomb with our tears; we guard his reliques with holy idolatry, and while his immortal part still hovers over us, we propitiate it in heaven!

But let us hear this humble, yet energetic, genius give a few touches of his own character.

1763. "Oh, my good cousin! if I was to open my heart to you, I could shew you strange sights; nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. I am of a very singular temper, and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with. Certainly I am not an absolute fool; but I have more weaknesses than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world, as I am unfit for this, and God forbid I should speak it in vanity, I would not change conditions with any saint in Christendom.——I know not what you expect, but ever since I was born, I have been good at disappointing the most natural expectations. Many years ago, cousin, there was a possibility that I might prove a very different

different thing from what I am at present. My character is now fixt, and, between friends, is not a very splendid one, or likely to be guilty of much fascination."

1781. "What nature expressly designed me for, I have never been able to conjecture, I seem to myself so universally disqualified for the common and customary occupations and amusements of mankind. When I was a boy, I excelled at cricket and football; but the fame I acquired by achievements that way, is long since forgotten; and I do not know that I have made a figure in any thing since."

1780. "So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequence of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination, that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue. Hence I draw an unfavourable prognostic, and expect that I shall shortly be constrained to look out for something else" (than drawing). "Then perhaps I may string the harp again, and be able to comply with your demand."

1782. "Caraccioli says, 'There is something very bewitching in authorship, and that he, who has once written, will write again.' It may be so—I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement, among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to, that

so

so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quieting and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhiming occupation, that neither the past nor the future (those themes which to me are so fruitful in regret at other times) had any longer a share in my contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again; but hitherto I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total disability to discuss them."

1786. "I am not naturally insensible, and the sensibilities that I had by Nature have been wonderfully enhanced by a long series of shocks, given to a frame of nerves that was never very athletic. I feel accordingly, whether painful or pleasant, in the extreme. Am easily elevated, and easily cast down. The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again: the half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any time restore my spirits, and being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition:* but with it I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path, that at so late a period, was yet open to me, and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way through

through the obscurity that has been long my portion into notice. Every thing, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favourite purpose with disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me, but you will not, and they I think would blame without just cause. We certainly do not honour when we bury, or when we neglect to improve as far as we may, whatever talent he may have bestowed on us, whether it be little or much. In natural things, as well as in spiritual, it is a never failing truth, that to him who hath, that is, to him who occupies what he hath diligently, more shall be given. Set me down, therefore, for an industrious rhymer, so long as I shall have the ability, for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God, or to serve man, or even to serve myself." *

1792. "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a birdcage-maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longeſt and best, and will probably be my last." †

* Letters I. 190. † Ib. p. 19.

1785.

1785. "Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly."*

1786. "The dew of your intelligence has refreshed my poetical laurels. A little praise now and then is very good for your hard-working poet, who is apt to grow languid, and perhaps careless, without it." †

1787. "A sensible mind cannot do violence even to a local attachment without much pain. When my father died, I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was rector of Berkhampstead, and there I was born. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee-simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt for the first time, that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me to return no more." ‡

1790. Acknowledging the gift of a picture of his mother. "The world could not have furnished you

* Letters p. 147. † p. 235. ‡ p. 251.

with

with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits, somewhat akin to what I should have felt, had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it, where it is the last object, that I see at night, and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember too a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side. I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother, and in my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, can trace both her and, my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, of his, and of her——I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention, but speaking to you, I will even speak out, and say, *good nature.* Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points." *

1792. On his intended journey to visit Mr. Hayley at Eartham in Sussex, he writes: "Could you have any conception of the fears I have had to bustle with, of the dejection of spirits that I have suffered concern-

* Letters p. 349.

ing

ing this journey, you would wonder much more that I still courageously persevere in my resolution to undertake it. Fortunately for my intentions, it happens, that as the day approaches, my terrors abate; for had they continued to be what they were a week since, I must, after all, have disappointed you; and was actually once on the verge of doing it. I have told you something of my nocturnal experiences, and assure you now, that they were hardly ever more terrific than on this occasion. Prayer has, however, opened my passage at last, and obtained for me a degree of confidence that I trust will prove a comfortable viaticum to me all the way. On Wednesday therefore we set forth. The terrors that I have spoken of would appear ridiculous to most, but to you they will not, for you are a reasonable creature, and know well, that to whatever cause it be owing (whether to constitution or to God's express appointment) I am hunted by spiritual hounds in the night-season. I cannot help it. You will pity me, and wish it were otherwise; and though you may think there is much of imaginary in it, will not deem it for that reason an evil less to be lamented." *

1793. "In vain has it been, that I have made several attempts to write, since I came from Sussex: unless more comfortable days arrive than I have the confidence to look for, there is an end of all writing with me. I have no spirits:—When the Rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his coming by a nightly dose of laudanum—twelve drops suffice; but without them I am devoured by melancholy." †

1794. To Mr. Hayley, in answer to a proposal for engaging in a joint work. "My poor Mary's infirm condition makes it impossible for me at present to

* Letter II. 67. † p. 107.

engage

engage in a work such as you propose. My thoughts are not sufficiently free, nor have I, or can I, by any means find opportunity: added to which, comes a difficulty, which, though you are not at all aware of it, presents itself to me under a most forbidding appearance: can you guess it? No, not you; neither perhaps will you be able to imagine that such a difficulty can possibly subsist. If your hair begins to bristle, stroak it down again, for there is no need why it should erect itself. It concerns me, not you. I know myself too well not to know, that I am nobody in verse, unless in a corner, and alone, and unconnected in my operations. This is not owing to want of love for you, my brother, or the most consummate confidence in you; for I have both in a degree, that has not been exceeded in the experience of any friend you have, or ever had. But I am so made up; I will not enter into a metaphysical analysis of my strange composition, in order to detect the true cause of this evil; but on a general view of the matter, I suspect that it proceeds from that shyness, which has been my effectual and almost fatal hindrance on many other important occasions; and which I should feel, I well know, on this, to a degree that would perfectly cripple me. No! I shall neither do, nor attempt any thing of consequence more, unless my poor Mary get better; nor even then, unless it should please God to give me another nature, in concert with any man. I could not, even with my own father or brother, were they now alive." *

But I must forbear, or I shall transcribe half the poet's letters. Whether it is that there have seldom existed such adequate memorials of men of genius as have been left of Cowper, or whether, as I believe, few

* Letters II. p. 132.

have

have ever been so thoroughly steeped in the well-head of the Muses, it is certain that few are recorded to have possessed qualities so well suited to the inspiration of the lyre. That sensibility which was so excessive, as at times, when it operated on a diseased body, to endanger and overcome his reason, prompted him at other times to inimitable strains of moral pathos, touching sentiment, or brilliant description. In proportion as he was little fitted for the ordinary intercourse, and bustle and intrigues of society, he attained and cherished a state of mind, which qualified him for those compositions by which his name has been endeared to his cotemporaries and consecrated to posterity. Whoever has experienced the delight of such a mood, whoever has felt the intense pleasure of an intellectual occupation, by which he hopes to preserve his name to future ages, can alone appreciate the extent of sufferings which the exercise of such endowments can counterbalance. It may be asked whether in the cold tomb he can hear the sounds of admiration which are now lavished upon his poetry; and what recompence there can be in these empty returns for his sorrows and inexpressible afflictions of mind! To this question I am not bold enough to reply: but I can scarcely suppose that the universal desire of being remembered after death, which is felt in every state of society, from the most savage to the most refined, is implanted in us for nothing.

ERRATUM in No. I.

The Article entitled "A List of the Deaths of Literary MEN," should have been Literary "PERSONS," as it includes several *Women*; an oversight which the candid Reader will excuse.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER III.

ART. I. *England's Helicon.*

Casta placent superis,
Pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
Sumite fontis aquam.

At London. Printed by J. R. for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Beare. 1600. 4to.—*Arms of Bodenham at the back of the title-page.* pp. 192.

TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND, MAISTER JOHN BODENHAM.

Wit's Commonwealth, the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on Wit's Theater, thy second sonne:
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.

Next, in the Muses Garden, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a nosegay, as was never sweeter:
Whose scent will savour to Time's latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no poesie meeter.

Now comes thy Helicon, to make compleate,
And furnish up thy last impos'd designe:
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what so-ere, my love (and all) is thine.
Take love, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my heart still lives with thee.

A. B.

TO HIS VERY LOVING FRIENDS, M. NICOLAS WAUTON AND M. GEORGE FAUCETT.

Though many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder us, kinde gentlemen, yet a promise at parting dooth in justice claime performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance would mightilie condemne if I should neglect it. Helicon, though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time would permit, having past the pikes of the presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightful patrone first, and next (in his deere friends and kindsmen), to offer you her kinde service. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wise, shee knowes, will never be other then themselves; as for such then as would seeme so, but neither are nor ever will be, she holds this as a maine principle, that their malice needs as little be feared, as their favour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will not forget us there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull of you heere, I leave you to the delight of England's Helicon.

Your's in all he may,

A. B.

To

To the Reader, if indifferent.

Many honoured names have (heretofore in their particular interest) patronized some part of these inventions: many here be, that onely these collections have brought to light, and not inferiour (in the best opinions), to anie before published. The travaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which severed, might in part have perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether unworthy the labour. If any man hath been defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another man's title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be rob'd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same under any man's name, eyther at large or in letters, but as it was delivered by some especiall coppy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any invention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leaf or two, meete with another in reputation every way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreeted for his fame.

Nowe, if any stationer shall finde faulte, that his coppies are robd by any thing in this collection, let me aske him this question, Why more in this, than in any divine or humaine author? From whence a man (writing of that argument), shall gather any say-

ing, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could urdge, though perhaps the nearest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble myselfe to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, shall be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so excepting, that that man's wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred name), have been placed with the names of the greatest princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest judgments, without disparagement to their soveraigne titles: which, if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him unworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a poet. Thus, gentle reader, I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

Titles of the Poems contained in this Collection.

1. The Sheepheard to his chosen Nimph. By Sir P. Sydney.

2. Theorello. A Sheepheard's Edillion. By E. B.

3. Astrophel's Love is dead. By Sir P. Sydney.

4. A Palinode. By E. B.

5. Astrophell, the Sheepheard, his complaint to his flocke. By Sir P. Syndey.

6. Hobbinoll's Dittie in prayse of Eliza Queene of the Sheepheards. By E. Spenser.

7. The Sheepheard's Daffodill. By Mich. Drayton.

8. A

8. A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Majestie. By Ed. Bolton.

9. Melicertus Madrigale. By Ro. Greene.

10. Olde Damon's Pastorall. By Tho. Lodge.

11. Perigot and Cuddie's Roundelay. By E. Spenser.

12. Phillida and Coridon. By N. Breton.

13. To Colin Cloute. By Sheepheard Tonie.

14. Rowland's Song in praise of the fairest Beta. By Mich. Drayton.

15. The Barginet of Antimachus. By Tho. Lodge.

16. Menaphon's Roundelay. By Ro. Greene.

17. A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon. By N. Breton.

18. Coridon and Melampus Song. By Geo. Peele.

19. Tityrus to his faire Phillis. By J. D.

20. Sheepheard. By J. M.

21. Another of the same authour. J. M.

22. Menaphon to Pesana. By R. Greene.

23. A sweete Pastorall. By N. Breton.

24. Harpalus' Complaynt. By Lord Surry.

25. Another of the same subject, but made as it were in aunswere. By Shep. Tonie.

26. The Nimphs meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this dittie. By Tho. Watson.

27. Colin Cloute's mournful Dittie for the death of Astrophell. By E. Spenser.

28. Damætas' Jigge in praise of his love. By John Wootton.

29. Montanus' praise of his faire Phœbe. By Tho. Lodge.

30. The Complaint of Thestylis, the forsaken Sheepheard. By Lord Surry.

31. To Phillis the faire Sheepheardesse. By Sir Edw. Dyer.

32. The Sheepheard Doron's Jigge. By Ro. Greene.

33. Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon. By N. Breton.

34. The passionate Sheepheard's Song. By W. Shakspeare.

35. The unknowne Sheepheard's Complaint. By Ignoto.

36. Another of the same Sheepheard's. By Ignoto.

37. The Sheepheard's allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie to the offence of Actæon. By Tho. Watson.

38. Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phœbe. By Tho. Lodge.

39. Phœbe's Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion. By the same.

40. Coridon's Supplication to Phillis. By N. Breton.

41. Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis. By J. Wootton.

42. Doron's description of his faire Sheepheardesse Samela. By Ro. Greene.

43. Wodenfride's Song in praise of Amargana. By W. H.

44. Another of the same. By W. H.

45. An excellent pastorall Dittie. By Shep. Tonie.

46. Phillidae's Love-call to her Coridon, and his replying. By Ignoto.

47. The Sheepheard's Solace. By Tho. Watson.

48. Syrenus Song to Eugerius. By Bar. Young.

49. The Sheepheard Arseleius replie to Syrenus' Song. By the same.

50. A Sheepheard's dream. By N. Breton.

51. The

51. The Sheepheard's Ode. By Rich. Barnefielde.

52. The Sheepheard's commendation of his Nimphs. By E. of Oxenford.

53. Coridon to his Phillis. By Sir E. D.

54. The Sheepheard's description of Love. By Ignoto.

55. To his Flocks. By H. C.

56. A Roundelay between two Sheepheards. By M. Drayton.

57. The solitarie Sheepheard's Song. By Tho. Lodge.

58. The Sheepheard's resolution in Love. By Tho. Watson.

59. Coridon's Hymne in praise of Amaryllis. By T. B.

60. The Sheepheard Carillo, his Song. By Bar. Young.

61. Coridon's Dreame of his faire Chloris. By W. S.

62. The Sheepheard Damon's passion. By Tho. Lodge.

63. The Sheepheard Musidorus, his Complaint. By Sir P. Sydney.

64. The Sheepheard's Brawle, one half answering the other. By Sir P. Sydney.

65. Dorus, his Comparisons. By the same.

66. The Sheepheard Faustus, his Song. By Bar. Young.

67. Another of the same, by Firmius the Sheepheard. By the same.

68. Dametas Song to his Diaphania. By H. C.

69. The Sheepheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheepheardesse Mirimida. By Ro. Greene.

70. The Sheepheard Firmius, his Song. By Bar. Young.

71. The Sheepheard's praise of his sacred Diana. By Ignoto. [N. B. *This signature is pasted on.*]

72. The Sheepheard's Dumpe. By Sir E. D.

73. The Nimph Dianae's Song. By Bar. Young.

74. Rowland's Madrigall. By M. Drayton.

75. Alanius, the Sheepheard, his doleful song, complaining of Ismeniae's crueltie. By Bar. Young.

76. Montana, the Sheepheard, his love to Aminta. By Shep. Tonie.

77. The Sheepheard's sorrow for his Pheebe's disdaine. [N. B. *Signature pasted over.*]

78. Espilus and Therion, their contention in song for the May Ladie. By Sir P. Sydney.

79. Olde Melibœus Song, courting his Nimph. By M. F. G.

80. The Sheepheard Sylvanus, his Song. By Bar. Young.

81. Coridon's Song. By Tho. Lodge.

82. The Sheeepheard's Sonnet. By Rich. Barnefielde.

83. Selvagia and Silvanus, their song to Diana. By Bar. Young.

84. Montanus, his Madrigall. By Ro. Greene.

85. Astrophell to Stella, his 3d Song. By Sir P. Sydney.

86. A song between Syrenus and Sylvanus. By Bar. Young.

87. Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.

This song was sung before her majestie at Bissam, the Ladie Russell's, the author's name unknown to me.

88. A

88. A pastorall Ode to an honourable friend. By E. B.

89. A Nimph's disdaine of Love. By Ignoto.

90. Apollo's love Song for faire Daphne.

This Dittie was sung before her Majestie at the right honourable the lord Chandos at Sudley Castell, at her last being there in progress. The author thereof unknown.

91. The Sheepheard Delicius, his Dittie. By Bar. Young.

92. Amintas for his Phillis. By Tho. Watson.

93. Faustus and Firmius Song to their Nimph, by turnes. By Bar. Young.

94. Sireno, a Sheepheard, having a lock of his faire Nimph's hair, wrapt about with greene silke, mourns thus in a love dittie. Translated by Sir P. Sydney, out of Diana of Montmaior.

95. A song between Taurisius and Diana, aunswering verse for verse. By Bar. Young.

96. Another song before her majestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Sheepheard, attended on by sundrie other Sheepheards and Nimphs. By Anonimous.

97. The Sheepheard's Song; a Càroll or Hymne for Christmas. By E. B.

98. Arsileus, his Caroll, for joy of the new marriage betweene Syrenus and Diana. By Bar. Young.

99. Philistus farewell to false Clorinda. Out of Morley's Madrigalls.

100. Roselinde's Madrigall. By Tho. Lodge.

101. A dialogue-song betweene Sylvanus and Arsileus. By Bar. Young.

102. Montanus Sonnet. By Sir E. D.

103. The Nimph Selvagia, her song. By Bar. Young.

104. The

104. The Heardman's happie life. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

105. Cinthia, the Nimph, her song to faire Polydora. By Bar. Young.

106. The Sheepheard to the flowers. By Ignoto.

107. The Sheepheard Arsileus, his song to his Rebeck. By Bar. Young.

108. Another of Astrophell to his Stella. By Sir P. Sydney.

109. Syrenus, his song to Dianae's flocks. By Bar. Young.

110. To Amarillis. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

111. Cardenia the Nimph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus. By Bar. Young.

112. Of Phillida. Out of M. Bird's songs.

113. Melisea, her song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus. By Bar. Young.

114. His aunswere to the Nimph's Song. By the same.

115. Her present aunswere again to him. By the same.

116. His last replie. By the same.

117. Philon, the Sheepheard, his song. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

118. Lycoris, the Nimph, her sad song. Out of M. Morley's Madrigalls.

119. To his flocks.

120. To his love.

121. Another of his Cinthia.

122. Another to his Cinthia.

These three ditties were taken out of Maister John Dowland's booke of tablature for the lute,

the authours names not there set downe, and therefore left to their owners.

123. Montanus Sonnet to the woods. By Sir E. D.

124. The Sheepheard's Sorrow, being disdaind in love. By Tho. Lodge.

125. A pastorall song between Phillis and Amaryllis, two Nimphs, each aunswering other line for line. By H. C.

126. The Sheepheard's Anthem. By M. Drayton.

127. The Countesse of Penbroke's Pastorall. By Shep. Tonie.

128. Another of Astrophell. By Sir P. Sydney.

129. Faire Phillis and her Sheepheard. By J. G.

130. The Sheepheard's song of Venus and Adonis. By H. C.

131. Thirsis, the Shepheard, his death's song. Out of Maister N. Young, his Musica Transalpina.

132. Another stanza added after. Out of the same.

133. Another sonnet thence taken.

134. The Sheepheard's Slumber. By Ignoto.

135. "In wonted Walkes." By Sir P. Sydney.

136. Of disdainful Daphne. By M. H. Nowell.

137. The passionate Sheepheard to his Love. By Chr. Marlow.

138. The Nimph's reply to the Sheepheard. By Ignoto.

139. Another of the same nature made since. By Ignoto.

140. The Woodman's Walke. By Shep. Tonie.

141. Thirsis, the Sheepheard, to his pipe. By Ignoto.

142. An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph. By Sir P. Sydney.

143. A reporte songe in a dreame: betweene a Sheepheard and his Nimph. By N. Breton.

144. Another of the same. By the same.

145. The Sheepheard's conceite of Prometheus. By Sir E. D.

146. Another of the same. By Sir P. Sydney.

147. The Sheepheard's Sunne. By Shep. Tonie.

148. Colin the enamoured Sheepheard singeth this passion of love. By Geo. Peele.

149. Oenone's Complaint in blank verse. By the same.

150. The Sheepheard's consort. Out of M. Morley's Madrigals.

Finis.

The only specimen I have room for is the following:

TO COLIN CLOUT.

Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
  Where fayrest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
  The coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
  To see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
  So vain Desire was chidden.
    Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
  When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
  Her feature or her fashion.

But even as babes in dreames do smile,
And sometimes fall a weeping:
So I awak't, as wise this while,
As when I fell a sleeping.
Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.
Sheepheard Tonie.

ART. II. *Davison's Poetical Rapsodie*, &c. 1611.

[*Continued from* p. 109.]

In addition to the names of Francis and Walter Davison, this Miscellany is rendered interesting by the signatures of Edmund Spencer, sir Philip Sidney, sir John Davis; Mary countess of Pembroke; Thomas Campion, Charles Best, Thomas Spilman, T. W.* [Tho. Watson]. H. C. [Henry Constable]. W. R. [Walter Raleigh]. H. W. [Hen. Wotton]. R. G. [Rob. Greene]. A. W. [Andw. Willet]. J. S. [Jos. Sylvester], &c.

Spenser's signature is appended to "Loves Embassie, in an iambicke Elegie," first printed in one of his familiar letters to Gabriel Harvey, 1580; and since reprinted by Warton, in his Observations on the Fairy Queen; and by Waldron, in his Literary Museum.

To sir P. Sidney are ascribed "Two Pastorals, upon his meeting with his two worthy friends and fellow poets, sir Edward Dier and M. Fulke Grevill," afterwards lord Brook.

Sir John Davis has three productions, not included in the modern editions of his poems. They are en-

* These initials have been ascertained to belong to Watson, the sonnetteer; but the other names between brackets are rather offered as conjectures than certainties.

titled

titled "Yet other twelve Wonders of the World." "A Lottery presented before the late queen's majestie, at the lord chancellor's house, 1601," and "A Contention, betwixt a wife, a widow, and a maid." The initials *I. D.* are affixed to "A Hymn in praise of muſicke," and to "Ten Sonnets to Philomel."

Lady Pembroke has "A Dialogue between two ſhepherds, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astrea;" *i.e.* Queen Elizabeth. (See this poem inserted in the Monthly Mirror, for May, 1801.)

Tho. Campion * has "A Hymne in praise of Neptune," and three love poems "Of his Mistresses Face: Upon her Palenesse: Of Corinna's Singing."

Charles Beſt has "A Sonnet of the Sunne," and another "Of the Moone," with several Epitaphs on royalty.

Tho. Spilman has an amatory plaint "To his Ladies Garden, being absent far from her:" and another "Upon his Ladies Sicknesse of the Small-pocks." The same writer, probably under the signature of T.S., has a version of Anacreon's second Ode.

From Watson's Hecatompathia are inserted, with several variations, in the text, Sonnets 3, 18, 40, 56, 61, 62, 77, 79, 85, and 94.

To H. C. appertains a sonnet, entitled "Love's seven deadly Sinnes;" and a second, "To two moſt honorable and virtuous ladies and sisters, the ladie Margaret countesse of Cumberland, the ladie Anne countesse of Warwicke."

* For some notice of whom, vide Fasti Oxon. I. 229. Davies of Hereford, in his Scourge of Folly, has a sonnet "to the most judicious and excellent lyrick poet, doctor Campion:" He was distinguished as a poet and a musician; and published "Observations on the Arte of English Poesie," in 1602, which drew forth Daniel's "Defence of Ryme."

W. R.

W. R. signatures "A Poesie to prove affection is not love;" and Dr. Percy has reprinted "The Lie," from this collection, where it has no signature, as the production of sir Walter Raleigh: * but his authority for doing so is not quite satisfactory. A parody upon the same poem occurs in the folio edition of Sylvester's works, 1652, which is termed "The Soules Errand;" and it was reprinted, with some diversity, in lord Pembroke's poems, 1660. Ritson peremptorily ascribes it to Francis Davison, of whom the same critic observes, that some of his performances appear the effusions of a real poetical genius, and deserve much praise. This encomium, however, must have been grounded on the supposition that to him were attributable many of the pieces which bear no identifying signature, except what attaches to certain divisions of the book, and particularly to that division which includes "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and Epigrams, by Francis and Walter Davison, brethren." Dr. Percy has reprinted the most elegant poem in this collection, under the title of "Cupid's Pastime," † in his estimable reliques of ancient English poetry. Sir John Davis's "Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid," is deserving of incorporation into any

* The traditionary report that it was penned by sir Walter, the night before his execution, is refuted by this consideration:—that Raleigh suffered death in 1618, and the poem was printed by Davison in 1608.

† Dr. Percy has at the same time remarked, that this beautiful fiction, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James the first, may be found in a medley, entitled "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660; and in the fourth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies; where it was given to Sidney Godolphin, but erroneously, being written probably before he was born. Reliq. vol. i. p. 392.

future

future edition of his works, but is too long for insertion in the CENSURA. The following very polished amatory extracts will not be liable to this objection. They occur in the portion of Odes assignable to Fras. Davison.

TO CUPID.

LOVE, if a god thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be merciful and just:
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladie's hart?

If merciful; then why
Am I to paine reserv'd,
Who have thee truely serv'd,
While she that by thy power sets not a flye,
Laughes thee to scorne and lives at liberty?

Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

Commendation of his mistresses beauty, stature, behaviour, and wit.

Some there are as faire to see to,
But by Art and not by Nature;
Some as tall and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature.

Some have gratious kind behaviour,
But are foule or simple creatures;
Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
Or are proud of their good features.

Only you, and you want pity,
Are most faire, tall, kinde, and witty.

The

The following encomiastic tribute to Daniel, who was termed by Headley, "the Atticus of his day," may be welcome to some poetical readers, as an antiquarian novelty.

To SAMUEL DANIEL, prince of English poets.

Upon his three several sorts of Poesie,

Lyricall, in his Sonnets.
Tragical, in Rosamond and Cleopatra.
Heroicall, in his Civill Warres.

OLYMPIAS matchlesse son, when-as he knew
How many crownes his father's sword had gain'd,
With smoaking sighs and deep-fetch'd sobs did rew,
And his brave cheeks with scalding teares bedew,
Because that kingdomes now so few remain'd
By his victorious arme to be obtain'd.

So, learned *Daniel*, when-as thou didst see
That *Spenser* erst so farre had spred his fame,
That he was monarch deem'd of poesie,
Thou didst, I gesse, even burne with jealousie,
Least lawrell were not left ynough to frame
A neast sufficient for thine endlesse name.

But as that pearle of Greece, soone after past
In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are plac't
In higher seat:—so hath thy Muse surpast
Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
To the thunder-scorning lawrell-crowne aspire.

And as his empire's linked force was knowne,
When each of those that did his kingdome share,
The mightiest kings in might did match alone:
So of thy skill the greatnesse thus is showne,

That each of those great poets deemed are,
Who may in no one kind with thee compare.

One shar'd out Greece, another Asia held,
And fertile Egypt to a third did fall;
But only Alexander all did wield:
So in soft-pleasing lyricks some are skil'd;
In tragicke some, some in heroicall;
But thou alone art matchlesse in them all.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

I only protract this article for the purpose of remarking, that in Harl. MS. 6930, occurs a version of several selected psalms, by Fra. Davison, Jos. Bryan, Rich. Gipps, and Chr. Davison; with Poems prefixed by the former two, and with a metrical introduction by W. Bagnall, "to so many of the psalms as are of Mr. Fra. Davison's composure."

T. P.

ART. III. *Notices and Fragments of English Poets and Poetry.*

[FROM TOFTE'S TRANSLATION OF VARCHI'S BLAZON OF JEALOUSIE.]

R. T. (believed to be Robert Tofte) who published "Two Tales from Ariosto," 1597; and "Orlando Inamorato," 1598; also translated "The Blazon of JEALOUSY," from Varchi, in 1615, and added "special Notes upon the same," from which the following Notices and Fragments of English poets are extracted.

"A country-man of mine, a stranger unto mee, called Mr. *George Wither*, hath penn'd divers witty satyres, whereof one is of this subject, [Jealousy] whereof you may read in his "Abuses stript and whipt."

whipt." Indeede, I am of opinion that the most worthlesse persons are alwayes most subject to this infectious disease of jealousie, as Mr. G. Wither rightly saith:

> There is none jealous I durst pawne my life,
> But he that hath defilde another's wife.

And commonly *mala mens malus animus*: an ill disposition breeds an ill suspicion. I will tell them, in their owne natural and mother tongue, what young master Wither writes:

> (Whose pleasing satyres never shall decay,
> But flourish greene, like laurell and the bay:)
> 'Tis grosse, sayth he, and vaine for to upholde
> That all reports which travellers unfolde
> Of forraine lands, are lyes; because they see
> No such strange things in their owne parish be:
> And if I may not tearme such fellowes vaine,
> I'le say, they're dull and of a shallow braine:
> And him I count no wise man that imparts
> To men of such base misconceiving hearts
> Any rare matter; for their brutish wit
> Will very quickly wrong both him and it:
> For thus the saying is, and I hold so,
> Ignorance only is true wisdome's foe.

Mine old acquaintance Mr. *Henry Constable**, having set downe this passion in her right colours, I could not chuse but acquaint the reader therewith.

> Care, the consuming canker of the minde,
> The discord that disorders sweet-hearts time;
> Th' abortive bastard of a coward kinde,

* See Theatrum Poetarum, p. 228, last edit.

The light-foot lackie that runs post to death,
The busie advocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing worst to him that is his friend.

This fiend Jealousie, a quondam kinde acquaintance of mine, Mr. *Thomas Watson**, paynteth forth very lively in these verses:

Pale Jealousie, childe of insatiate Love,
Of heart-sicke thoughts which melancholy bred,
A hell-tormenting feare no faith can move,
By discontent with deadly poyson fed;
With heedlesse youth and errour vainely led;
A mortall plague, a vertue-drowning flood;
A hellish fire, not quenched but with blood.

Love, according to Plato, is three-fold. The first embraceth virtue only: the second is infamous, which preferreth bodily pleasure: and the third is of the body and soule. Nothing more noble than the first; than the second nothing more vile; the third is equall to both. But he that will see a most lively description of this kind of love, let him read Mr. *Michael Drayton's* definition thereof, in "The Flowers of English Parnassus."

Controlling Love, proud Fortune's busie factor,
The gall of wit, sad Melancholie's school,
Heart-killing corsive, golden Time's detractor,
Life-fretting canker, Mischiefe's poysoned toole,
The ideot's ydle brother, wise men's foole:
A foe to friendship, enemie to truth,
The wrong misleader of our pleasing youth.

* See Theatrum Poetarum, p. 208, ut supra. It is observable that the verses here ascribed to Watson are, in England's Parnassus, attributed to Drayton.

I will

I will set down here the worth of a poet, as that sweet muse of his, who not unworthily beareth the name of the chiefest archangel, [Michael] singeth after this soule-raviſhing manner:

When Heaven would strive to do the best she can,
And put an angel's spirit into a man:
Then all her powers she in that worke doth spend,
When she a poet to the world doth send;
The difference only twixt the gods and us,
Allow'd by them, is but distinguish'd thus:
They give men breath, men by their powers are born,
That life they give, the poet doth adorn;
And from the world, when they dissolve man's breath,
They in the world do give man life in death.

Tofte speaks of having translated Ariosto's Satires out of Italian into Engliſh verse; which were printed, he avers, without his consent or knowledge, in another man's name; [*Gervase Markham's*, 1608, 4to.] In his address to the reader, he thus commendably pleads for the distinction which he paid to some of our elder poets:

"Though this nice age, wherein we now live, hath brought more neate and terse wits into the world; yet must not old *George Gascoigne* and *Turbervill*, with such others, be altogether rejected; since they first brake the ice for our quainter poets that now write, that they might the more safer swimme in the main ocean of sweet poësie."

To Robert Tofte are attributed, in Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, "Laura. The Toyes of a Traveller; or, the Feast of Fancie;" 1597, 4to. "Alba, the Month's Minde of a melancholy Lover;" 1598, 8vo. and "Honour's Academy; or, the famous Pastorall

of the faire shepherdesse Julietta;" 1610, fol. The bibliographer, however, has added in a note, that, though the initials R. T. are constantly thought to be those of Robert Tofte, it may be just mentioned, that there was likewise a Richard Turner, who wrote "Nosce Te (Humors)," 1607, a collection of Epigrams; but nothing, it is believed, before 1600.

T.P.

ART. IV. WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of this poet, says, that at Oxford he employed himself upon Engliſh poetry; and in 1737 publiſhed a small miscellany without his name. Dr. Anderson repeats this information, but, from his usual ardour of research and more successful inquiry, has produced a title to that miscellany. The fact however is, that there were two titles, which as the book is extremely scarce, shall here be given: though the author's name and the mottos form the only difference.

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the entertainment of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour. By William Shenstone, gent.

Spes et Fortuna, valete!

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield, near East-gate, 1737."

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the amusement of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. HOR.

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield near East-gate, 1737."

The

The two copies to which the above are prefixed do not appear to contain any other material diverſity, except that the dedication to the former is dated "Pembroke College, Oxford, April 29th, 1737;" and that to the latter has only the month and year subjoined. The poet addresses his "prefatory Dedication to Mrs. ——:" a lady, he says, of a penetrating judgment and refined taste; to whom he devotes five pages of pedantic quaintness and tumid panegyric. His poetry he begs leave to declare, is "the product of a young genius, little exercised in versification;" and he seems feelingly to predict his future character, when he affirms "that indolence has proved with him, and always will do, more than a balance to any other ambition."

The poetical contents of this juvenile opusculum it may not be incurious to record, nor can a brief report of their respective merits be deemed out of its place in CENSURA LITERARIA.

"The Speeches of Sloth and Virtue: upon the plan of Xenophon's Judgment of Hercules." These speeches, with considerable enlargement and revisal, were incorporated into the Judgment of Hercules, which is placed foremost in the division of Shenstone's moral pieces, in Dodsley's edition of 1765.

"Love and Musick." A feeble lyric ode, which neither possesses the animation excited by love, nor the harmony inspired by music.

"Colemira: a culinary Eclogue." Verbatim, as printed by Dodsley, p. 197.

"Comparison." Trite, common-place compliment to Silvia, in which her eyes are compared to the

sun, her voice to the nightingale, her complexion to alabaster, and her cheek to the rose.

"The School-Mistress." A coarse and imperfect sketch of what was afterwards wrought up into a delicate cabinet picture. It consists of twelve stanzas only; one of which was judiciously rejected for its grossness. The remaining eleven greatly improved, and seventeen new ones added, the poem was reprinted in 1742, 8vo. with an Index describing the contents of each stanza, and various passages cited in the margin from Virgil, Horace, &c. which had served to furnish hints or illustrations. In the posthumous edition of Shenstone's works, it appeared with seven additional stanzas, and forms (as Dr. Johnson observes) "one of the author's most pleasing performances."

"The Quill." Twelve short stanzas, tracing in detail the various services of a goose-quill, from the pens of Pope, Young, and Cibber, to the tuning of a spinnet and employ of a tooth-pick.

"Alboque simillima Cygno." This may serve as a civil censure on the frivolous excuses made by many females, when solicited in company to favour their friends with a song: and being brief, it shall be extracted, as it affords a specimen of the writer's Juvenilia.

As Delia, lovely syren! sate
The myrtle shades among;
Regardless of a farther fate
Than what her killing eyes create,
Philander begg'd a song.

Too

Too well, alas! the artful knew
He'd not his suit give o'er;
And cry'd—" By walking in the dew
I'm grown so hoarse—I vow 'tis true—
Dear swain insist no more!"

At length, to his renew'd address
She yields, yet vows again—
" She scarce can draw her breath, much less
In modulated thrills express,
Or raise one pleasing strain."—

Such-like evasions store the heart
Of ev'ry tuneful she;
That one, unvers'd in female art,
Must think them going to impart,
Like swans, their elegy.

" The Gossipping: a ballad.. To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury." A mythological ditty of fourteen verses, each ending with a *derry down, &c.* Written much in the plan of Geo. Alex. Steevens's toping rants, but conducted with less humour and more vulgarity.

" Stanzas to the memory of W. G. parish-clerk, who departed this life &c. to the inexpressible grief of his admirers. In imitation of Maister Sternhold." This imitation extends to thirteen staves, somewhat puerile and bordering on the profane.

" Anacreontick. Io! Bacche! *Hor.*" No uncharacteristic specimen of the Bacchanalian extravaganza style; in which ludicrous bombast or sottish sensuality commonly supply the want of exhilarating ideas.

" To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad." An epigrammatic squib thrown at the opponents of Pope, which could not be gathered up in the collection published under the name of Savage, in 1732,

" Eve's

"Eve's Speech in Milton, upon her Expulsion out of Paradise." This exquisitely pathetic lamentation is here be-rhymed out of its original grace, and paraphrased out of its dignified simplicity. Such a feeble attempt to improve on Milton was an evidence of very erroneous taste.

"Judith's Song." Versified with considerable ingenuity and force of expression.

"The Tea-Table." In nine stanzas. Trifling as the subject they commemorate.

"Inscription to the memory of A. L. Esq." Printed by Dodsley in Shenstone's Levities; whereas suppression would have been more honourable to the author and to his editor.

"To Selinda Sailing." In the manner of his songs, and like some of them very jejune.

"To Selinda. An Apology for having celebrated others." More witty than amatory; and written by the poet when 'twas "his with *mock-passion* to glow."

"Cupid and Plutus." A successful imitation of Mat Prior's more airy productions.

"Written under a Lady's Name on a Window." What any poet-corner wit might have composed.

"The Snuff-Box." No unfaithful adumbration of Parnell's melodious ease and neatness.

"The Enchantress. Anacreontick." A mimicry of namby-pamby Phillips; but executed with less characteristic prettiness, and more strained conceit.

"Je-ne-sçai quoi. In imitation of Lord Rochester's poem upon Nothing." A languid parody on a well-known and spirited effusion; to which it only bears

bears resemblance, from being written in similar metre.

"Verses to a Lady. Together with some coloured patterns of Flowers." A grave epistolary address, dated from Harborough, Oct. 7, 1736; and written apparently when Pope was the prevailing model, as the following extract may serve to indicate.

> The sweets of tranquil life, and rural ease,
> Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
> Where gentle Pleasure shews her milder pow'r,
> Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flow'r;
> Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme,
> Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
> Dawns with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
> And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
> Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
> Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
> Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
> The ev'ning ramble and the noon-day glade:
> Some visionary Fair, she cheats our view,
> Then only vig'rous, when she's seen like you.
>
> * * * *
>
> Such are your honours—mentioned to your cost,
> Those least can hear them, who deserve them most.

On a general survey of the above publication, it appears to contain little more than what many a college-student, with a poetical propensity, has had it in his power to usher forth at the age of twenty-three; nor does it glisten with any luminous presage, that the author would hereafter obtain an appropriate niche in the temple of British Fame. That he should in riper life have endeavoured to recal and cancel these puerile effusions, as the late Mr. Steevens reported, is creditable

able to his maturer judgment; but that he did not altogether effect his purpose, some ardent collectors of literary rarities may exult to declare: and indeed to the ingenuous student it must always afford a pleasurable exercise, when he can compare the first draughts of any masterly hand with its more finished productions. T. P.

ART. V. "*Songes and Sonnetes of Henry Earle of Surry*" *and others.* "*Imprinted at London, in Fletestrete, within Temple barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre by Richard Tottel, the fifte day of June, An.* 1557. *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*"—Sixteens. Frequently reprinted; viz. 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587*, and afterwards; —yet very scarce. †

ART. VI. "*Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Printed from a correct copy. With the Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat, and others his famous cotemporaries. To which are added some Memoirs of his Life and Writings. London, Printed for W. Meares at the Lamb, and J. Brown at the Black Swan, without Temple Bar.* 1717." 8vo. *With a Preface by George Sewell, M. D.*

ART. VII. "*Songes and Sonettes written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, within Temple Barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottell. Anno* 1567. *Cum privilegio. Reprinted by E. Curll. Anno* 1717." 8vo.

* The Bodleian Catalogue says, "Lond. by R. Robinson, 1587, 8vo."

† Herbert II. 812. Walton, III. 11, 12, 60, 69.

Advertisement

Advertisement to Curll's Edition.

"In order to give the publick as correct an edition as I could of these valuable Poems, I procured among my friends these several editions, printed in the years 1565, 1567, and 1569, all which I found very full of typographical errors, but the most correct was that of 1567, from which this edition is printed, and to which the folios numbered by numeral figures in the margin refer. When I had made the edition of 1567 as correct as I could from the other two, I heard of another copy * in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, among Mr. Selden's books, wherein were many considerable amendments, supposed to be made by that eminent person: which I got collated by a learned gentleman there. So that I hope it will appear I have given my Lord Surrey's Poems in their antique dress, in as careful and accurate a manner as possible: and if these admirable Songes and Sonettes meet with a reception equal to their merit, they shall be immediately followed by the remainder, in the same volume, written by himself, and his intimate friend Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder; to which will be subjoined a very full and particular account of these noble authors, who have hitherto been undeservedly deny'd the justice due to their memories."

"London, April 13, 1717. "Vale."

Curll's edition ends with the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and totally omits the poems of "Uncertain Authors" which are entirely reprinted in the other edition of the same year (1717).

* There was another edition printed Anno 1585.

The Original Preface.

"To the Reader.

"That to have wel written in verse, yea, and in small parcelles, deserveth great prayse, the workes of dyvers Latines, Italians, and other, doe prove sufficiently; that our Tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayse worthely as the rest, the honourable style of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deep witted Syr Thomas Wyat the elder's verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers, doe shew abundantly. It restethe nowe, gentle reader, that thou thynke it not evil done, to publish to the honour of the Englysh Tong, and for the profite of the Studiouse of Englysh eloquence, those woorkes which the ungentle horders up of such treasure have heretofore envyed thee; and for this point, good reader, thyne owne profite and pleasure in these presently, and in mo hereafter shall aunswere for my defence. If perhappes some myslyke the statelinesse of style removed from the rude skyll of common cares, I ask helpe of the learned to defende thyre learned frends the authors of this woorke; and I exhorte the unlearned by reading to learne to be more skyllfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse that maketh the sweet Majerome not to smell to theyr delight."

The editor of the republication by Meares and Brown, after giving a short account of Lord Surry's life, adds: "For the beauties of his poetical vein, I chuse rather to appeal to the judgment of others, than endeavour to impose my own on the reader. He was intimate with Sir Thomas Wyat and Sir Francis Brian, his cotemporaries, who were far the best judges and poets of those days. And as for those who succeeded him, if it is a true

true observation, that those who deserve best themselves are the forwardest to do justice to others, there was hardly a poet of note since this nobleman's time, who has not paid some respect to his memory. Sir Philip Sidney, whose praise itself were a sufficient honour, where he recounts those few of our own nation, who had written, as he speaks, with poetical sinews, takes notice, "that in the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics there were many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind." And afterwards by finding fault with the bare rhimers of the age, who laid down no plan in their poems, he gives a backward glance to our author, whose subjects are always finely chosen, and the same scheme justly pursued, without the feeble help, as Sir Philip says, of one lame verse begetting another.

"To come lower; Mr. Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, written in imitation of Ovid's, singles him out as his favourite, and has indited one in his name to the Lady Geraldine. There are a great many beauties, as well as a good share of antiquity in this letter, and were I to judge I should allow it the first place in his compositions. I cannot forbear repeating those fine verses he puts in his mouth in honour of the Muses; a subject frequently touched by the Latin poets, but more excellently here.

When Heaven would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
By them confirm'd, distinguish'd only thus.

Whom

Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise.
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death.
When Time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred power that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins.*

"It were easy to shew how these lines, with a little modern polish, have been imitated, turned, and worked twenty ways by Lee, Dryden, and others; but that business is not of this time, and so we must pursue our subject." †

Anderson in his "English Poets" has given only a small selection of the "Poems of Uncertain Authors," which accompany those of Surry and Wyat in Tottel's editions, and "form the first printed poetical Miscellany in the English language—"a garland," adds Warton, "in which it appears to have been the fashion for every flowery courtier to leave some of his blossoms." "Richard Tottel," continues this elegant historian,

* See before p. 237.

† Mr. Park, at the end of his new edition of Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ," has printed from MSS. Lord Surry's "Exhortation to the Citizens of London;" his "Five Chapters from the Ecclesiastes of Solomon, versified;" and "Three Psalms versified;" none of which are in Tottel's collection. From the preface to this publication I also learn that it is Bishop Percy's intention to give a new edition of Tottel's Miscellany, which I am informed, has been some years printed.

Mr. Park also here ascribes to Lord Rochford the beautiful lines,

"My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste," &c.

which Tottel gives to Wyat.

"deserves

" deserves highly of English literature, for having collected at a critical period, and preserved in a printed volume, so many admirable specimens of ancient genius, which would have mouldered in manuscript, or perhaps from their detached and fugitive state of existence, their want of length, the capriciousness of taste, the general depredations of time, inattention, and other accidents, would never have reached the present age."

As these poems of " Uncertain Authors" are at present scarce, I shall give a few specimens.

" *The felicity of a mind embracing virtue, that beholdeth the wretched desires of the world.*

1.

When dreadful swelling seas,
Through boistrous windy blasts,
So top the ships, that all for nought
Serves anchor, sail, and masts:
Who takes not pleasure then,
Safely on shore to rest,
And see with dread and deep despair
How shipmen are distrest.

2.

Not that we pleasure take,
When others feelen smart,
Our gladness grow'th to see their harms,
And yet to feel no part.
Delight we take also,
Well ranged in array,
When armies meet, to see the fight,
Yet free be from this fray.

3. But

3.

But yet among the rest,
No joy may match with this,
T' aspire unto the temple high,
Where Wisdom throned is.
Defended with the saws
Of hoary heads expert,
Which clear it keeps from error's mist,
That might the truth pervert.

4.

From whence thou may'st look down,
And see, as under foot,
Man's wandring will and doubtful life,
From whence they took their root.
How some by wit contend,
By prowess some to rise,
Riches and rule to gain and hold,
Is all that men devise.

5.

O miserable minds,
O hearts in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindness in
This wretched life is spent?
Body, devoid of grief,
Mind free from care and dread,
Is all and some that Nature craves,
Wherewith our life to feed.

6.

So that for Nature's turn
Few things may well suffice,
Dolour and grief clean to expell,
And some delight surprize.

Yea,

Yea, and it falleth oft,
That Nature more content,
Is with the less, than when the more
To cause delight is spent. *

The Lover in liberty smileth at them in thraldom, that sometime scorned his bondage.

At liberty I sit and see
Them that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me,
And now they ban that they were born.
I see them sit full soberly,
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now in themselves they cannot spy,
That they or this in me have spied.
I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word, and look;
And now they tread, where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.
Now I see well I saw no whit,
When they saw well that now are blind;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And just judgment hath them assign'd.
I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast in dreadful doubt
The self same path that I have gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out!
At liberty all this I see,
And see no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me,
Lo, such is hap: mark well my song.

* In the original these are printed as Alexandrine couplets, but are here ivided according to the modern mode.

Of Fortune and Fame.

1.

The plague is great, where Fortune frowns,
  One mischief brings a thousand woes,
Where trumpets give their warlike sounds,
  The weak sustain sharp overthrows:
No better life they taste or feel
That subject are to Fortune's wheel.

2.

Her happy chance may last no time;
  Her pleasure threateneth pains to come;
She is the fall of those that climb,
  And yet her wheel advanceth some,
No force, where that she hates or loves
Her fickle mind so oft removes.

3.

She gives no gift, but craves as fast,
  She soon repents a thankful deed;
She turneth after every blast;
  She helps them oft that hath no need.
Where Power dwells, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common guest.

4.

Yet some affirm, and prove by skill,
  Fortune is not a flying fame,
She neither can do good nor ill,
  She hath no form, yet bears a name;
Yet we but strive against the streams,
To frame such toys on fancy's dreams.

5.

If she hath shape or name alone,
  If she do rule or bear no sway,
If she have body, life, or none,
  Be she a sprite I cannot say;
But well I wot, some cause there is
That causeth woe, and sendeth bliss.

6.

The causes of things I will not blame,
Lest I offend the prince of peace:
But I may chide, and brawl with fame,
To make her cry, and never cease
To blow the trump within her ears,
That may appease my woeful tears.

All worldly pleasures fade.

1.

The winter with his grisly storms
No longer dare abide;
The pleasant grass with lusty green
The earth hath newly dyed.

2.

The trees have leaves, the boughs down spread,
New changed is the year;
The water-brooks are clean sunk down,
The pleasant banks appear.

3.

The spring is come, the goodly nymphs
Now dance in every place;
Thus hath the year most pleasantly
Of late ychang'd his face.

4.

Hope for no immortality,
For wealth will wear away,
As we may learn by every year,
Nay hours of every day.

5.

For Zephyrus doth mollify
The cold and blustering winds;
The summer's drought doth take away
The spring out of our minds.

6.

And yet the summer cannot last,
But once must step aside;
Then autumn thinks to keep his place,
But autumn cannot bide.

7.

For when he hath brought forth his fruits,
And stuff'd the barns with corn,
Then winter eats and empties all,
And thus is autumn worn.

8.

Then hoary frosts possess the place,
Then tempests work much harm,
Then rage of storms doth make all cold,
Which summer had made so warm.

9.

Wherefore let no man put his trust
In that, that will decay;
For slipper wealth will not continue,
Pleasure will wear away.

10.

For when that we have lost our life,
And lie under a stone,
What are we then; we are but earth;
Then is our pleasure gone.

11.

No man can tell what God Almight
Of every wight doth cast;
No man can say, to-day I live,
Till morn my life shall last.

12.

For when thou shalt before thy judge
Stand to receive thy doom,
What sentence Minos doth pronounce,
That must of thee become.

13.

Then shall not noble stock and blood
Redeem thee from his hands,
Nor sugred talk with eloquence
Shall loose thee from his bands.

14.

Nor yet thy life uprightly led
Can help thee out of hell;
For who descendeth down so deep,
Must there abide and dwell.

15.

Diana could not thence deliver
The chaste Hippolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life
His friend Pirithous.

ART. VIII. "*The Paradyse of Daynty Devises aptly furnished with sundry pithie and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesties chappel: the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honor and woorshippe,*

viz.

S. Barnarde.	*Jasper Heywood.*
E. O.	*F. K.*
L. Vaux.	*M. Bewe.*
D. S.	*R. Hill.*

M. Yloop with others."

The device—an angel crowned, holding in his right hand a flaming heart, and in his left a cross. The motto about it, "Ego sum via et veritas."

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng in

Paules Churchyard, at the south west doore of Saint Paules Church, and are there to be solde. 1576. *4to.**

On the next leaf is the coat armour in twelve escutcheons of Henry Lord Compton, to whom the book is dedicated by H. D. the printer.

This Collection was again printed by Disle in 1577, and 1578, and is the only book of his printing which has escaped the devastations of time.

There was an edition in 1585, probably by Edward White, to whom the copy was granted by Timothy Rider. White also put forth editions in 1596, and 1600.

Edward Allde also put forth an edition in 1596, 4to. to which the device is a flowerpot.

Notwithstanding all these editions, the work is now very scarce.

To the Right Honorable Syr Henry Compton, Knight, Lorde Compton of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE and my very good Lord, (presuming uppon your curtesy) I am bolde to present unto your honor, this small volume; entituled, The Paradise of deynty devises, being penned by divers learned gentlemen, and collected togeather, through the travell of one both of worship and credite, for his private use; who not long since departed this lyfe,

* From the transcript of this book by the late George Stevens, who says "It has been attempted to render the following MS. a fac-simile of the first edition of the Paradise of Dainty Devices, with all its inaccuracy of spelling, punctuation, &c.; but as habits of orthography, &c. are not easily got rid of, they may occasionally have prevailed over the blunders which the transcriber has professed to copy."

which

which when I had perused over, not without the advise of sundry my freendes, I determined by theyr good motion, to set them in print, who therunto greatly perswaded me, with these and like woordes: The wryters of them were both of honor and worship: besides that our own countreymen, and such as for theyr learnyng and gravitie might be accounted of, among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties both pithy and pleasant, as well for the invention as meter, and wyll yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in five partes, or song to instrument. Which wel consydering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching your honor to accept it in good part, cheefely for the aucthours sake: who though some of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings shall continue for ever: for like as the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth vertue: and as the shadow goeth sometimes before, and sometimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue: but the later it commeth the greater it is, and to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing to offende your honour with these my rude speeches, I end, wishing your L. many yeres of joy.

Your good Lordship's wholy to commaund

H. D.

Contents of this first edition of this Miscellany.

1. The Translation of the blessed St. Barnard's Verses conteyning the unstable Felicitie of this Wayfaring Worlde. The author's signature, "My Lucke is Losse."

2. "Beware of had I wyst." Same signature.

3. The

3. The perfect Tryall of a Faithfull Freend. Signed "Yloop."

4. No Pleasure without some Payne. By E. S.

5. Our Pleasures are Vanities. By D. S.

6. May. By M. Edwardes.

7. Fair Woordes make Fooles Faine. By the same.

8. In his Extreame Sycknesse. By Lord Vaux.

9. For Christmas Day. By F[ranc]. K[inwelmarsh.]

10. Easter-Day. By Jasper Heywood.

11. For Whitsunday. By M. Kindlemarsh.

12. "Who mindes to bring his shippe to happy shore,
Must care to knowe the lawes of wysdome's lore." By Jasper Heywood.

13. Of the Unconstant Stay of Fortune's Giftes. By R. Hill.

14. No Woordes, but Deedes. By R. D.

15. He desyreth Exchange of Lyfe. By Ld. Vaux.

16. Of the Instabilitie of Youth. By the same.

17. "Most happy is that state alone,
Where woordes and deedes agree in one."
By F. K.

18. "Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
By learnyng must advaunced be."
By the same.

19. "Man's flitting life fyndes surest stay,
Where sacred vertue beareth sway."
By M. T.

20. Nothing is comparable unto a Faithfull Freend. By F. K.

21. Re-

21. Respice finem. By D. S.

22. He persuadeth his Frend from the fond Effects of Love. *

23. Wantyng his desyre, he complayneth. By M. Edwardes.

24. Trye before you Trust. By D. S.

25. A Lady Forsaken complayneth. By M. D.

26. Finding Worldly Joyes but Vanities, he wysheth death. By F. M.

27. Having marryed a woorthy Lady, and taken away by Death, he complayneth his mishap. By F. G.

28. A woorthy Dittie, song before the Queene's Majestie at Bristowe. By D. S.

29. His good Name being blemished, he bewaileth. By the Earl of Oxford.

30. Of Fortune's Power. By M. Edwardes.

31. "Though Triumph after bloudy warres,
The greatest brags do beare,
Yet Triumph of a conquered minde,
The crowne of Fame shall weare."
By the same.

32. "Whoso will be accompted wise." By the same.

33. A Frendly Admonition. By R. Hill.

34. Sundrie Men, sundrie Affectes. By the same.

35. † Time gives Experience. By R. H.

36. Of Sufferance cometh Ease. By E. S.

37. † Being trapped in Love, he complayneth. By the same.

* Ritson attributes this to Thomas Churchyard.

38. † "Though

38. † "Though Fortune have sette thee on hie,
Remember yet that thou shalt die."
By F. K.

39. A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the Praise of his Love. By M. K.

40. Oppressed with Sorowe, he wysheth Death.

41. "Where reason makes request,
There wisdom ought supplie,
With friendly answere prest,
To graunt, or else denie."
Signed, "My Lucke is Losse."

42. "Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes."
Same signature.

43. "What Joye to a Contented Mynde." Same signature.

44. Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est. By M. Edwardes.

45. Thinke to dye. By D. S.

46. Beyng asked the occasion of his white head, he aunswereth thus. By Lord Vaux.

47. † "I would to God, I were Acteon." By M. B.

48. "Why should I lenger long to live." By E. S.

49. Prudens. The historie of Damocles, and Dionise.

50. Fortitude. A yong man of Ægipt, and Valerian.

51. Justice. Zalouch, and his sonne.

52. Temperaunce. Spurina, and the Romaine Ladies. By F. M.

53. A Bunche of Herbes and Flowers.

54. † "Now mortall man beholde and see
This worlde is but a vanitie."
By M. Thorn.

55. In

55. In commendation of Musick. By M. Edwardes.

56. † "When sage Ulisses sailed by." By M. Bew.

57. Findyng no Joye, he desireth Death. By W. H.

58. Hope well, and have well. By the same.

59. † He repenteth his Folly. By the same.

60. He requesteth some frendly Comfort, affirmyng his constancie. By M. Edwardes.

61. He complaineth his Mishapp. By M. H.

62. No foe to a Flatterer.

63. "The Spider with great Skill." By W. Hunis.

64. "The subtill slily Sleights." By M. Edwardes.

65. "With painted Speache I list not prove." By M. B.

66. † Trie, and then trust. By Richard Hill.

67. Complainyng to his Frende, he replieth wittily. By M. Edwardes.

68. † No Paines comparable to his Attempt. By W. H.

69. No Pleasure without some Paine. By Lord Vaux.

70. The Fruites of fained Frendes. By W. H.

71. Beyng importunate, at the length, he obtaineth. By M. B.

72. Requryng the favour of his Love, she aunswereth thus. By E. S.

73. A Lover's Joye. By F. K.

74. † The Judgement of Desire. By the E. of O.

75. The Complaint of a Lover, wearyng blacke and tawnie. By the same.

76. † He complaineth thus: "Lo heare the Man," &c.

77. Findyng no relief, he complaineth thus. By R. H.

78. † Beyng

78. † Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By Lord Vaux.

79. † A Lover Disdained, complaineth. By the same.

80. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By M. B.

81. A Lover Rejected, complaineth. By E. of O.

82. Not attainyng to his Desire, he complaineth. By the same.

83. † His Mynde not quietly setled, he writeth thus. By the same.

84. † Of the Mightie Power of Love. By the same.

85. Beyng Disdained, he complaineth. By L. Vaux.

86. Of the Meane Estate. By the same.

87. Of a Contented Mynde. By the same.

88. Trie before you trust. By the same.

89. He renounceth all the Affectes of Love. By the same.

90. † Beyng in Sorrowe, he complaineth. By the same.

91. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By R. L.

92. Beyng in Trouble, he writeth thus. By T. M.

93. Beyng troubled in Mynde, he writeth as followeth. By J. H.

94. Looke or you Leape. By Jasper Heywood.

95. † He bewaileth his Mishappe. By R. H.

96. The Complaint of a Synner. By F. K.

97. "The fruite that sprynges from wilful wites,
Is ruthe, and ruins rage,
And sure what heedelesse youthe committes,
Repentaunce rues in age."

Signed, "Yloop."

Finis.

Imprinted

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng at the south-west doore of Paules churche, 1576.

This edition contains seventeen articles which are not in the edition of 1600. They are thus distinguished †.

The following articles, which are found in the edition of 1600, are wanting in this.

		Page
1.	"Amid the Vale." By Jasper Heywood.	3
2.	"A Faithfull Friend." By M. Edwardes.	36
3.	"Alacke, when I looke Backe." By W. Hunnis.	61
4.	"I read a Maying Rime." By M. S.	26
5.	"If thou delight." By W. Hunnis	48
6.	"In Loathsome Race." By Candishe.	70
7.	"In Searche of Thinges. By W. Hunnis.	71
8.	"In Wealthe we see." By the same.	72
9.	"In May by Kinde." By M. Edwardes.	82
10.	"Like as the Doleful Dove." By W. Hunnis.	61
11.	"My Eye." By the same.	55
12.	"My owne Godfather." By H. D.	66
13.	"O Soveraigne Salve." By Jasper Heywood.	83
14.	"Perhaps you thinke." By A. Bourcher.*	20
15.	"The Deepe Turmoiled Wight."	21
16.	"The Wandring Youth." By J. Heywood.	84
17.	"Who seekes the Way."	69
18.	"What is the World." By G. Gaske.	79
19.	"What Fond Delight." By J. H.	80
20.	"You Muses Nine." By Lodowicke Loyd	28

* Ritson says this is also in the edition of 1596.

Such

Such is the irregularity of the first edition that the pages run backwards and forwards, so that the same number sometimes occurs twice over.

A Table of the Names or Signatures of the Authors in this Collection. With the number of Poems furnished by each.

1. My Lucke is Losse; a signature not decyphered. Five copies.
2. Yloop, supposed to be Pooley, two copies.
3. E. S. five copies.
4. D. S. [Sand] five copies.
5. R. Edwardes, ten copies.
6. Lord Vaux, thirteen copies. Ritson says some of them are distinguished as those of Lord Vaux, the elder; but in Steevens's copy I can find no such distinction.
7. F. K. Francis Kinwelmersh, nine copies.
8. Jasper Heywood, three copies.
9. Richard Hill, four copies.
10. R. D. qu. Robert Dillington? one.
11. M. T. qu. Thorn? one.
12. M. Thorn, one.
13. M. D. qu. Dyer? one.
14. F. M. not mentioned by Ritson, two.
15. F. G. Fulke Greville, one.
16. Earl of Oxford, seven.
17. M. B. qu. Bew? four.
18. M. Bew, one.
19. R. H. qu. Hill or Hall? three.
20. W. H. William Hunnis, seven.
21. R. L.

22. T. M.

22. T. M. qu. Thomas Marshall? though Ritson says no such name, or initials, occur in this edition. But if Steevens's copy deserve credit, they certainly do occur once.
23. J. H. qu. Jasper Heywood? one copy.

To these are to be added the following names from the edition of 1600.

24. M. S. which Ritson supposes may be Sackville, but surely as Sackville had borne the title of Lord Buckhurst for more than thirty years, he would not have been so designated in 1600.
25. Mr. Candishe.
26. H. D. not in the edition of 1576, though Ritson says it is.
27. A. Bourcher.
26. G. Gaske, which Mr. Park thinks, with apparent probability, means Gaskoine.
27. J. H. qu. Jasp. Heywood?
28. Lod. Loyd, who, according to Ritson, has a copy in the edition of 1576, which I cannot find there.

For the sake of juxta-position, I here add a table of the names or signatures of the authors of England's Helicon, 1600.

1. Sir P. Sydney, thirteen copies.
2. E. B. Edmund Bolton, five.
3. Edm. Spenser, four.
4. Michael Drayton, five.
5. Robert Greene, six.
6. Thomas Lodge, eleven.

7. Nicholas Breton, eight.
8. Shepherd Tonie; evidently a fictitious signature, seven.
9. George Peele, three.
10. J. D. qu. Sir John Davies? one.
11. J. M. qu. Jervis Markham? two.
12. Earl of Surry, two.
13. Thomas Watson, five.
14. John Wootton, two.
15. S. E. D. Sir Edward Dyer, six.
16. William Shakspeare, one.
17. Ignoto—under which signature, some are supposed to be Sir Walter Raleigh's, eleven copies.
18. * W. H. qu. William Hunnis? two.
19. Bartholomew Young, twenty-four.
20. Richard Barnefield, two.
21. * Earl of Oxford, one.
22. H. C. Henry Constable, four.
23. T. B. qu. Thomas Bastard? one.
24. W. S. William Smith, one.
25. * M. F. G. Fulke Grevile, one.
26. J. G. who, Ritson supposes, may be J. Gough—why not J. Grange?
27. M. H. Nowell, called N. Howell, in the second edition, 1614.†
28. Christopher Marlow.

N.B. Those who were contributors to the Paradise of Dainty Devises have an asterisk against their names.

† Of which edition I propose, by the favour of a most learned and amiable friend, to give a future account.

ART. IX. *A handefull of pleasant delites, containing sundrie new sonets, and delectable histories in divers kindes of meeter: newly devised to the newest tunes, &c. by Clement Robinson and others.* 1584. 16mo.

ART. X. *The Phœnix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined workes of Noblemen, woorthy Knightes, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave schollers. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gent.** 1593, 4to.

Of these two very rare collections, I hope, by the liberal aid of some accomplished friends, to give a satisfactory account hereafter.

I place their titles here for the information of those, who are not yet deeply skilled in this department of literature, which is become so difficult from the rare occurrence and high price of its materials. I have only once had a momentary glance at the contents of these very curious miscellanies.

ART. XI. *The Citie's great concern in this case or question of Honour and Arms, Whether Apprenticeship extinguisheth Gentry? Discoursed; with a clear refutation of the pernicious error that it doth.*

Lam. Jerem. Cap. 3. *Bonum est viro, cum portaverit jugum ab adolescentia sua.*

London. Printed by William Godbid, dwelling in Little Britain. 1674. *Duod. pp.* 97.

* Herbert, II. 1220. Wart. H. E. P. III. p. 401.

This I presume is the book of John Philipot the Herald, which A. Wood says was written to "prove that gentry doth not abate with apprenticeship, but only sleepeth, during the time of their indentures, and awaketh again when they are expired," and which book Wood had not seen. See Ath. Ox. II. F. 37.

It is dedicated "Honoratissimo Senatui populoque Augustæ urbis Londinensis."

This is followed by "the Bookseller's Report," which is succeeded by "A preface in defence of trade and commerce," and an address "To the Reader."

John Philipot died 25 Nov. 1645. Most of his works were published by his son Thomas; among which was the "Villare Cantianum" 1659, and 1664, fol. one of our earliest county histories. See Wood's Ath. F. I. 285. II. 36.

Thomas Gore in his "Catalogus eorum qui de Re Heraldrica scripserunt," a curious and useful book, mentions a work of this John Philipot, not recorded by Wood, and which I have never seen, entitled

"A perfect Collection, or Catalogue of all Knights Bachelaurs made by King James since his coming to the Crown of England, faithfully extracted out of the Records. Printed at London 1660, 8vo."

There are many MS. catalogues of these Knights, who were very numerous, in the British Museum.

Thomas Philipot, the son, was author of a volume of "Poems, London, 1646, 8vo." which now rarely occurs, but was among Dr. Farmer's collection, No. 6591.

ART. XII. *The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, with the true interest of England, as it then stood in relation to all forrain princes: and particularly for suppressing the power of Spain stated by him. His principall actions, counsels, designes, and death. Together with a short account of the maxims and policies used by Queen Elizabeth in her government.*

Written by Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight, Lord Brook, a servant to Queen Elizabeth, and his companion and friend. London, Printed for Henry Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1652. 8*vo. pp.* 247.

This book is dedicated "most humbly to the Right Honourable the Countesse of Sunderland," by P. B. I give this title, as it is more full than in A. Wood, Ath. I. 522. where the reader may find a full account of Sir Fulke Greville, who was born 1554, made a Peer, 18 James I. and murdered by his servant Haywood, 30 Sept. 1628, at the age of 74.

ART. XIII. *Observations upon the Provinces United. And on the State of France. Written by Sir Thomas Overbury. London. Printed by T. Maxey for Richard Marriot; and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's churchyard, Fleetstreet,* 1651. *Duod. pp.* 80.

Annexed to this volume is "the lively portraiture of Sir Thomas Overbury" by S. Pass. Under which are the following lines:

A man's best fortune, or his worst's a wife;
Yet I, that knew nor marriage peace nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one lost my life.

A wife like her I writ, man scarse can wed;
Of a false friend like mine man scarce hath read.

These allusions are obvious to every one acquainted with the story of Sir Thomas Overbury. His good "Wife," a poem, has gone through numerous editions. His false friend, Somerset, and his false friend's bad wife, no one can think of, without shuddering!

Overbury was born 1581, and died 13 Sept. 1613.

It is very doubtful, whether he was the real author of the above book.

ART. XIV. "*Chronicon Rusticum-Commerciale; or, Memoirs of Wool, &c. being a collection of history and argument, concerning the Woollen manufacture and Woollen trade in general; particularly the rise, progress, improvements, declensions, revolutions, and the respective causes thereof (with a view of the different prices of wool, at certain distant periods) in England; as given by a succession of writers, from ancient down to the present times. Also an account of the several laws, from time to time made, and of many schemes offered, for preventing the exportation of raw wool; likewise of other expedients for preserving and promoting the interest of the kingdom in that commodity manufactured;*

factured: with occasional notes, dissertations, and reflections upon the whole. By John Smith, L.L.B. In two volumes. London: Printed for T. Osborne at Gray's Inn, 1747, 8vo." pp. 996, besides dedication and preface.

That I may accompany my copious articles of ancient poetry with some mixture of subjects, which in the judgment of a large portion of mankind, are deemed more solid, I have here undertaken to introduce to the notice or recollection of my readers the "Memoirs of Wool," an invaluable and erudite work, which now, I believe, is becoming scarce. The best account of the author's plan, materials, and views, is given in his own preface, which, though long, I here therefore transcribe.

"*The Preface.*

"The public is here presented with a work, of which the design is wholly new, upon the same subject.

"The title-page says briefly what it is; and the table of contents gives further light into it. Yet custom demands a preface; and there may be reason also for adding somewhat under that form, to tempt, if possible, the shy reader to bestow a few weeks of his time in a way, to which it has been known that a very few hours * have been denied.

"Nor is this a singular instance of neglect; it has

* "Upon a particular occasion, a certain person more than ordinarily concerned, and not uncommonly employed, gave it as a reason for not reading a Tract upon this subject, "that it would have cost him two or three hours."

been said, (and from what the author himself hath seen and heard, * he partly believes it) that it is become almost a standing rule with many gentlemen, as often as this subject is started for their deliberation, to take up their hats and move off.

" And it is not indeed a party-subject, making any thing particularly against, or even for a minister. It is not a subject of literature or entertainment. It is by no means palatable to the men of taste; nor yet greatly relished by those of business.

" Nevertheless it is important; and generally interesting, and universally acknowledged to be so. And, though it were not altogether of so much importance, as it really is; yet, as every subject that is of any consideration, does claim from some or other, (and especially of those who are concerned with it) at least so much attention as is necessary to a right understanding of it; and for that end does require to be investigated properly: so, by what means it comes to pass, that this, which is confessedly of a very great and extensive concern, and which has been accordingly often brought upon the tapis, should be so little the object of close consultation and due enquiry, is somewhat mysterious; and I think not to be accounted for but in the following manner.

" The good people of England either think, 1. That things, in this respect, are as well as they can be, or need to be. Or, 2. Leaning severally to their own opinions, (however various and taken up by chance

* A gentleman going into ——— met several coming out; and asking one of them, what was doing within? he answered " something about wool!" to whom the gentleman gravely replied, " and do you run away from it?"

rather

rather than choice; more upon trust than examination) they believe they have an intuitive knowledge of it; and that it requires no search or pains to be fully informed concerning the same Or, 3. That it is a matter beyond the reach of the most diligent and inquisitive, who are not bred to trade and manufacture. Or, 4. That it is so much the proper business, and peculiar province of those who are, that no other persons need themselves the least care or thought about it. That the landed interest particularly, in regard thereof, is so far embarked upon the same bottom with the trading, that the steerage may be safely left to the latter alone.

"And though the most general opinions are to be found under the one or the other of these heads; and though these are some of them very contrary to each other, yet are they all wide of the truth; for, 1. This business is neither in a state of perfection; nor yet incapable of amendment. 2. A right understanding thereof does not lie so near the surface, as to present itself, at the first glance, to every eye. 3. Nor is it a matter inscrutable, but, like other knowledge, may be attained with due application and attention, as well by persons not bred to trade and manufacture, as by those that are. As to the fourth opinion (which is the most plausible, and therefore the most general), "That it is their peculiar province, and may be safely trusted with those whose immediate profession is trade and manufacture;" it is thought best (because least exceptionable, and carrying most conviction along with it) to reply in the words of some persons no less eminent as traders themselves than as writers upon trade; and first of Sir JOSIAH CHILD.

"Merchants

"Merchants (says he) while they are in the busy and eager prosecution of their particular trades, although they be very wise and good men, are not always the best judges of trade, as it relates to the power and profit of a kingdom. The reason may be, because their eyes are so continually fixed upon what makes for their peculiar gain or loss, that they have no leisure to expatiate or turn their thoughts to what is most advantageous to the kingdom in general. Of this I could give pregnant instances in the age we live in, and former councils of trade, since the Restoration.

"The like may be said of all shopkeepers, artificers, clothiers, and other manufacturers, until they have left off their trades, and being rich by the purchase of lands, become of the same common interest with most of their countrymen."

2. JOHN CARY, Esq. Merchant of Bristol.

"The representations made by private merchants (who generally differ as their interests clash with each other) tend rather to distract than to inform the government."

3. Mr. JOSHUA GEE, Merchant.

"'Tis true indeed that a considerable number of merchants is always chosen into the house; but then it has been observed, that by the mutual opposition of those, who are engaged in different interests, they rather puzzle than give light to the argument in debate. And I must confess I have usually found gentlemen more ready to entertain right notions of commerce, as it respects the advantage or disadvantage of the public, than most men in trade, few of whom, though otherwise

wise well skilled in their own way, give themselves the trouble to look further than what concerns their own particular interest."

4. THE BRITISH MERCHANT says,

"The Merchant may have a distinct interest from that of his country. He may thrive by a trade, that shall prove her ruin."

5. To these may be added, what Dr. DAVENANT has said, although no merchant, but a person of ingenuity, experience, and observation.

"There is hardly a society of merchants that would not have it thought, the whole prosperity of the kingdom depends on their single traffic: so that at any time, when they come to be consulted, their answers are dark and partial; and when they deliberate themselves, it is generally with a bias, and a secret eye to their own advantage."

"Hence it follows that this subject is more properly the gentleman's care and study, not only because their stake is considerable in their country, and they have leisure for speculation; but because they are of all others, the most nearly interested in this particular. The WOOL of the kingdom is in effect their property, making a large part of the landed estates. And most gentlemen, how indifferent soever otherwise to politics in a general sense, or however thoughtless about what of a public nature seems to them of a more remote and doubtful consideration, have yet an eye to that, which so certainly and immediately affects them, as do their rents. Being willing to have the use and enjoyment of their own estates to themselves, they are desirous so far as may be to have also the tuition of them in

their own proper persons. And where that, by the law, is vested in others, for them, they hope from such trustees an equal regard to their property and interest as if it was their own concern alone. This is expected on the one hand, and is understood to be promised on the other. And to these ends, i. e. in order to form a right judgment, and to pursue just measures in this case, both the gentleman in a private station, and he that has undertook a public one, may be at least as well qualified as any other persons in the kingdom, provided they will bend their minds thereto, by acquiring a due knowledge of certain facts; that being what they chiefly want, to acquit themselves perfectly about it.

"The gentlemen of Great Britain are masters of argument; and the maxims of trade and policy are at this time, almost generally, pretty well understood by them. But with regard to facts, it must be said there is almost a general ignorance on this subject; there being scarce a single point of consequence, historically true, as now, or for some years past, commonly urged about it, either in conversation or in writing.

"This will appear sufficiently in the following collection.

"If the work shall seem tedious, it must be confessed that a more succinct account might have been given of several matters therein contained. But then it would have wanted authority sufficient for removing those prejudices, which, through a long course of false history, in one regard or another, has taken deep root in the minds of the people. And as it would have been unreasonable to have expected that implicit credit without evidence, which this work denies to many

others,

others, on the like score: so it was judged better to be prolix, than to omit any thing in the least material; and still better, than to leave any fact of moment doubtful.

"From the nature of which, many of them, it was necessary to be the more large and circumstantial in several quotations and transcripts, in regard they are not simple but complicated facts, viz. 1. Opinions and arguments; or if it be allowable to use the word on this occasion, doctrines or theories. 2. Policies, or measures taken in consequence thereof. 3. The result or consequence of those measures. And these, being contained partly in small tracts, long since out of print; the purport of them did not admit of being so briefly summed up, with reference made to the tracts themselves, as if they had been more accessible authors; but in order to a competent portrait, they required to be exhibited in their original dress; and though not at full length, yet in some due proportion.

"It was further necessary for the ascertaining and pointing out to observation, several of these facts, to make large additions occasionally by way of note, &c. which has contributed to swell this work to what it is, the quantity of four volumes, although in the compass of two.

"The materials which compose the text of these Memoirs, are books of Records and Antiquity, (English, Scotch, and Irish) Rymer's Fœdera, State Papers, Debates, and Votes in Parliament; History, ancient and modern; Dictionaries, Atlasses: all the best books of Trade, general and particular, Foreign as well as English. Among the Foreign are, v. g. The History of the Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients;

cients, by M. Huet, Bishop of Auranches: His Memoirs of the Dutch Trade: De Witt's Maxims of Holland: Mr. Savary's Dictionaire Universel du Commerce: The Traite Le Negoce d' Amsterdam, by Sieur Jean Piere Ricards: The Trade of Marseilles, by Gasper Carveuil. And, if not all the lesser tracts of English authors, which have been occasionally wrote with an eye to the English Woollen trade, yet many, and those the best that have been wrote upon every extraordinary incident relating thereto, have been consulted, and more or less transcribed into this work.

"It contains then, for instance, all the strong pleadings or appeals to the public, which have been made at different times on one side of the question or on the other: 1. In regard to a free and open trade, or to trade limited to companies. 2. To the prohibiting or permitting of Irish cattle. 3. To the expediency of an absolute prohibition, or instead thereof, a duty on wool exported, (a question agitated in the reign of Charles II.) 4. In regard to the East India silks and calicoes. 5. To Irish manufacture, woollen and linen. 6. To the French trade. 7. To the use and wear of calicoes painted and printed in England; with all the laws relative to each of these particularly, and to the Woollen trade in general; and a number of schemes for preventing the exportation of Wool from Great Britain and Ireland. To which are added many custom-house accounts of Imports and Exports: also accounts of the price of Wool, at different times and in different places, in England and elsewhere. The whole disposed into a regular history, as the subject would bear.

"Among the English writers made use of in this work,

work, may be mentioned more particularly, as a principal one, THE BRITISH MERCHANT; of which it is said by the editor, Mr. King, that it "contains many valuable papers, and so much knowledge in trade, as would never have appeared in the world, had it not been upon a particular occasion (a pernicious treaty of commerce with France) extorted from some worthy persons, eminent merchants of London, the authors."

"Yet is "The British Merchant" but three volumes, of more than two hundred, larger and lesser, which have been collated towards the forming these Memoirs of Wool, &c.; and the greater part of which "The British Merchant" does not appear to have been at all acquainted with.

"The British Merchant" is, it is true, incomparably the best of all our English writers in this way; contradicting most materially the bulk of those his countrymen who had gone before him upon that subject. But for that reason and because, as may be conceived, the title of the work does not point directly to the business of Wool; therefore all succeeding writers on that head have had as little regard to the facts and sentiments therein contained, as if no such work had ever been published for the better information of this kingdom.

"In short, a spirit of romance on the one hand, and of credulity on the other, had for a long time before possessed both the English writers and readers on the Woollen trade. And, as a bone which has been too long out of its place is not to be reduced but with an uncommon difficulty and pain, after repeated efforts; so the single attempt of "The British Merchant," for want of being properly followed up, has had in this particular,

particular, it may be said, no effect at all. For there is not so much as one writer, that the author of these Memoirs hath met with, since him, who, instead of correcting inveterate errors by a work of such good authority, and by other helps that were to be had, and as might have been expected in an age of more light and greater accuracy in all other matters, has not ignorantly and obstinately persisted in the old beaten path of their other predecessors; or rather exceeded them, by wandering still further from sobriety, sense, and truth. Insomuch, that a series of tracts (from one particularly, entitled, "The Golden Fleece" &c. anno 1736-7, to another, or rather the same in substance, under the title of "The Danger of Great Britain and Ireland becoming Provinces to France," &c. by the same author, anno 1746) are penned with so much extravagance and ignorance; containing such a heap of falsehood and chimeras, as are even a disgrace to the English name, justly renowned for masterly productions in every other part of useful knowledge.

"Not only pamphlets such as have been mentioned, but, which is far worse, some books of price, that would be thought to convey the most solid intelligence, and which are very good authorities in the main, as to most other matters, have erred egregiously in this. Amongst these are particularly the "Atlas Maritimus Commercialis," and "Chambers's Dictionary." Upon the latter lies the greater stress; because that work has deservedly obtained a place in most libraries; and besides, to many private persons, is itself in the place of a library; and however useful in other regards, yet in respect of this subject, it has only a tendency to soothe the nation in a folly to which it has been long habituated,

habituated, and to buoy up the people in notions, false, and therefore unprofitable, which they have already too strongly imbibed.

In general, "as the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public than any other act of government, (on which account) it is a pity that we do not see the state of it marked out in every particular reign, with greater distinction and accuracy than is usual among our historians," * so, that defect in regard to this greatest branch of English commerce is, in some measure, here supplied; and perhaps to a degree beyond what could well have been expected, considering how much "those authors who have heretofore applied themselves to preserve the most considerable events have neglected this part of history." † And considering also that the custom-house books, which are our most faithful registers in this case, are not searchable at pleasure like some other public offices.

"Notwithstanding which, some custom-house accounts having occurred in one occasional tract or another, and others having at times, and of late especially, been exhibited to Parliament, the author of these Memoirs has been careful to collate all he could so meet with, and though they are but few in comparison, yet the light these do afford is not inconsiderable.

"The publication of the "Bibliotheca Harleiana," with the sale of that library, and of some other very large collections of books and pamphlets, hath also furnished helps for this work, which otherwise so far

* Freeholder, No. 41. † See chap. iii. p. 7—p. 9. § 6.

from procuring, a person could not have known either where to have sought, or how to have asked for. And though some of the scattered materials so gleaned up, if viewed and considered apart from other matters, and from one another, would not have been much to any person's edification; yet, as several fragments of one and the same body, when collected and rightly disposed, do make something of a significant figure, although not a complete one; so these upon the same subject,

Juxta se posita magis inclarescunt;

being placed, as they are, chiefly according to their respective dates, they borrow light from what goes before, and help to render that which follows perspicuous.

"Upon the whole, if any gentlemen shall (and some methinks there should be found that will) think it worthy of their time and pains, to make themselves masters of this subject: in that case, they have here the matter fully before them; at least they have a much larger fund of materials here to exercise their judgments upon, than in reference to the same things, is to be met with in any other single work whatsoever.

"It is upon the truth of these several premises, that the author grounds the use of the following collection; wherein, as he is not conscious of any partial concealment or secretion, so he is confident that he has not, in any regard, acted otherwise than as a faithful editor.

"And therefore, however persons may see cause to dissent from his conclusions or comments; the facts upon which he has built, will not, he thinks, be disputed.

puted. And though the generality of his countrymen should not immediately fall into his way of thinking altogether; yet he flatters himself that the careful reader will soon entertain other sentiments on this head, than what he had before; and that in the end he will not so much differ from him, as from what, at his first setting out upon these Memoirs, was his own opinion.

" He concludes his preface with this hope at least; that they who shall take these volumes in hand will be pleased to read the same throughout, before they pass a final judgment upon any part thereof; and that no prejudice will be entertained to the work, on the score of its being (as it is) so much out of the way of his proper business, the immediate duties of his profession, as a clergyman. Of this indeed he has the less reason to be apprehensive, as some of the greatest personages of the Church have, in all times, thought it no diminution of their character to approve themselves friends to the State, by employing their pens, though not on the same, yet on subjects of a like secular nature; and as some of those who now adorn the highest stations in it have done him the honour to appear in the small list of his subscribers. Nor can he fear that men of true learning will be wanting in the same equity and candour; since such never fail of shewing all reasonable countenance and favour to whatever has a tendency to the knowledge of things, that are of themselves useful, though of humble fame. But whatever judgment may be passed on the author or his book, nothing can rob him of the pleasing consciousness of sincerely intending the good of his country to the utmost of his power. Satisfied as he is with himself in that par-

ticular; having secured this point, the peace of his own mind, he is not greatly anxious for what others shall say or think about the matter."

Arthur Young in his Annals of Agriculture, Vol. VI. 1786, in his "Observations on the pending bill for restraining the Growers, &c. of Wool," begins in the following words:

"The history of wool, in England, has been admirably written by Smith with so much accuracy that scarcely any measure relative to that commodity can be stated, which has not been fully explained and considered, on the most liberal and enlightened principles: not deduced from vague theories, but from the clear page of ample experience. From the year 1730 to 1740, there issued from the press a multiplicity of pamphlets, calling for restrictions on the growers of wool, in order to prevent a practice, falsely said to be common and notorious, of *owling*, that is, exporting it into France. Committees of the House of Commons sat repeatedly on the subject, and various bills were proposed for increasing felonies by the severest penalties on all concerned in the business. Some of these passed into laws, for the clamour of the woollen manufacturers was great, and they had the dexterity to deceive parliament. The foundation of their complaints was, as they pretended, the great decline of their manufacture, their export decreasing every day, and the heaviest misfortunes denounced on the whole kingdom, from that consequent rise in French fabrics, which was supposed to take place from their clandestine import of our wool. It is very surprizing, that no member

member of the House of Commons, at that time, had penetration enough to move for an enquiry into the facts alledged. Such was the impudence of the clamour, that the House supposed some foundation for it, took the evil for granted, and entered on the consideration of a remedy. But it was a remedy for an evil that had no existence. For what was the amazement of mankind, when they afterwards found, on an enquiry instituted for a very different end, that so far had the export of woollens declined during that period of complaint, it had flourished beyond all example; and had actually been greater than at any similar period from the foundation of the monarchy! The conclusions to be drawn from this were obvious. If wool had really been exported during that period, the export could not possibly have had any bad effects; for the trade was then at its height; and, if it had not been exported, or at least only to a trifling amount, what was to be thought of propositions for multiplying restrictions, penalties, and felonies, and, in many instances, actually creating the crimes which were pretended to be prevented? Nothing but the manufacturing spirit of monopoly could arrive at that combination of knavery and folly manifest in such a procedure."

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XV. *Retirement, a Poetical Fragment.*

In the first Number of this Work I have given some account of Evelyn's Essay on Solitude: the following fragment of a long poem begun in 1803, would have found a place there, had not the article been already too long.

RETIREMENT.

The fragment of a poem in blank verse.

Ye woods, that underneath your covering wings
Hide my tir'd frame, all hail! Here Noise, and Toil,
Hollow-eyed base Intrigue, and Envy pale,
Black Malice, and envenom'd Calumny,
Dare not disturb the silence of your reign:
Here I can woo lone Quiet, here collect
My scatter'd thoughts, and to my enfeebled mind
Call back new vigour; here can re-arrange
The forms, that now in wild confusion float
On my tumultuous brain. Be present, Muse!
And as the mist withdraws, and every thought
Takes its due shape before the mental eye,
Aid me to paint it in the living song!
Green fields, and whispering trees, and living streams,
And hills and vales, where graze rich herds, and frisk
The new-born lambs, before my fancy play.
O for the pencil dipt in Nature's hues,
Which, guided by sweet Thomson's magic hand,
Touch'd with due brilliance all their glowing charms:
Or thine, more varied Cowper, in whose strain,
Now moral and now gay, now rural scenes
Burst with enchantment on the raptur'd sight!
Where yonder shepherd's hut, that on the knowl
Crown'd by those ancient elms, which overhang
Its low thatch'd roof, just peeps, there dwell a race
Who see the morning dawn and evening set
In all their glories. Thro' the livelong day
Heav'ns purest breezes brace their vigorous limbs:
Labour makes rest delightful: to coarse fare
Keen appetite gives zest; and sound their sleep
On the hard pallet, while the rocking winds,

That

That whistle thro' their crazy tenement,
But lull them to a more profound repose.
  For me had Providence that humbler lot
Decreed, methinks my days had happier been,
Than now to sickly Indolence a prey,
Wasting with cares, and torn with worldly wrongs.
Then Health had nerv'd my feeble form, and bloom'd
My pallid cheek; and in this languid eye
Sweet Cheerfulness her dancing rays inspir'd.
Gay had I bounded o'er the distant hills,
Breasted the piercing blast, or with the wind
In equal race contended unfatigued!
O then how grateful had the close of eve
Return'd me to my little shed, the hearth
Bright-blazing, and the lowly couch of straw!
But now, alas, to vain anxiety
I wake, and as the minutes drag along
Curse the long day, yet no relief at night
Find; for, tho' weary, feverish heats deny
Rest to my aching frame; and Sleep aloof
Hovers, as if in mockery of my prayers.
  Ambition treads not in these peaceful haunts,
But Innocence is leagued with truest Joy.
And what can life afford compared with these?
Can rank and riches, splendid palaces,
The gaudy equipage, the liveried slave,
Appease the anxious cares, the guilty pangs,
That lurk within the heart; or lull to rest
Corporeal sickness?—Short, alas, the reign
Of worldly greatness! Death comes unprepar'd,
Perchance e'en while you stretch the arm to grasp
The bauble, for which years of toil, and crime,
And suffering, have been wasted; when your heir
By a short course of folly undermines
The tottering column of your hard-earn'd fame,

And sinks it in the dust from whence it rose!
  Happy is he, who 'cross yon sloping field
Directs the labouring ploughshare, and inhales
The fragrance of the fresh-turn'd soil, till noon
Relieves his weary team, and brings him back
To th' antique hall, which in our grandsire's days
Own'd loftier habitants, and has beheld
Many a bold race of feudal lords expire
'Neath its fantastic roof; for there the board
Spread by the frugal dame affords a feast
More exquisite to him, whom healthy toil
Invigorates, than regal banquets seem
To the poor sickly minion of a court.
  O never may I in the tainted air
Of crowded cities, where the din of trade
And the loud clamours of corrupted mobs
Assail my senses, be again immur'd!
  I seek these shades to hide my tortur'd head
From an unjust, oppressive, hated world.
The gloom of dark umbrageous boughs; the fresh
And perfum'd odour that the loaded breeze
Bears from the quivering leaves; the pathway cool,
That takes with soft embrace my aching feet,
Soothe my worn spirit, calm my trembling steps,
And to existence rays of hope recall.
I hear no shout of mobs; I hear no roll
Of rattling cars, bedaub'd with new-got wealth,
And deck'd with purchas'd blood-stain'd coronets,
Thund'ring along the streets, and threat'ning loud
To crush such poor and humble worms as I.
I hear no more the coarse obstreperous din
Of puff'd up lawyers, venal, stupid, fierce,
Blind to all merits but their own, and arm'd
With all a pleader's subtle tricks to close
The door, which thence has open'd to themselves.

I hear

I hear no coxcomb Lord, who, having climb'd
By the base arts a tool and minion loves,
Babbles his finical and frothy stuff,
And strives to legislate for all the world.
But wand'ring silent on, a gradual calm
Spreads o'er my heart, " there yet is peace for me,"
I cry; and quick my buoyant spirit springs,
And throws in scorn its load of cares away.

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ART. XVI. *A Tragicall Historie of the troubles and Civile Warres of the Lowe Countries, otherwise called Flanders. Wherein is sett forthe the originall and full proceedyng of the saied troubles, and civile warres, with all the stratagemes, sieges, forceble takynges, and manlike defenses, of divers and sondrie cities, tounes, and fortresses of the same, together with the barbarous crueltie and tyrannie of the Spaniard, and trecherous Hispaniolized Wallons, and others of the saied Lowe Countries. And there withall, the estate and cause of Religion, especially from the yere* 1559, *unto the yere* 1581. *Besides many letters, commissions, contractes of peace, unions, articles and agrementes, published and proclaimed in the saied Provinces. Translated out of Frenche into Englishe, by T. S. Gent. Imprinted at London by Jhon Kyngston for Tobie Smith, dwelling in Paules Churchyarde, at the signe of the Crane.* 4*to. ff.* 211. *besides Dedication and Epistle.*

The dedication of this translation to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is signed " Thomas Stocker, London,

don, 15 March, 1583." Stocker appears by many various titles in Herbert's Typography to have been a voluminous translator, principally of divinity; and though omitted in the index, this work is recorded by him in p. 841. It is mentioned also by Tanner, who misdates it 1585, and who says Stocker was sprung from a gentilitial family; and names another translation of his, mentioned also by Herbert, entitled "A right noble and pleasant History of the Successors of Alexander sirnamed the Great, taken out of Diodorus Siculus: and some of their lives written by the wise Plutarch: translated out of the French into English by Thomas Stocker." Printed by H. Troy for H. Binneman. Licensed, 1568. 4to. The original of this is dedicated "To the high, noble, honourable, and wise Lordes, my Lordes of the Estates, the Deputies, Presidentes, and Counselles, Burrough maisters, Scoutes or Marshalles, Maiors, Bailiefes, and to al other officers and ministers of the Provinces whatsoever, united to the Lowe Countreis: your most humble and obedient vassal and subject Theophile, wissheth grace, peace, and love from God through Jesus Christ his only beloved Sonne our Lord." Signed "Theophile. D. L."

The work is divided into four books.

I. "The first booke: conteyning the very originall and chiefe beginning of all those troubles, and cruell warres, which sithens have ensued."

II. "The seconde booke: in the beginning whereof shall be described and set forth, the Inquisition of Spaine, and the execution thereof: and next after, howe the banished Princes, Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, assailed the Low Countries, both with horsemen and footemen good store, for the recoverie of

of their enheritances, and goods, from which they were driven away by the tyrannie of the Duke of Alva."

III. "The thirde booke: wherein shal be set downe the second invasion of the Nobilitie, Gentlemen, and other fugitives, and banished men into the same."

IV. "The fourth booke: wherein shal bee set foorth the utter Revolte of all the Lowe Countries, and the union of the estates, with Holland and Zealand, and many other thynges thereon ensuying."

The paging of this fourth book commences anew. *

ART. XVII. *The Faire Æthiopian. Dedicated to the King and Queen, by their Majesties most humble subject and servant William Lisle. London, printed by John Haviland, at the Author's charge, and are to be sold at St. Dunstan's churchyard in Fleet-street, and by St. Maries in both Universities.* 1631. 4to.

The Epistle Dedicatory of this volume, to the Lord Admiral, is dated 1596.

Perhaps the two first lines of this long poem will satisfy the reader, as they have done the present writer, without going farther into it.

The following are the happy commencement of this work!

"About the tongues when divers with me wrangle,
And count our English but a mingle mangle." &c.

* There is "A lamentable and pitifull Description of the Wofull Warres in Flaunders, since the foure last yeares of the Emperor Charles the Fifth his raigne. With a briefe rehearsall of many things done since that season, until this present yeare, and death of Don John. Written by Thomas Churchyarde, Gentleman. Imprinted by Ralph Newbery, anno 1578." 4to. Herbert, II. 996.

I presume

I presume this author is the same William Lisle, whom Ritson records to have published "The Colonies of Bartas, with the commentarye of S.G.S. Englished by Wm. Lisle," 1597, and of whom A. Wood gives the ensuing account.

"Wm. Lisle was educated at Eton school, and admitted to King's College, Cambridge, 1584, where in due time he took the degree of A. M. and became Fellow, which he vacated by succeeding to his estates at Wilburgham, in Cambridgeshire. He was afterwards a rare Antiquary, was appointed one of the Esquires Extraordinary of the King's body, and published "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament, written about the time of King Edgar (700 years ago) by Œlfricus Abbas, thought to be the same that was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury." &c. London. 1623. 4to. Published from an ancient copy in Sir Rob. Cotton's library, with a large and learned epistle to the readers, set before it by the said Lisle. To this book he added these things following (first found out by Joh. Josselin, servant to Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury, which had been printed in 8vo. by Joh. Day in the reign of Q. Elizabeth): 1. "A Testimony of Antiquity shewing the ancient faith in the church of England, touching the sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord." It is the same with "A Sermon of the Paschal Lamb (on Easter Day), and of the sacramental body and blood of Christ," &c.; before which is a large and learned preface of about sixteen leaves in 8vo. written by the said Josselin, and reprinted by Lisle. 2. "The words of Œilfric Abbot of S. Albans, and also of Malmsbury, taken out of his Epistles written to Wulfsine, Bishop of Scyrburne," &c.

&c. 3. "The Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments in the Saxon and English Tongue." He was the same with William Lisle of Wilburgham, Esquire, of the King's body, who collected four books of Du Bartas. 1. The Ark. 2. Babylon. 3. The Colonies. 4. The Columns, or Pillars, in French and English, for the instruction and pleasure of such as delight in both languages. Lond. 1637. 4to. To which is a large commentary put by S. G. B. This William Lisle died in 1637, and was buried, as I presume, at Wilburgham, before mentioned." From Wood's Fasti, I. 147.

ART. XVIII. *The Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne, containing a succinct account of the most remarkable occurrences during the Civil Wars of France in the reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. Henry IV. and in the minority of Lewis XIII. London. Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly in the Poultry.* 1772. 8vo. *pp.* 421, *besides Introduction and Index.*

This was written by Mrs. Sarah Scott, wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq. and sister to the late Mrs. Montagu of Portman Square, and of Matthew Lord Rokeby.

Mrs. Scott died at Catton, near Norwich, in Nov. 1795. The following is an imperfect list of her numerous publications; all of which were, I think, anonymous, and many of them not now to be traced. She was an excellent historian, of great acquirements, extraordinary memory, and strong sense; and constantly employed

employed in literary labours; yet careless of fame, and free from vanity and ostentation. Owing to a disagreement of tempers, she soon separated from her husband, who was a man well known in the world, of amiable character, and of intellectual eminence, especially in the severer sciences: but in every other relation of life, she was, with some peculiarities, a woman of exemplary conduct, of sound principles, enlivened by the warmest sense of religion, and of a charity so unbounded, so totally regardless of herself, as to be almost excessive and indiscriminate. Her talents were not as brilliant, nor her genius as predominant, as those of her sister, Mrs. Montagu; but in some departments of literature she was by no means her inferior. When she left her husband, she united her income with that of her intimate friend, Lady Bab Montague, the sister of Lord Halifax; and they continued to live together till the death of the latter. From that period Mrs. S. continually changed her habitation; for restlessness was one of her foibles. Her intercourse with the world was various and extensive; and there were few literary people of her day with whom she had not either an acquaintance or a correspondence. Yet when she died, not one of her cotemporaries who knew her literary habits came forward to preserve the slightest memorial of her; and she went to her grave as unnoticed as the most obscure of those, who have done nothing worthy of remembrance. Under these circumstances, the writer of this article trusts to a candid reception of this imperfect memoir, while he laments that Mrs. Scott herself shut out some of the best materials, by ordering all her papers and voluminous correspondence, which came into the

hands

hands of her executrix, to be burnt: an order much to be lamented, because there is reason to believe, from the fragments which remain in other hands, that her letters abounded with literary anecdotes, and acute observations on character and life. Her style was easy, unaffected, and perspicuous; her remarks sound, and her sagacity striking. Though her fancy was not sufficiently powerful to give the highest attraction to a novel, she excelled in ethical remarks, and the annals of the actual scenes of human nature. In dramatic effect, in high-wrought passion, and splendid imagery, perhaps she was deficient.

Imperfect List of Mrs. Scott's Works.

1. The History of Cornelia. A Novel. London, Printed for A. Millar. 1750. duod.

2. A Journey through every stage of Life. London, for A. Millar. 1754. 2 vols. duod.

3. Agreeable Ugliness; or, the Triumph of the Graces. Exemplified in the real life and fortunes of a young lady of some distinction. London, for R. and J. Dodsley. 1754. duod.

4. The History of Mecklenburgh. London, for J. Newbery. 1762. 8vo.

5. A Description of Millenium Hall. The Second Edition corrected. London, for J. Newbery. 1764. duod.

6. The History of Sir George Ellison, in two vols. London, for A. Millar. 1766. duod.

7. The Test of Filial Duty, in 2 vols. London, for the Author. Sold by T. Carnan, No. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1772. duod.

8. Life of Theodore Agrippe D'Aubigne. As above.

Introduction to the Life of D'Aubigne.

"There is a secret satisfaction in relating the actions of a man, who has particularly engaged our esteem. We flatter ourselves we shall by this means communicate to others part of the pleasure, which the contemplation of them has afforded ourselves; and we fancy we are doing an act of justice, in holding forth to public view a character, which ought not to sink into oblivion, with the despicable race of beings, who in their passage from the cradle to the grave performed no action worthy of record; whether from a regular course of vicious conduct, or from that insipid insignificance, with which the lives of some men are tinctured, in whom though censure can find no grievous offences, candour can discover nothing to commend; who equally void of strong passions to seduce them into evil, or of virtues to stimulate them to worthy actions, are through life, like Mahomet's tomb, suspended between heaven and hell; who, being mere negatives, are destitute of either positive virtue or vice; yet by no means innocent, for they incur great guilt by a neglect of the due exertion of the talents, which were committed to their trust for useful purposes. The justice of a fair representation is more especially due to men, from whom it has long been withheld. Such has been the lot of the Huguenots. Their actions have been related by historians, who were under the influence both of party and religious prejudices; men blinded by passion, and warped by interest, as incapable of judging with candour, as averse to acknowledging truths, which might give offence to the powerful. Near the times of the dreadful desolation made by those civil wars, the

the hatred excited by the contention must have influenced the minds of men, and given asperity to their pens; but many of the French historians wrote after the cruel and impolitic revocation of the edict of Nantz; and little justice could the Huguenots expect, under the reign of their bigoted persecutor.

"Yet the merit of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne was so conspicuous, that there is no doubt, but during the time his grandaughter, Madame de Maintenon, shone in the most exalted sphere, many persons would have been employed in collecting the various incidents of his life, and presenting him in full lustre to the world, had not his attachment to the reformed religion been considered, even by her, as a crime, that overbalanced all his virtues. Integrity, courage, and constancy, would appear to change their nature, and become criminal in the eyes of so bigoted a woman, when exercised in the defence of tenets, which she considered as heretical. She would reflect with horror on those parts of his conduct, which to the unprejudiced eye appear most laudable; and would blush where she had reason to boast. Had not this been the case, the servile pens of mercenary flatterers would not have been employed in endeavouring to dignify, by a supposed royal descent a man who had so just a title to honour far more intrinsic from his noble actions, and unblemished virtue. But the spirit and constancy, with which he exposed both his life and fortune in defence of his religion, could not be an agreeable subject of contemplation to a woman, who detested the tenets he professed, and practised both deceit and force to prevail on all whom she could influence to abjure them; even the descendants of that man, who from the regular course of his

actions we may reasonably believe would have readily sacrificed his life, could he thereby have purchased for them a steady perseverance in the religion, to which he was so warmly attached.

"I am sensible that when his grandaughter was in the zenith of her power, Agrippa D'Aubigne would have appeared more worthy of attention than at present: but a brave and honest man must always be an interesting object; and the contemplation of great virtues, even of a sort the least suited to the fashion of the times, will ever warm the heart. Of such I trust the subject of the following sheets will be found possessed; though it is certain, that when an author makes choice of a character, because it is particularly pleasing to himself, he would be very unreasonable were he to expect, that it would become equally the favorite of his readers. Taste influences our judgments in regard to virtue, as in other things; people differ concerning intellectual as well as corporeal beauty, but they differ only in degrees of approbation; they will give a preference to one particular turn of mind or features, but some charms will be allowed to every object, that can produce any just claim to real beauty, though it be not of the kind most agreeable to the peculiar taste of the spectator or of the reader.

The undeviating rectitude, the perfect consistency, the unspotted virtue of Agrippa D'Aubigne's character render him one of the best examples, that history can exhibit. The camp of Henry IV. and the court of Catharine De Medicis contained many illustrious men. Times of trouble are times of heroism; but in the shock of interest, the contentions of party rage, and all the heat of irritated ambition, it is very rare to find unshaken

unshaken integrity; in this time it was still more to be admired, as Catherine De Medicis so eminently possessed, and with such general success employed, the arts of seduction; to the ambitious she held forth the temptations of power, to the avaricious of wealth, to the luxurious of pleasure. Never had the great enemy of mankind so able a minister, and so faithful a representative. Every species of dissimulation, every mode of treachery, was adopted by her to allure, to betray, and to ruin: not only on the common frailty of human nature, or on the weakness of peculiar dispositions, did she found her hopes and schemes to corrupt, but even when zeal for right objects was carried beyond just bounds, or a virtue beyond its due proportion, she watched the opportunity for mischief. But D'Aubigne was under a better guard than human prudence; and in spight of all the snares she laid for him, or the temptations, the nature of the times, and the solicitations of a prince he loved put in this way, he walked surely and uprightly, by following invariably the undefiled law, which giveth light to the simple. The faithful disciple of this law, he lived with honour, and died in peace; and possesses the best renown, an honest fame, while his adversary, the pupil of Machiavel, led a life of turbulence and infelicity, and left a memory detested by all good, and despised by all wise men.

"Some may think the conduct of a man, who was not greatly exalted by birth, nor dignified by titles, nor rendered conspicuous by the splendour of riches, below their notice; but in his own words I will endeavour to obviate the objection. In the beginning of

his private memoirs he addresses his children, for whose use he wrote them, nearly to this effect:

"In the works of the ancients, and in the lives of the emperors, and other great men of antiquity, we may be taught both by precept and example, how to repel the attacks of an enemy, and to baffle the machinations of rebellious subjects: but you cannot there find any instructions for common life, which to you, my children, is a more necessary branch of knowledge. For in the sphere wherein you are to move, the actions of private men, not of princes, are the proper objects of your imitation. You can seldom have to contend with any but your equals; and in your intercourse with them, you will have more occasion for dexterity and address, than for force. Henry the Great was not pleased to see any of his dependants apply closely to the perusal of the lives of kings and emperors; and having observed Monsieur de Neufry much attached to the study of Tacitus, apprehensive lest a destructive ambition should be excited in a man of his spirit, he advised him to lay aside the book, and confine himself to the histories of persons of his own rank.

"This advice I address to you; and in compliance with your reasonable request, I here give an historical account of my life, with that paternal freedom and confidence which allows me to lay open every action, which it would have been a shameful impertinence to have inserted in my Universal History. As I can neither blush from conscious vanity in relating my good actions, nor from shame in confessing my faults to you, my children, I shall recount every minute particular, as if you were still sitting on my knee, and listening

to me with the amiable simplicity of childish attention. My desire is, that what I have done well may inspire you with emulation; and that you may detest and avoid my faults, for I shall lay them all open before you; as they may prove the most useful part of my narration. To you I leave it to make such reflections upon them as reason and virtue shall suggest. Actions must be judged by their motives, not by their consequences. Good or ill fortune are not at our command; they are dispensed by a superior and wiser power."

"D'Aubigne's address to his children I may apply to my readers. The courage of an Alexander, the popularity of a Cæsar, the arts of an Augustus, or to approach nearer to the pursuits of a nation of politicians, the subtleties of a Machiavel, offer no subject of imitation to the greater part of mankind. Such exalted stations as call for the exertion of talents like theirs are above the reach of most men, and ought to be foreign to their wishes. But the man of steady integrity, of inflexible virtue, of noble frankness, of disinterested generosity, and of warm and sincere piety, is an object every man may, and every man ought to imitate. Virtue is within the reach of every station; it cannot, in all, wear a dress equally splendid, but it is alike respectable, in its plainest garb and in its richest attire.

"While we admire the heroic virtues of many, who lived in France at that period, we have reason to return thanks to Providence, that we are born in times wherein such virtues are not called forth in our countrymen by dreadful occasion. A civil war is the nursery of heroes. That slaughter and desolation, which sink the greatest part of a nation into despair and

wretchedness, elevate the soul of a brave man almost above mortality. He struggles with that fate, which others droop under, and seeks in the pursuit of glory, for some compensation for the loss of that happiness, of which the ravages of war deprive him, as well as the rest of his countrymen. Animated by a bolder spirit, he attempts to conquer those evils, which softer natures endeavour patiently to endure.

"The seeds of those civil wars, wherein D'Aubigne was engaged during the greatest part of his life, were sown before his birth. The rapid progress of the reformed religion in France alarmed those of the established church, and excited the civil power to take such measures to suppress it, as rather caused its increase; for the effects of persecution have ever been directly contrary to the views of those who employed it. Disappointment added rage to the bigotry of persecutors; and fear and resentment heated the zeal of the persecuted; but the enmity between the two parties did not break out into open hostilities, during the life of Henry II. who was accidentally killed in a tournament by the Count De Montgomery, in July 1559; nor in the short reign of his son and successor, Francis II. but in the minority of Charles IX. who ascended the throne of France on the fifth of December 1560, the kingdom became involved in all the horrors of a civil war."

Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne was born 8 Feb. 1550, and died 29 April, 1630, æt. 81, at Geneva.

"D'Aubigne left three children, Constant, his son, and two daughters; the eldest daughter married the Seigneur

Seigneur D'Adets de Caumont, &c. the other the Seigneur de Villette de Mursey. Happy it was for D'Aubigne that he could not see so far into futurity as to know that his grandaughter, by his worthless son, would have so great a share in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the subsequent destruction of the reformed churches in France, for the preservation of which he so freely sacrificed his fortune, and would joyfully have laid down his life, could he thereby have purchased their prosperity. The interests of the religion he professed were through life his first object; he wished to extend its influence, and steadily practised the duties it recommended; from which even his passions, strong as they were by nature, could not seduce him. His integrity, his love of civil liberty, and every principle of virtue, were so founded on, or blended with his piety, that neither the sunshine of favour nor the storms of fortune could overcome them. Ambition could not tempt him to violate the natural probity of his mind, nor to forego his sincerity, though he knew that his fortune was at stake; that by courtly compliances he should rise to honours and dignities; without them, had nothing but neglect, perhaps hatred, to expect; for princes seldom love the man who refuses their favours. The uncommon brightness of his understanding and the liveliness of his wit were such recommendations to him in a court, and especially to a sovereign who had so much himself, and allowed the greatest latitude in that way to all around him, as could not have failed of rendering him a general favourite, if his rigid manners and blunt frankness had not disgusted, because they reproached those whom his conversation delighted. Had he not of himself told us the

very early progress he made in letters, it would have been difficult to have reconciled his learning with his military life, which seems to have allowed no leisure for study. At seventeen years old he entered the army; was a captain fifty years, forty-four of which he was maitre de camp, and thirty-two also mareschal de camp; continually engaged in the field or in some military operations; yet his writings are very numerous, and lasting monuments of his genius. Some of them, indeed, though admired at the season they were written, being relative only to the occurrences of those times, have now lost much of their merit, as the poignancy of the satire, and the play of wit to be found in them, are no longer felt, nor in many parts discerned, from our ignorance of the things designed to be ridiculed. Of these are Les Confessions de Sancy, and Les Avantures du Baron de Fœneste. The merit of his General History of his own Time did not depend on times and seasons; it will always be esteemed as one of the best during that period, though none ever produced a greater number of historians, the natural consequence of an uncommon series of interesting and shining events.

"His "Private Memoirs" were written only for the use of his children, never published by him, nor till very long after his death. He left but two of them, and desired they might never be published. Herein he was disobeyed; and there seems so little reason for burying them in oblivion, that the disobedience is excusable."

Mrs. Scott obtained a just reputation by this life. It is compiled not only from D'Aubigne's own private account, but from the principal historians and memoir-writers of that age: and it is characterized not only by research and knowledge, but by a perspicuous narrative, by a lucid selection and arrangement of materials; by force of sentiment, and vigour of language.

ART. XIX. *Heroologia Anglica: hoc est, Clarissimorum et doctissimorum aliquot Anglorum, qui floruerunt ab anno Cristi M.D. usque ad presentem annum MDCXX, vivæ effigies, vitæ, et elogia. Duobus Tomis. Authore H. H. Anglo Britanno. Impensis Crispini Passæi Calecographus, et Jansonii Bibliopolæ Arnhemiensis. Folio.*

This is part of an engraved title-page, ornamented with figures, with a small map of England at the top, and a view of London at the bottom.

The author was Henry Holland, son of Philemon Holland, a physician and schoolmaster at Coventry, and the well-known translator of Camden, &c. Henry was born at Coventry, and travelled with John Lord Harrington into the Palatinate in 1613, and collected and wrote (besides the Heroologia) "Monumenta Sepulchralia Ecclesiæ S. Pauli Lond." 4to.; and engraved and published "A book of Kings, being a true and lively effigies of all our English Kings from the Conquest till this present," &c. 1618. He was not educated either in Oxford or Cambridge, having been a member of the Society of Stationers in London. I think it is most probable that he was brother to Abraham

ham Holland, who subscribes his name as "Abr. Holland aluminus S.S. Trin. Coll. Cantabr." to some copies of Latin verses on the death of John second Lord Harrington, of Exton, in the Heroologia; which Abraham was the author of a poem, called "Naumachia; or, Holland's Sea-Fight," Lond 1622. 4to. and died 18 Feb. 1625, when his "Posthuma" were edited by "his brother H. Holland." At this time however there were other writers of the name of Hen. Holland. *

The Heroologia is dedicated to James I. After which is "Præfatio ad Spectatorem pium, et ad humanum Lectorem." This is succeeded by "Post-Prefatio seu commonefactio Spectatori pio, Lectori candido, Censorique æquo." The last I will copy as explanatory of the work.

"Docti, dilecti, piique: En vobis delineatas Anglicanæ gentis heroum effigies, quas curavi (quod maxime potui) ut ab ipsis illorum vivis imaginibus oleo depictis effingerentur: una cum succincta vitarum suarum historia, quæ collegi et conquæsivi ex ipsis VERITATIS visceribus, in mundi theatrum produco, non spectandi solum gratiâ (cum puerorum sit nuda oscilla, seu imagunculas attonite intueri) nedum superstitioso affectu ullo: Papistæ enim canonizatorum sacrificulorum suorum Icones retinere solent inviolatas; sed etiam idque imprimis, ut illorum piam memoriam illustremque famam immortalitati commendarem, defunctosque quodamodo a mortuis excitarem, et illis quandam vitam infunderem. Neque tamen dicti illius immemor, Sti Augustini in libris suis de Civitate

* Wood's Ath. I. 499.

Dei:

Dei: "Sepulchrorum memoria magis est vivorum consolatio quam defunctorum utilitas." Denique ut ipse hæc vivorum simulachra intuitus, et virtutibus jam defunctorum notatibus Deum Opt. Max. gloria afficias, propter tam eximios et salutares administros excitatos. Theologorum autem et scriptorum vitis utcunque a me delineatis catalogum, et quasi Commentariolum quoddam singulorum librorum et tractatuum ab iis conscriptorum sive Anglice sive Latine editorum subjeci et subjunxi.

Sed fortasse aliquis vestrûm excipiet (vos autem ὁμο εθνεις populares meos alloquor) superesse, complures alios per excellentes viros natione Anglos qui in hoc album referri possent: Concedo id quidem, sed in veras illorum effigies non potui incidere: falsas autem et adulterinas Picturas in omnium conspectum proferre nolui: Huc accedit, quod destinatum et mihi propositum numerum, complevi. Neque vereor affirmare hos ipsos quos exhibui intra centenos annos proxime elapsos in Natione nostra longe excelluisse. Nihilominus, si qua in re deliquerim vel minus exquisite quid descripserim, quod non adeo repugnanter cognoscam, ad tuam, benevole Lector Spectatorque, facilem et candidam censuram confugio, unde in proposito meo confirmabor, et postea omnium aspectui judicioque exponam, consimiles virorum præstantium atque etiamnum in nostra Gente superstitum effigies quibus sapientiores, doctiores, prudentiores, nulla ætas vidit. Et hoc sane opus parturio, jamque in manibus habeo. Iterum valete."

Next follows "Admonitio ad Lectorem," which is succeeded by several copies of commendatory Latin verses.

The

The first division, or volume (both being bound together, and paged as one), contains principally laymen; the second is entirely dedicated to divines.

This work is very valuable, as it contains, I believe, the first regular collection of English heads, several of which are done by the family of Pass, and many of subjects which have never been otherwise engraved, except as they were copied from these. A reference to the enumeration of prints in the first volume of Granger's Biographical History will confirm this assertion. It may however be useful to give

A List of the Portraits in this Work.

Tom. I.

1. Henry VIII.
2. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Ob. 1540.
3. Sir Thomas More. Ob. 1535.
4. Cardinal Wolsey. Ob. 1530.
5. Cardinal Reginald Pole. Ob. 1558.
6. Edward VI.
7. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset; a fine head. Ob. 1549.
8. Lady Jane Gray. Ob. 1553.
9. Q. Elizabeth; followed by a print of her tomb.
10. Henry Prince of Wales; a fine head. Ob. 1612.
11. The same, a whole length, Tilting; followed by a print of his tomb.
12. Sir John Cheek; a fine head. Ob. 1557.
13. William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Ob. 1569.
14. Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. Ob. 1576.
15. Sir Nicholas Bacon. Ob. 1578.

16. Sir

16. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Navigator. Ob. 1583.
17. Sir Henry Sydney, K. G. (of whom a beautiful portrait remains at Penhurst.) * Ob. 1586.
18. Sir Philip Sydney. Ob. 1586.
19 Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by W. Pass. Ob. 1588.
20. Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Ob. 1589.
21. Sir Francis Walsingham. Ob. 1590.
22. Sir Richard Granville, Navigator. Ob. 1591.
23. Thomas Candish, Navigator. Ob. 1592.
24. Christopher Carlile, Navigator. Ob. 1593.
25. Sir Martin Frobisher, Navigator. Ob. 1594.
26. Sir John Hawkins, Navigator. Ob. 1596.
27. Sir Francis Drake, Navigator. Ob. 1596.
28. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Ob. 1598.
29. Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Ob. 1600.
30. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Ob. 1601.
31. George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. Ob. 1605.
32. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. Ob. 1612.
33. Thomas Sutton, Founder of the Charterhouse. Ob. 1611.
34. John Harrington, Lord Harrington of Exton. Ob. 1613.
35. John second Lord Harrington of Exton. Ob. 1614. fine.

The Second Part is dedicated " Ad utrasque illustrissimas et florentissimas Angliæ Academias, binos

* Granger makes a strange mistake in calling his mother a Dudley. His wife was a Dudley, by which his son Sir Philip became nephew to Robert Earl of Leicester.

illos

illos regni oculos, sydera clara, binosque Literarum et Religionis purioris fontes," which is followed by "auctoris inscriptiuncula."

List of the Portraits in Tom. II.

36. John Collet, Dean of St. Paul's. Ob.
37. William Tyndal, Martyr. Ob. 1536.
38. John Bradford, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
39. Bishop Hugh Latymer, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
40. Bp. Nicolas Ridley, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
41. John Rogers, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
42. Laurence Sanders, Martyr. Ob. 1555-6.
43. Abp. Thomas Cranmer. Ob. 1556.
44. John Bale, Bp. of Ossory. Ob. 1558.
45. Bp. John Jewell. Ob. 1573.
46. David Whitehead. Ob. 1571.
47. Abp. Matthew Parker. Ob. 1574.
48. Thomas Becon. Ob. 1570.
49. John Cay, M. D. Ob. 1573.
50. Robert Abbot, Bp. of Salisbury. Ob. 1618.
51. James Montagu, Bp. of Winchester. Ob. 1618.
52. Edward Dering. Ob 1576.
53. Abp. Edmund Grindall. Ob. 1583.
54. John Fox, Martyrologist. Ob. 1587.
55. Abp. Edwin Sandys. Ob. 1588.
56. Laurence Humfrey. Ob. 1589.
57. John More, S. T. P. Ob. 1592.
58. William Whitaker, S. T. P. Ob. 1595.
59. Alexander Nowell. Ob. 1601.
60. William Perkins, S. T. P. Ob. 1602.
61. Abp. John Whitgift. Ob. 1603.
62. John Reynolds, D. D. Ob. 1607.

63. Richard

63. Richard Vaughan, Bp. of London. Ob. 1607.
64. Gervase Babington, Bp. of Worcester. Ob. 1610.
65. Thomas Holland, S. T. P. Ob. 1612.

ART. XX. *Abel Redivivus: or, The Dead yet speaking. The lives and deaths of the Modern Divines. Written by severall able and learned men (whose names ye shall finde in the Epistle to the Reader.) And now digested into one volume, for the benefit and satisfaction of all those that desire to be acquainted with the paths of piety and virtue. Prov.* x. 7. *"The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." London, Printed by Thomas Brudenell for John Stafford, dwelling in Brides Churchyard, near Fleetstreet.* 1651. 4*to.*

This is one of the voluminous publications of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who signs his name to the "Epistle to the Reader," from his residence at Waltham Abbey.

The work is adorned with a great many small engraved heads, which, though mentioned generally in a note by Granger (Vol. I. p. 204) are, I think, not particularly specified by him. None, I presume, are originals, but copied from Holland, Boissard, and others.

"As for the makers of the work," says Fuller in the Epistle, "they are many; some done by Dr. Featly, now at rest with God, viz. The lives of Jewell, Reynolds, Abbot, and diverse others. Some by that reverend and learned divine Master Gataker; viz. The lives of Peter Martyn, Bale, Whitgift, Ridley, Whitaker,

aker, Parker, and others. Dr. Willet's life by Dr. Smith, his son in law. Erasmus his life by the Rev. Bishop of Kilmore. The life of Bishop Andrewes, by the judicious and industrious, my worthy friend, Master Isaacson: and my meannesse wrote all the lives of Berengarius, Huss, Hierom of Prague, Archbishop Cranmer, Master Fox, Perkins, Junius, &c. Save the most part of the poetry was done by Master Quarles, father and son, sufficiently known for their abilities therein. The rest the Stationer got transcribed out of Mr. Holland and other authors."

I shall only cite the poetical character at the end of the life and death of Dr. Andrew Willet.

> " See here a true Nathaniel, in whose breast
> A careful conscience kept her lasting feast.
> Whose simple heart could never lodge a guile
> In a soft word, nor malice in a smile.
> He was a faithful labourer, whose pains
> Was pleasure; and an other's good, his gains:
> The height of whose ambition was, to grow
> More ripe in knowledge, to make others know:
> Whose lamp was ever shining, never hid;
> And when his tongue preach'd not, his actions did:
> The world was least his care; he fought for heaven;
> And what he had, he held not earn'd, but given:
> The dearest wealth he own'd, the world ne'er gave;
> Nor owes her ought but house-rent for a grave."

Dr. Andrew Willet, Rector of Barley in Hertfordshire, was a celebrated divine, whose theological works, both Latin and English, are numerous. He died 4 Dec. 1621, æt. 59. He was also a poet, the author of " Sacra Emblemata," and " an Epithalamium" in English. " As the Latins," says A. Wood, " have had

had these emblematists Andr. Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so in England we have had these in the reign of Q. Eliz. Andr. Willet, Thom. Combe, and Geffrey Whitney;"* which words, it seems, were borrowed from Meres.

A well-written selection of the Lives of our most celebrated Divines, with critical accounts of their works, is a desideratum in our literature, which, if supplied, seems calculated for a most extensive sale, and the most important benefits to society. Such a work, if well digested, and brought within a moderate compass, no clergyman could forego, and to the many of this profession, who cannot purchase a library, it would afford an advantageous substitute. It would encourage their labours, assist their studies, and direct their judgments; while the charms of biography would render it interesting to those who are least inclined to the toil of books. Such a work ought only to be undertaken by a clergyman, who joins to an intimacy with the whole learning of his profession, the skill of composition, and the powers of a vigorous, reflecting, and rich mind.

Art XXI. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The third volume of the "Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, by John Nichols, F.A.S. Edinb. and Perth, to which are subjoined some of the early progresses of King James," published this month, having but this moment reached the Editor of the Censura, he cannot refrain from announcing a work so full of entertainment to antiquarian readers, though he has not yet had time

* Ath. I. 230. Ritson's Bibl. Poet. p. 394.

to examine its contents minutely, much less to give an account of them. The two first volumes have been long since sold.

The Editor also feels no common pleasure in congratulating his readers on the appearance of a work of the highest interest, which, though he has yet had only a few minutes to inspect, he has no doubt will be found amply to supply a great desideratum in our literature: This is "The Plays of Philip Massinger, by W. Gifford, Esq. with notes critical and explanatory, in four volumes, 8vo." The precision and sagacity of thought, the force and elegance of stile, which distinguish the author of the Baviad and Mæviad, break out in every line of the Introduction.

Mr. Johnes has brought forward a third volume of his translation of Froissart.

Mr. Park has already edited the works of Milton, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Beattie, and Cunningham, for Sharpe's edition of the Poets. It is much to be desired, that he would add new lives of the authors, inspired as they would be by that union of research and taste and feeling, which so preeminently distinguish him.

Mr. Todd's edition of Spenser has not yet reached the Editor.

June 24, 1805.

ART. XXII. *A Select Obituary of Literary Persons of Great Britain,*

OMITTED IN THE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, FOR SIXTY YEARS FROM 1734.

1734.

Hon. Roger North, Biographer, 1 March, aged 90
Reverend John Clarke, Class. Edit. 8 May
William Oldisworth, 22 August

1739.

Charles Hornby, Esq. Antiq. 19 September

1740.

Knightly Danvers, Lawyer, 14 January
Archibald Hutchinson, Pol. Arith. 12 August

1741.

Samuel Buckley, Editor of Thuanus, 8 September

1742.

Reverend Charles Wheatley, Divine, 13 May
Nathan Bailey, Author of Dictionary, 27 June
John Oldmixon, 9 July

1744.

Giles Jacob, 5 May

1745.

Reverend Arthur Bedford, 13 September

1746.

George Ogle, Esq. Poetical Translator, 20 October

1747.

Reverend John Lewis of Margate, Antiq. 16 January
Michael Mattaire, 17 September
Thomas Robinson, (Law of Gavelkind) 29 December

1748.

Dr. Samuel Patrick, 20 March

1749.

Sir Matthew Decker, Baronet, 18 March
Reverend James Upton, 13 August
Mark Catesby, F.R.S. aged 70, 24 December

1752.

Henry Coventry, Esq. 29 December

1753.

Richard Earl of Burlington, 4 December
Robert Shiels, Biographer, 27 December

1754.

Samuel Gale, F.A.S. 10 January
Sollom Emlyn, Esq. 28 June
Duchess of Somerset, 7 July
Reverend Samuel Shuckford, 14 July

1755.

Zachariah Williams, æt. 83
Sir William Yonge, K. B. 10 August

1756.

Charles Viner, Esq. Lawyer, 5 June
Richard Roderick, F. A. S. 20 July

1757.

James Dawkins, Traveller, December

1760

Arthur Collins, Genealogist, 16 March
Reverend Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, 2 Dec.

1761.

Reverend Mr. Cawthorne, Poet, 15 April
Wm. Huggins, Esq. Translator of Ariosto, 2 July

1763.

Sir Michael Foster, Judge K.B. 7 November

1764.

Hamilton Boyle, Earl of Corke, 17 January
Rev. Tho. Newcomb, A. M. Poet, aged 91

1767.

Sir Martin Wright, Judge K. B. 26 September

1768.

Richard Mounteney, Clas. Edit. Bar. Exq. Irel. 9 April

1769.

Sneyd Davies, D.D. 6 Feb.
Mr. Derrik, 6 May
Reverend Zechariah Mudge, 21 April
Edmund Hoyle, Author of Whist, aged 97, 29 August

1770.

Honourable Charles Yorke, 20 January

1771.

George Canning, 11 April
Frederick Lord Baltimore, 8 September
Reverend William Langhorne

1772.

Samuel Dyer, F. R. S. 13 September
Thomas Nugent, LL. D. 27 April

1776.

Anthony Askew, M. D: 27 February
Rev. Walter Harte
Hall Hartson

1774.

Reverend Charles Jennen, Poet
Glocester Ridley, 3 November

1775.

Reverend Dr. Richardson, 12 March
Samuel Boyce, Engraver and Poet, 21 March.
Reverend Dr. David Durell, 16 October
Christopher Nugent, M. D. 12 November

1777.

Reverend William Gostling, A. M.

1778.

Rev. James Hampton, Translator of Polybius, 15 July.

Alexander

1779.

Alexander Dow, Historian
George Edward Ayscough, 14 October

1780.

Foote Gower, M. D. Antiquary, 27 May
Samuel Musgrave, M. D. Gr. Crit. 4 July
Captain John Carver, Traveller.

1781.

John Aikin, D. D.
Robert Watson, D. D. Historian, 7 April

1782.

Rev. W. Cole, F. A. S. 16 December

1783.

Jeremiah Milles, D. D. 1 February
Reverend John Watson, of Stockport, 14 March
William Lawrence, M. D. 6 June, aged 71
Peter Pinnel, D. D. 16 August

1784.

Mrs. Vigor, 12 September
Edward Wynne, Barrister, 24 December

1785.

Thomas Gibbons, D. D. 22 February
Reverend Henry Taylor, May
Charles Golligher, M. D. 1 October

1786.

Joseph Edmondson, Herald, 17 February
J. O. Justamond, Translator, 27 February

Captain Edward Thompson, 17 January
Thomas Beckwith, F. A. S. *Ibid.*
Thomas Bentley, LL. D. aged 82, 14 March
James Six, A. M. 14 December

1787.

Reverend Hugh Farmer, 26 February
Edmund Rack, Topographer, 27 February
Joseph Pote, Bookseller, 3 March
Archdeacon Franc. Blackburne, 7 August, aged 83
Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, 14 August, æt. 85
John Jebb, D. D. 13 November
Henry Stebbing, D. D. *ib.* æt. 70

1788.

Henry Griffith, Novelist, 11 February
John Whitehurst, 18 February
Reverend William Ludlam, 16 March
Ashley Cowper, Esq. June
Reverend Thomas Russell, Poet, 31 July
John Shebbeare, M. D. 1 August, æt. 79
N. Cotton, M. D. Poet, 2 August
Rev. Evan Evans, 14 September
John Brown, M. D. 7 October
Edward Jacob, Antiquary, 26 October
Earl Nugent, Poet, 13 October
Philip Ridpath, Antiquary
Reverend John Henderson, 2 November, æt. 32
Henry Headley, Poet, 15 November, aged 23
Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, 9 December
Messenger Mounsey, M. D. 26 December, æt. 95
Rev. Mr. Logan, 28 December

1789.

. Adams, D. D. of Pembroke Coll. Ox. 14 Jan.
iam Barrett, Antiquary of Bristol, 15 September
Loveday, Esq. 16 May, aged 78
V. Meredith, Bart. December
Earl of Stair
Hen. Michell, A. M. 31 Oct. æt. 75

1790.

Thomas Seward, A. M. 4 March, aged 82
les Godfrey Woide, D. D. 2 May
ır General Roy, 1 July
ıael Lort, D. D. October

1791.

iam Woty, Poet, 10 March, aged 60
. Free, D. D. 9 September, aged 80
nas Bever, LL. D. 8 November
ry Ekins, D. D. 20 November
iam Hayward Roberts, D. D. of Eton, 5 Dec.
Peter Whalley, LL. B. 12 June, aged 69
John Towne, 15 March, aged 80
Hen. Homer, 4 May, æt. 40
Mervyn Archdall, 6 August, æt. 65
ɔh Wilcocks, F. A. S. 23 December, æt. 58
John Walters, Poet
Thomas Warwick, LL. B. Poet

1792.

rend Michael Towgood, 1 Feb. æt. 92
ſohn Eardley Wilmot, 5 February, æt. 83

Thomas Townson, D.D. 9 April, æt. 78
John Thorpe, F.A.S. 2 August, æt. 78.
John Ross, D.D. Bishop of Exeter, 14 August
Constantine Lord Mulgrave, 10 October.
Philip Thicknesse, 28 October, aged 73
Rev. Alexander Crowcher Schomberg, 6 April, æt. 38
Mrs. Sheridan, 28 June
John Leake, M.D. 8 August

1793.

Mrs. Griffiths, Novelist, January
Mrs. Taylor (late Miss Scott), Poetess, 4 June
James Six, F.R.S. 25 August
Reverend John Collinson, F.A.S. Topog., 27 Aug.
Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Rochester, 22 August
Rev. John Mitchell, F.R.S. 21 April, æt. 60
Barak Longmate, Engraver, 23 July, aged 55
Rev. John Wallis, 23 July, æt. 79

1794.

Charles Pearne, Barrister, 25 January, æt. 52
Rev. Richard Paget, 9 December, aged 28

1795.

Rev. Anthony Temple, 30 April, æt. 72
John Pownall, F.A.S. 17 July, aged 70
Rev. Hen. Zouch, A.M. 17 June
George Adams, Optician, 14 Aug.
Sir John Prestwich, 14 August
Rev. Edw. Heber, A.M. 15 Oct. æt. 44
Rev. Sambrook N. Russell, 29 November

Rev.

1796.

Rev. Samuel Pegge, LL.D. 14 Feb. æt. 92
John Anderson, F R. S. 13 January, æt. 70
Charles Rivington Hopson, M. D. 23 December
Thomas Christie, October, at Surinam

1797.

William Gillum, Poet, 9 January
Francis Randolph, D. D. 18 February, æt. 84
Reverend Peter Newcome, 2 April, aged 70
Reverend Charles Bulkeley, 15 April, aged 78
Lt. John Heyrick, Poet, 18 June, aged 35.

(To be continued.)

A LIST

ART. XXIII. *A List of Literary Persons of Great Britain, who have died in the last twelve years, with the dates of their deaths.*

[Continued from p. 104.]

1801.

Sir James Stonehouse, Bart. M.D. 8 Dec. æt. 80
Hugh Blair, D.D. 27 December, æt. 83
Sir George Leonard Staunton, Bart. circ. December
Robert Orme, Esq. the Historian, January
Robert Farren Cheetham, 12 January, æt. 24
Samuel Rudder, Gloucestershire Historian, 15 March
William Heberden, M.D. May 17, æt. 91
Rev. William Drake, M.A. F.A.S. 13 June, æt. 80
John Millar, Esq. Scotch Professor of Law, 30 April
Rev. William Hawkins, late Poetry Professor, Oxford, 12 July, æt. 79
Sir Grey Cooper, 30 July, æt. 76
Robert Bage, Novelist, 1 September, æt. 72
Rev. Owen Manning, 9 September, æt. 80
Gilbert Wakefield, 10 September, æt. 46
Benjamin Blayney, D.D. 20 October, æt. 74
Richard Pulteney, M.D. 16 Nov. æt. 72
David Levi, learned Jew
Bennet Langton, Esq. LL.D. 18 December, æt. 66
Rev. James Hurdis, 22 Dec. æt. 39
Mrs. Chapone, 25 Dec. æt. 75

John

1802.

John Moore, M. D. 18 February. æt. 72
Alexander Geddes, LL. D. 26 February. æt. 65
Erasmus Darwin, M. D. 17 April, æt. 71
George Fordyce, M. D. 25 May, æt. 66
Lady Burrell, 20 June
Thomas Garnett, M. D. 28 June, æt. 37
R. Owen Cambridge, 17 September, æt. 86
Thomas Knowles, D. D. 6 October, æt. 78
Joseph Strutt, Engraver, 15 October. æt. 55
Thomas Dermody, Poet, October
Henry Hunter, D. D. 27 October, æt. 64
Rev. Stebbing Shaw, 28 October, æt. 40
Samuel Paterson, 29 October, æt. 78
Rev. Henry Moore, 2 February, æt. 71
John Butler, Bishop of Hereford, 10 Dec. æt. 85

1803.

John Throsby, Topographer, 5 February, æt. 66
William Boys, F.A.S. 15 March, æt. 68
Sir James Marriott, Knight, 21 March, æt. 73
Henry Skrine, Tourist
Sir William Hamilton, K. B. 6 April, æt. 74
Henry Swinburne, Traveller, April
Charles Peter Layard, DD.FRS. 10 April, æt. 55
Rev. Richard Hole, Poet, 28 May
Robert Jephson, Esq. Poet, 31 May
Joseph Richardson, Esq. 9 June, æt. 46
Joseph Galloway, 29 August
Alexander Thomson, Poet, 7 November, æt. 41

Rev.

Rev. Richard Amner, Dissenting Minister, 8 June, æt. 67
William Woodfall, Printer, 1 August, æt. 58
John Hoole, Poet, 2 August, æt 76
John Topham, F. A. S. 19 August
James Beattie, LL.D. 18 August, æt. 68
Ralph Griffith, LL.D. Founder of Monthly Review, 28 September, æt. 83
Joseph Ritson, Critic, September
Thomas Astle, F. A. S. 1 December, æt. 69

1804.

Rev. John Fawcett, Dissenting Minister, 24 Jan.
Philip Yorke of Erthyg, F. A. S. 19 Feb. æt. 61
Rev. John Howlett, 29 February
Joseph Priestley, LL.D. 6 February, æt. 74
Rev. Wm. Gilpin, 5 April, æt. 80
Joseph Dacre Carlyle, B.D. 12 April, æt. 45
Rev. Robert Potter, August
Rev. Samuel Ayscough, November
Jacob Bryant, November, æt. 89
Rev. Richard Graves, 23 November, æt. 90
Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, 8 January, aged 84
Newton Ogle, D.D. 6 Jan. aged 78
Rev. Henry Cox Mason, A.M.
Mr. Thomas Malton, Tourist, 7 March
John Whitehead, M.D. 7 March
Powell Snell, Poet, 8 April, æt. 67
Rev. Jonathan Boucher, 27th April, æt. 67
W. Forsyth, F. A. S. 25 July
Robert Macfarlane, 8 August, aged 70
Rev. Thomas Twining, A. M. 6 August, aged 70
Sir Geo. A. W. Shuckburgh, 11 August, aged 53

Rev.

Rev. Rob. Ingram, A. M. 3 August, aged 77
Thomas Percival, M. D. 30 August, æt. 64
Rev. W. Tyndal, A. M. F. A. S. 16 September
Rev. Thomas James, A. M. 24 September
Mr. Carter, Ballad Writer, 12 October
Francis Eyre, 7 November, aged 72
Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclaine, 25 November, æt. 82
James Bandinell, D.D. 25 Nov. æt. 93
Mrs. Lefroy, Poetess, 16 December, aged 56
Charles Nalson Cole, 18 December, æt. 82
Samuel Rose, Barrister, 20 December, 37
W. Cunningham, Poet, 27 December, æt. 24.

1805

Charles Townley, F. R. S. A. S. 3 January, æt. 67
Professor John Robison, A.M. of Edinburgh, 30 Jan.
William Buchan, M. D. 25 Feb. aged 76
Col. Philip De La Motte, Antiquary, 11 March
Wm. Butter, M. D. 23 March, æt. 79
Dr. Bisset, 21 May, æt. 48
Thomas Pownall, F. R. A. S. S. æt. 85, 25 Feb.
William Paley, D. D. 25 May
Sir William Pulteney, Bart. 28 May

ARTHUR MURPHY.

"On the 19th of June 1805, departed this life, at his apartments at Knightsbridge, in the 78th year of his age, Arthur Murphy, Esq. Barrister at Law and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He lived in the closest friendship with the most polished authors and greatest lawyers of his time. His knowledge of the classics was profound. His translations of the Roman historians enlarged his fame. His dramatic productions were inferior to none of the time in which he flourished.

The

The fire of the poet was particularly adorned by the refined taste of the critic. The moderation of his ambition, and the modesty of his nature, inclined his genius to court the retirement of his study, in preference to the pursuits of an active life. As a man of high talents and a warm heart he lived honoured, and as a very devout Christian he was long resigned to the will of his Creator; in the words he was often heard to repeat from Pope—

> Half taught by reason, half by mere decay,
> To welcome death and calmly pass away."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr. Brayley for the MS. regarding Richard the Third, which he has not yet had time to examine sufficiently.

The Editor has to lament that the very curious article regarding Puttenham's Art of Poetry, by his friend Mr. Gilchrist, has only reached him this day: otherwise it would have supplied the place of much less valuable matter in this Number. It will of course appear in No. IV.

Mr. B. is particularly obliged to Mr. S. for his hint regarding "The Handeful of Plesant Delites."

ERRATA in No. II.

A Correspondent has pointed out some errors of the press and of the transcriber, in the article of Dr. Frank Nichols, p. 1953 he became M. D. 1729, and read the H. oration 1739. He died 7 Jan. 1778, not 1780.

P. 124. Mr. Johnes is M. P. *for* Cardiganshire, *not* Carmarthenshire.

P. 113. for "futile" read "fertile."

P. 114. for "Cantates" read "Cantantes."

ERRATA in No. III.

The 67th Poem in England's Helicon is entitled "Firmius the Sheepheard," and the 76th is "Montana" (not "Montano") the Sheepheard his love to Aminta.

June 24, 1805.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER IV.

ART. I. *Jehovah Jireh. God in the Mount; or, England's Parliamentary Chronicle. Containing a most exact narration of all the most material Proceedings of this renowned and unparalell'd Parliament: the armies which have been or are in the severall parts of this land; the manner of the battails and sieges of Kenton, Brainford, Stafford, Litchfield, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Lin, Gloucester, Newbury, and of those other places in England where any have been, from the yeare* 1641 *to this present moneth of October* 1643, *concluding with the late Covenant of Great Britain and Ireland. Collected and published, principally for the high honour of our wonder-working God, still most graciously and gloriously carrying on the great work of a pure reformation in Church and State; as also for the great encouragement of all that are zealous for God and lovers of their country. By the most unworthy admirer thereof, JOHN VICARS.*

Happie art thou, O Israel, who is like unto thee! O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help,

and who is the sword of thy excellencie: and thine enemies shall be found lyers unto thee: and thou shalt tread upon their high places. Deut. iii. 2.

The works of the Lord are great, and sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His works are honourable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever. Psalm iii. 2, 3.

The Lord hath so done all his marveilous works, that they ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. Psalm iii. 4.

It is ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons in Parliament, concerning Printing, that this book intituled, GOD ON THE MOUNT, *or, A Parliamentarie Chronicle, be printed by Jo. Rothwell and Tho. Underhill, Jo. White.*

London: printed by T. Paine and M. Simmons, for J. Rothwell and T. Underhill. 1644. *pp.* 434, *besides index, and dedications, &c.*

The first part of this work ends at page 87, and the second part begins at page 89, with the title "GOD IN THE MOUNT; or, A Continuation of England's Parliamentary Chronicle."

ART. II. *God's Arke overtopping the world's waves; or, the third part of the Parliamentary Chronicle. Containing a successive continuation and exact and faithfull narration of all the most materiall Parliamentary Proceedings and memorable mercies wherewith God hath crowned this famous present Parliament and their armies in all the severall parts of the land; the famous sieges, defeats, battails, victories and prizes obtained and taken by land and*

sea;

sea; the appeasing of the Kentish Rebellion; Hull's admirable preservation; the famous victories at Horn-castle, Aulton, Alsford, Selby, and Arundell Castle; Discoveries of many desperate plots and designes against the Parliament; the establishing of a new Great Seal of England; the advance and actions of our Brethren the Scots among us; the most renowned siege and deliverance of Plymouth and Lyme: together with all the famous performances of all our armies in the West and North of the kingdome, from July 1643 *to July* 1644: *and concluding with a most exact, full, and faithfull relation of the most famous victory at Marston Moor, near York. Collected and published for God's high honour and the great encouragement of all that are zealous for God and lovers of their country. By the most unworthy admirer of them,* JOHN VICARS.

What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto it, as the Lord our God is in all things that we have called upon him for? Only therefore take heed to thyselfe, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things, which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart, all the dayes of thy life: But teach them to thy sons and thy sons' sons. Deut. iv. 7, 9.

London: printed by M. Simons and J. Macock, 1646. 4*to. pp.* 304, *besides Tables and Dedications.*

ART. III. *The Burning Bush not consumed; or, the Fourth and last part of the Parliamentarie Chronicle. Containing a full and faithfull continuation*

tinuation and exact narration of all the most materiall and most memorable proceedings of this renowned Parliament. The Armies and Forces, which are or have been in the severall parts of the kingdome; the description of all the brave battails, victories, and famous defeates given to the enemies, both by sea and land; especially the winning of Newcastle, the glorious victory at Nazeby, and that famous victory at Langport, won through fire and water; together with all the other admirable successes of our most renowned and victorious Generale Sir Thomas Fairfax, with his despised new-modelled army in the West, even to admiration: and the happy rendition of Oxford, and the rest of the strong garrisons about it. Beginning from August 1644, and comming up to this present moneth of July 1646. Collected for God's high honour, and all pious Parliamentarians' comfort: By the most unworthie admirer of them, JOHN VICARS.

Isaiah lxiii. 7. *I will mention the loving kindnesse of the Lord, and the high praises of our God, according to all the rich mercies which the Lord hath bestowed upon us; and his great goodnesse towards us (his English Israel) which hee hath conferred on us, according to his great mercies, and according to the multitudes of his loving kindnesses.*

The Third, and this Fourth Part, being printed at the sole and entire cost and charge of the authour himself.

Imprinted at London by R. C. and M. B. for M. Spark, at the Bible in Green Arbor, J. Rothwell, at the Sun in P. Churchyard, and T. Underhill, at the

the Bible in Wood-str. 1646. 4to. pp. 476, besides tables and dedications.

And at the end of this Fourth Part, is "*A Colossus of Eternall-bounden Gratitude; or, a Panegyricall Pyramides of perpetuall Praise. First erected by our Britain's ingenious and ingenuous Mercurie: And now re-erected by the unworthy authour of this Parliamentary Chronicle, with some plain and homely inlaid work of his own in some convenient places.*" *pp.* 14.

The First Part of this curious and very scarce medley of facts and furious party venom is dedicated 1st to the Lords and Commons, and 2dly to "Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor"—"Sir John Wolaston, Lord Mayor Elect"—"Sir Richard Sprignall, and Alderman Warner," and their wives.

The Third Part is dedicated to Alderman Adams, Lord Mayor—Sir John Wollaston, and Sir Richard Sprignall, and their ladies.

The Fourth Part is dedicated to Thomas Adams, Esq. Lord Mayor—Sir Matthew Brand, Kt. High Sheriff of Surry; and Sir Richard Sprignall, Kt.—To Lady Francesse Brand, Lady Anne Sprignall, the Lady Rebeccah Wollastone, Mistris Mary Grimstone, all of them, his pious and most precious friends.

It is difficult to select any thing from such multifarious contents. But as a short thing of the most general interest I shall transcribe the list, (though imperfect) by Vicars, of those who fell on both sides.

"Psalme lviii. 10, 11.

"The righteous shall rejoyce when he seeth God's vengeance on the wicked, and shall wash his feet in

their blood; so that a man shall say, verily there is a God that judgeth the earth."

"The Slaine on the King's side.

1. The Earl of Lyndsey, the Lord Generall of the King's Army that appeared in the field at first against the Parliament.
2. The Lord George Stuart, being Lord of Aubignie in France.
3. The Lord John Stuart.
4. The Lord Bernhard Stuart. All these three brave young Lords being of the bloud royall, and all three brothers to the Duke of Lenox.
5. The Earle of Northampton.
6. The Earle of Denbigh.
7. The Earle of Carnarvan.
8. The Earle of Sunderland.
9. The Earle of Kingstone.
10. The Earle of Strafford beheaded for treason on the Tower-hill.
11. The Lord Grandison.
12. The Lord Faulkland.
13. The Lord Carey, son to the Earle of Monmouth.
14. The Lord Ashton.
15. The Marquesse of Viville, a French Lord.
16. The Arch-Prelate of Canterbury beheaded for treason on Tower-Hill.
17. General Cavendish.
18. Generall Mynne.
19. Sir Edward Varney.
20. Sir John Harper.
21. Sir Bevill Greenvill, son to the Marquesse of Hartfort.

22. Sir

22. Sir George Bowles.
23. Sir William Wentworth, brother to the Earl of Strafford.
24. Sir Francis Dacres, neare Kinsman to the Lord Dacres.
25. Sir William Lambton.
26. Sir Marmaduke Loudson.
27. Sir Thomas Metton.
28. Mounsieur Saint Paul, a French Gentleman.
29. Sir Richard Goodhill.
30. Sir Alexander Carew, beheaded for treason on the Tower-Hill.
31. Sir John Hotham, beheaded also for treason on Tower-Hill.
32. Sir Henry Gage.
33. Sir William Crofts.
34. Sir Thomas Nott.
35. Sir Owen.
36. Sir Brian Stapleton.
37. Sir Francis Carnabie.
38. Sir Richard Hutton.
39. Col. Monroe.
40. Col. Wane.
41. Col. Ewers, nephew to the Lord Ewers.
42. Col. Roper, brother to the Lord Baltinglasse.
43. Col. Slingsby, son to Sir William Slingsby.
44. Col. Fenwick, eldest son to Sir John Fenwick.
45. Col. Prideaux.
46. Col. Atkins.
47. Col. Marrow.
48. Col. Baynes.
49. Col. Conyers.
50. Generall Goring's brother.

51. Col. Houghton, son to Sir Gilb. Houghton.
52. Generall Goring's Quarter-Master-Gen. of Horse.
53. Gen. Goring's Quarter-Master of Foot.
54. Col. Phillips.
55. Lieut.-Col. Ward.
56. Lieut.-Col. Howard.
57. Lieut.-Col. Bowles.
58. Lieut.-Col. Lisle.
59. Lieut.-Col. Stonywood.
60. Serjt.-Major Beaumont.
61. Serjt.-Maj. Purvey.
62. Serjt.-Maj. Smith.
63. Serjt.-Maj. Lower.
64. Serjt.-Maj. Wells.
65. The Mayor of Preston, Mr. Adams.
66. Major Heskith.
67. Major Trevillian.
68. Major Hatton Farmar.
69. Major Pilkington.
70. Major Duet.
71. Major Heynes.
72. Major Pollard.
73. Captain Wray.
74. Capt. Bins.
75. Captain Houghton.
76. Captain Hotham, beheaded on Tower Hill.
77. Captain Baggot.
78. Captain James.
79. Captain Cornisham.
80. Captain Plunket.
81. The King's Standard-bearer at that fight where and when the Earle of Northampton was slaine.

82. Sir

82. Sir John Smith, brother to the Lord Carrington.
83. Dr. Weston, a Phisitian.
84. An Earl, or such like eminent personage found slaine in the field at Nasebie fight, with a star and a red crosse upon his coat, but his name or title not known.
85. Major Threave.
86. Capt. Fry.
87. Col. Billingsly.
88. Captain Cottingham.
89. Major Caft.
90. Six Priests slain in Bazing House.
91. Lieut.-Col. Gardiner.

The most eminent persons slaine on the Parliament's party, since the beginning of these unhappie warres.

1. The Lord St. John.
2. The Lord Brooke.
3. Sir William Fairfax, brother to the most noble and renowned Lord Fairfax.
4. Sir John Meldrum.
5. Major-Gen. Charles Fairfax, sonne to the aforesaid noble Lord Fairfax, and brother to our present most renowned Generall Sir Thomas Fairfax, slaine at Marston-Moore fight.
6. Col. Essex.
7. Col. Hampden.
8. Col. Tucker.
9. Lieut.-Col. Ramsey.
10. Serjt.-Major Quarles.

11. Major

11. Major Stawham, a brave Scottish Gent.
12. Major Fitz-Simons.
13. Major Bradbury.
14. Major Jackson.
15. Capt. Lacie.
16. Capt. Lister.
17. Capt. Nuttie
18. Capt. Massie.
19. Capt. Hunt.
20. Capt. Oglesby.
21. Capt. Williams.
22. Capt. Pue.
23. Master Hugh Popham.
24. Major Haynes.
25. Capt. Dove.
26. Lieut.-Col. Ingoldsby.
27. Cap. Allen.
28. Maj. Francis Sydenham.
29. Col. John Gunter."

In Part III. p. 17, is a copy of "An Ordinance of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, touching the rebellion in Kent, dated "Die Mercurii, August 16, 1643," in which "Sir Henry Vane senior, Sir John Sidley, Sir Anthony Welden, Sir Michael Levesey, Sir Henry Heyman, Mr. Nut, Mr. Augustine Skinner, Mr. Thomas Blunt, Mr. Thomas Franklin, Sir Edward Boyse, Mr. Brown, Sir William Springate, Sir Edward Master, Mr. John Boyl, Mr. John Boyse, Sir Peter Wroth, Mr. Richard Lee, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Mr. Thomas Selyard, and Sir John Robarts, or any three of them, are appointed to seize upon the arms and horses of the loyalist insurgents."

But

But it is not yet possible to detail in this work the various contents of these volumes. *

ART. IV. "*The Arte of English Poesie, contrived into three bookes: the first of Poets and Poesie, the second of Proportion, the third of Ornament.*" *At London, printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Black Friers, neere Ludgate,* 1589, 4to.

This is on many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically, one of the most valuable books of the age of Elizabeth. In the third volume of his History of English Poetry, Warton has given an elaborate account of Wilson's "Arte of Rhetoricke, printed in 1553, and in the Second Number of Oldys's British Librarian is a brief analysis of Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetrie," printed in 1586. Although the volume before us was printed subsequent to either of these it bears testimony of having been composed many years before it went to press, and was probably written, in part, when the earliest of the above volumes appeared; to which, as an elementary treatise on the arts, it is infinitely superior, as being formed on a more comprehensive scale and illustrated by examples, while the copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry no where else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.

The book "comming into the printer's hands,"

* Perhaps the Editor may hereafter give further extracts from these volumes.

(probably

(probably after the author's death) "with the bare title, and without any other ordinary addresse," accounts for the solecism of its being dedicated to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, at the same time that it is addressed throughout to Elizabeth, whose portrait is prefixed; indeed the printer was evidently troubled to reconcile his own inclination with the manifest intention of the author.

The first chapters are employed in descanting on the honour and antiquity of the profession, proving poets to have been the first priests, the first prophets, the first philosophers, and what not? from the high historical authorities of Linus, Orpheus, &c. &c. "to the third and fourth generation:" yet such was the accepted opinion of our credulous forefathers, which continued to receive support and confirmation from the concurrence of the learned: "Of the dignity of Poetrie," Camden observes*, "much hath been sayd by the Worthie Sir Philip Sidney, and by the gentleman" (unquestionably our author) "which prooved that poets were the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first historiographers: I will only add out of Philo, that they were God's owne creatures, who in his book "*de plantatione Noe*"—but if I were to eccho all the fables, *et vatum plorabile si quid*, like Milton's high reasoners on fix'd fate and free will, I should "find no end, in wandering mazes lost." Having dispatch'd the history of poetry thus far, we are taught in the seventh chapter "how in the time of Charlemaine, and many years after him the Latin poetes wrote in ryme;" among other examples he mentions one of Ed-

* Remaines concerning Brittaine, Pa. 278. Ed. 1629.

ward the Third, who, "quartering the armes of England and France, did discover his pretence and clayme to the crowne of France in these ryming verses.

Rex sum regnorum bina ratione duorum,
Anglorum regno, sum rex ego jure paterno;
Matris jure quidem Francorum nuncupor idem,
Hinc est armorum variatio facta meorum.

Which verses Philip de Valois, then possessing the crowne, as next heire male by pretexte of the lawe Salique, and holding out Edward the Third, answer'd in these other of as good stuffe.

Prædo regnorum qui diceris esse duorum,
Regno materno privaberis atque paterno,
Prolis jus nullum ubi matris non fuit ullum
Hinc est armorum variatio stulta tuorum.

And as this was used in the greatest and gayest matters of princes and popes by the idle invention of monasticall men then reigning in all their superlative; so did every scholer and secular clerke or versifier, when he wrote any short poeme or matter of good lesson put it in rhyme, whereby it came to passe that all your old proverbes and common sayinges which they would have plausible to the reader, and easie to remember and beare away, were of that sorte." He adds "we find but very few of these ryming verses among the Latines of the civiler ages, and those rather hapning by chaunce than of any purpose in the writer, as this *distick* among the disports of *Ovid:*

Quot cœlum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas,
Pascua quotq. hœdos tot habet tua Roma Cynœdos."

With

With which example Mr. Sharon Turner may fortify his "Enquiry into the early use of Rhyme." *

The succeeding chapter is employed in considering the "reputation poets and poesie were in old time with princes, and otherwise generally, and how they be now become contemptible." Many examples are adduced from "olde time," and in later days "how much were Jehan de Mehi and Gulliaume de Loris made of by the French Kings; and Geffre Chaucer, father of our English poets, by Richard the Second, who, as it was supposed, gave him the maner of New Holme in Oxfordshire. And Gower to Henry the Fourth, and Harding to Edward the Fourth. And King Henry the Eighth, her Majesties' father, for a few psalmes of David turned into English Meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his privy chamber, and gave him many other good gifts. And one Gray what good estimation did he grow unto with the same King Henry, and afterward with the Duke of Sommerset Protector, for making certaine merry Ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.* And Queene Mary his daughter for one Epithalamium or nuptial song made by Vargas a Spanish poet, at her marriage with King Philip in Winchester, gave him during his life two hundred crownes pension."

Here is a tradition concerning Chaucer which escaped the vigilance of Tyrwhitt; and what follows respecting Gower and Harding has remained unnoticed by the biographers of either: such notices it is true are too equivocal to be received implicitly, but from hints like these arising from traditions not very distant from the subjects that gave birth to them, enquiries

* Vide Archaeologia, Vol. XIV. p. 168.

may

may follow that may possibly lead to facts which biographers might otherwise have sought for in vain. In this chapter occurs the following anecdote of the "French Queene, Lady Anne of Britaine, wife first to King Charles the VIII. and after to Lewis the XII. who, passing one day from her lodging toward the Kinges side, saw in a gallerie Maister Allaine Chartier, the King's secretarie, an excellent maker or poet, leaning on a tables-end asleep, and stooped down to kisse him, saying thus, in all their hearings; "we may not of princely courtesie passe by and not honour with our kisse the mouth from whence so many sweete ditties and golden poems have issued:" and at a short distance Puttenham observes, that "such among the nobilitie or gentrie as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write, and if they have, yet they are loth to be knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable gentlemen of the court that have written commendably, and have suppresst it agayne, or els suffer'd it to be publish'd without their own names to it: as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seeme learned, and to shew himself amourous of any good art."

One is at a loss to reconcile this complaint of Puttenham with the ample catalogue of poetical writers during Elizabeth's reign, although in "The Paradise of Dainty Devises," and in Tottel's collection many anonymous specimens are to be found.

It is rather from necessity than inclination that I pass over intermediate chapters, relating chiefly to classical customs, and Latin or Greek poetry; which will be found less interesting than the 31st, containing a general criticism on English poets antecedent and

and co-eval with the age of our author; with which, as it finishes the first division of his subject, shall also close for the present this review of the work.

" It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed and written, that many of our countrymen haue painfully trauelled in this part: of whose workes some appeare to be but bare translations, others some matter of their owne invention, and very commendable, whereof some recital shall be made in this place, to th' intent cheifly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for hauing by their thankefull studies so much beautified our English tong (as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of deuice, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the moste, and perchance passe a great manie of them. And I will not reach aboue the time of King *Edward* the Third, and *Richard* the Second, for any that wrote in English meeter: because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and therewithall a certaine martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was much decayd, as a long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose knyghtes. After whom followed *John Lydgate*, the monke of Bury, and that namelesse, who wrote the *Satyre* called Piers Plowman; next him followed *Harding*

ding the Chronicler; then in King *Henry* the Eightes times *Skelton*, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet *Laureat*. In the latter end of the same Kinges raigne sprong up a new company of courtlie makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th' elder, and *Henry* Earle of Surry were two cheiftains, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and statelie measures and style of the Italian poesie as novices newly crept out of the schools of *Dante*, *Ariosto*, and *Petrarch*, they greatlie polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar poësie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile. In the same time, or not long after was the Lord *Nicholas Vaux*, a man of much facultie in vulgar makings. Afterward in King *Edward* the Sixth's time came to be in reputation for the same facultie *Thomas Sternehold*, who first translated into English certaine psalmes of David, and *John Heywood* the Epigrammatist, who for the myrthe and quicknesse of his conceits more than for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the King. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister *Edward Ferrys* a man of no lesse myrthe and felicitie that way, but of much more skil, and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part for the stage, in Tragedie, and sometimes in Comedie or Enterlude, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes. In Queene *Maries* time, flourished aboue any other, Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned, and excellently translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of *Virgil's Æneidos*. Since him followed Maister *Ar-*

thure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meeter the Metamorphosis of *Ouide*; and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of *Virgil's Æneidos*, which Maister Phaer left undone. And in her Majesties time that nowe is are spronge vp an other crewe of courtlie makers noblemen and gentlemen of her Majesties own servants, who haue written excellently well, as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the reste; of which number is first that noble gentleman *Edward* Earle of Oxford, *Thomas* Lord Buckhurst, when he was young, *Henry* Lord Paget, Sir *Philip Sydney*, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, Maister *Edward Dyer*, Maister *Fulke Grevell*, Gascon, Britton, Turberville, and a great many other learned gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that *Chaucer*, with *Gower*, Ludgat, and *Harding* for their antiquitie ought to haue the first place, and *Chaucer* as the most renowned of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him aboue any of the rest. And though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they well handled, as his books of *Troilus* and *Cresseid*, and the Romaunt of the Rose, whereof he translated but one half, the deuice was *John de Mehunes* a French poet. The Canterbury Tales were *Chaucer's* owne inuention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit, then in any other of his workes, his similitudes, comparisons, and all other descriptions are such as cannot be amended. His meeter Heroicall of *Troilus*

Troilus and *Cresseid* is uery graue and stately, keeping the staffe of seuen, and the verse of ten; his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neurthelesse uery well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which eury man's part is playd with much decency. *Gower*, sauing for his good and graue moralities, had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his uerse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and his inuentions small subtiltie: the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times uery grossely bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficientlie answere the subtiltie of his titles. *Lydgat* a translatour onely and no deuiser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. *Harding*, a poet epic or historical, handled himselfe well according to the time and manner of his subject. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Plowman, seemed to have bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe wholy to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Romane Clergy, of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true prophet; his verse is but loose meeter, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is little pleasure to be taken. *Skelton* a sharpe satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat. Such among the Greekes was called *Pantomium*, with us buffoons, altogether applying their wits to scurrillities and other ridiculous matters. *Henry* Earle of Surrey and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, betweene whome I finde very litttle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes vpon English poesie; their conceits were loftie,

their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, and their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha.* The Lord *Vaux* his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facillitie of his meetre, and the aptness of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely, in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action very liuely and pleasantly. Of the latter sorte I thinke thus: That for Tragedie, the Lord Buckhurst, and Maister *Edward Ferrys,* for such doings as I have sene of theyrs, do deserue the hyest price. Th' Earle of Oxford and Maister *Edwardes* of her Majesties Chappell for Comedie and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastoral poesie, Sir *Philip Sydney* and Maister Challenner, and that other gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amorous *Ode* I find Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate. Maister *Edwurd Dyer,* for Elegie most sweete, solempne and of high conceit. *Gascon* for a goode meetre and for a plentifull vayne. *Phaer* and *Golding* for a learned and well corrected uerse, specially in translation, cleare and very faithfully answering their authour's intent. Others haue also written with much facillitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soueraigne Ladie, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easilie surmounteth all the rest that haue written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness, and subtilltie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kind of poeme Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Majestie to employe her penne, euen by as much oddes as her owne excellent

estate

estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals."*

O. G. G.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. V. *A Discourse of English Poetrie: together with the Author's Judgment touching the reformation of our English verse. By William Webbe, Graduate. Imprinted at London by John Charlewood.* 4*to*, 1586.

A full account of this book, of which, for the sake of juxta position, I here insert the title, may be found in Oldys's "British Librarian," p. 86.

ART. VI. *The Six Bookes of a Common-Weale. Written by J. Bodin, a famous Lawyer, and a man of great experience in matters of State. Out of the French and Latine copies, done into English, by Richard Knolles. London, Impensis G. Bishop, 1606. Imprinted by Adam Islip. Fol. pp. 794.*

Dedication by Knolles.

To my most especiall good friend, Sir Peter Manwood, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath.

"SIR,

"Gathering matter to continue the lives of the Turkish Emperours, but finding nothing hetherto worthy the writing, more than matters common: such

* Oldys's account of this book, extracted from the notes to his Life of Raleigh, is inserted in the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum, p. 310.

having been the policies of latter times, as to keepe secret the reasons and certain knowlege of the doings of great estates, that if some of the most wise, mightie, and honorable, sitting at the helmes of Commonweales, doe not shew the way, posteritie will be defrauded of the most excellent things that many ages have before brought forth: and yet succeeding times shall bring to light so much as God in his owne time seeth best for the good of the Christian Commonwealth. The Sarasin Historie also not to be performed without the light of their own Chronicles, and the stories of many other countries by them conquered and possessed; a more famous and mightie people, and of longer continuance than the Turkes, and the first planters, spreaders, and maintainers of the Mahometane religion: besides the difficulty of the labour to so weake a body, apace declining, wanting all comfort and helpe but your owne, by the experience of so many yeares spent in the former (and the beginning of this, which you have so long since seene) I doubt (if it please God I live to performe it) I must write it shortly, as I did the generall Historie to my Lives. In the mean time having had some leisure, and loath to bestow good houres evill, I thought good to translate these six bookes of Bodin his Commonwealth, which I here commend unto you. But Sir, my most worthy and only friend, if beside the divers formes of Commonweales, and such other worthie matter, as is here by the author set downe, you wish also to see by what lawes and customs they have been also governed, a thing infinite; I instead of all referre you unto the reading of the Common Law of this realme, which without all doubt in the auntient puritie thereof, for religious sinceritie, wisdom, power,

and

and equall upright justice, excelleth all the laws of men that ever yet were, and a knowledge best beseeming the noble gentrie of this land. To make an end, the whole labours of my life have been and ever shall be comfortable to me when they please you, to whom I have wholly dedicated myselfe. The Lord in his great mercy ever keepe you and all yours. From Sandwich, this 18th day of December 1605.

"Yours ever to be commaunded,
RICH. KNOLLES."

I transcribe this dedication, because so little is known of the writer, of whose History of the Turks Johnson speaks highly in his Rambler. Knolles was a clergyman and schoolmaster at Sandwich, in Kent, from which town sprung the celebrated lawyer Sir Roger Manwood, father of Sir Peter.

As to the subject of this work, the Translator in his Address to the Reader, says, "Long and many yeares agoe Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle, and in the memorie of our fathers Sir Thomas Moore, (sometimes Lord Chauncellour of this land) all men of great fame and learning, and besides them not many moe, whose works in the space of 2000 years ever came to light, tooke this so noble and weightie an argument in hand; which they yet so passed through, Aristotle only excepted, as that in their most grave and learned discourses is to be seene a certaine imaginarie forme of a perfect commonweale, by themselves diversly fantasied, such as indeed never was, either yet ever shall be, rather than any true shape or fashion of such a perfect estate and commonweale, as hath indeed been, or yet reasonably may be set downe for an example for others

to imitate and conforme themselves unto. So that according to these great and learned mens high and statelie conceits, was never yet any commonweale framed, neither yet any great matter from their so absolute imaginations drawn, for the behoofe and profit of such estates and commonweales as have indeed since been, and wherein we now live. Which I say not in any thing to impaire or deminish the fame and credite of these so renowned and excellent men, whose memoriall live for ever, but onely that the strong opinion conceived of the great knowledge of them, so grave and learned auntients, and especially in matters of state, wherein they as schoolemen had but little or no experience, might not be altogether prejudiciall unto the honourable and reasonable endevors of some others of our time, no lesse, yea and happily better, acquainted with the studies and affaires of estates and commonweales than they were. For if the true value of things bee to be deemed by the necessarie and profitable use thereof, I see not what should let, but that the six bookes of Io. Bodin De Repub. wherein hee, being himselfe a most famous civilian, and a man much employed in the publicke affaires both of his Prince and countrey, so orderly and exactly prosecuteth all formes and fashions of commonweales, with the good and evill, the perfections and imperfections incident unto the same, and many other matters and questions most necessarie to be knowne for the maintenance and preservation of them, may well be compared, yea and happily not without cause also preferred before any of them, which have as yet taken that so great an argument upon them. Which bookes by him for the common good of his native countrey onely,

first

first written in French, (and seven times printed in three yeares space, a thing not common) at such time as that mightie kingdom began now after the long and bloodie civile warres againe to take breath, were by him afterwardes for the publicke benefit of the rest of the Christian kingdomes and commonweales turned into Latine also: which to doe he was the rather mooved, for that, as hee himselfe sayth, at the time of his employment here in England, he certainly understood one Olybius a Frenchman, privately in noble men's houses in London, and another likewise in the University at Cambridge, with great obscuritie and difficultie there to interprete those his bookes of a commonweale, then written but in French onely: which was as much as in him lay to make the same common unto all men, the chiefe scope and drift of him in the whole worke being to make the subjects obedient unto the magistrates, the magistrates unto the princes, and the princes unto the lawes of God and Nature. Which his so good and Christian an intent and purpose in some part to further, I out of French and Latine copies have into our owne vulgar translated that thou seest: seeking therein the true sense and meaning of the author, rather than precisely following the strict rules of a nice translator."

ART. VII. *Collins's Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical.* 1746.

Nothing seems more unaccountable than the caprice of public taste. The poems of Collins, of which such numerous impressions in every splendid, as well as every

every cheap form, have lately found a sale, were received with such coldness on their first publication, that the unhappy and disappointed author in a fit of disgust and indignation burned the greater part of the copies with his own hand. Yet this was the man, of the felicity of whose genius Langhorne speaks as approaching to inspiration, in a passage to which Mr. Roscoe has lately given a sanction, by citing it in his preface to the life of Leo X.

In what strange torpor were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the Ode on the Passions, and the Odes to Fear, and to Evening! But these perhaps are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, the very essence of poetry, were little noticed by his cotemporaries, while the vile doggrel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired.

Collins is a proof, that he who gives up the reins to his fancy may act injuriously to his own happiness; but who can deny that he stands the best chance of attaining the mantle of a poet? "To repose by Elysian waterfalls," and range beyond the dull scenes of reality, may render the sensations too acute for intercourse with the rude manners of the world, and too much enervate the heart, which is doomed to encounter difficulties, neglect, and calumny. But in what other temperament can the productions of genius be formed? Can the dull reasoner, the ready wit, the happy adept

in familiar manners, the quick observer of what is ridiculous in daily life, be qualified to rise to those "strains of a higher tone" which only deserve the name of poetry?

I have heard that genuine poetry is calculated for universal taste; an opinion which Johnson seemed to have entertained. The idea appears to me strangely erroneous. The seeds of taste must be sown by Nature: but they will never arrive at maturity without high cultivation. Such is the case in all the arts: carry a person of uncultivated mind successively into rooms where are exhibited the worst daubs of modern painters, and the finest ancient specimens of the art; and he will uniformly prefer the unchaste glare of the former. So it is with the untutored taste in poetry. And as the Flemish school of pictures is always the favourite with the mob, so are Hudibras and Swift more congenial to them than Spenser, and Milton, and Collins.

But there are those, whose original lowness of spirit, no education, no birth, or acquirements, or rank can elevate. Lord Chesterfield said that when he read Milton he always took snuff; and while he recommended to his son the vulgar points of Martial, he condemned the touching simplicity of the Greek epigrams to his supreme contempt. On a mind so constituted it is unnecessary to remark. A better style of poetry has now received the countenance of the public; and as long as Cowper, and Burns, and Beattie receive the public applause, genius will not be without "the fostering dew of praise."

ART. VIII. *History of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surry, and their descendants to the present time. By the Rev. John Watson, M. A. F. A. S. and Rector of Stockport in Cheshire.*

His name shall live from generation to generation.
Ecclus. xxxix. 9.

Warrington, printed by William Eyres, 1776, 4to. pp. 437.

This was the original edition of Dr. Watson's History mentioned in No. I and II. of which only six copies were printed, probably for the purpose of circulating them for corrections and additions. One copy, formerly Mr. Astle's, is in the Library of the Royal Institution, with the MS. notes of the compiler.

ART. IX. *A perfect Collection or Catalogue of all Knights Batchelaurs made by King James since his comming to the Crown of England. Faithfully extracted out of the Records by J. P. Esq. Somerset Herald, a devout servant of the Royal Line.*

Cicero ad Atticum. Honor quid nisi Virtus cognita.

London, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in S. Pauls Churchyard, 1660, 8vo. pp. 94. Dedicated to Sir Edward Nicholas.

This work has already been mentioned in No. III. John Philipot the author died in 1645.

It

It seems by this Catalogue, that King James made 2323 Knights, of whom 900 were made the first year. "If" says the Editor, "you observe the history of those days, you will find many knighted, who, in the time of the late Queen, had shewed small affection to that king of peace. But he was wise, and best knew how to make up a breach." There is a copy of this in the Library of the Royal Institution, which was formerly Oldys's.

ART. X. *Virorum Doctorum de Disciplinis Benemerentium effigies XLIIII. A Phillippo Galleo Antwerpiæ, 1572. fol.*

Having given an account, in my last Number, of Holland's Heroologia, I insert in this place the above work of a similar nature; though perhaps not strictly within my plan. It contains no lives like Holland: but two Latin distichs at the bottom of each portrait. At the commencement is an advertisement in two pages, entitled "Philippus Gallæus Pictor et Chalcographus Bonarum Artium Amatoribus," dated "Antwerpiæ VI. Kal. Mart. 1572." Of the distichs he says "Singulorum quos nunc exhibemus elogia, Benedictus Arias Montanus, (qui disciplinarum omnium, et nostrarum etiam artium, picturæ et sculpturæ peritos plurimum diligit) binis distichis artificiose complexus est, quæ non minus varietate et elegantia, quam veritate laudum lectores juvabunt."

The portraits are 1. Æneas Silvius. 2. Abrahamus Ortelius. 3. Andreas Alciatus. 4. Andreas Vesalius. 5. Angelus Politianus. 6. Ben. Arius Montanus.

tanus. 7. Bilibaldus Pircheymer. 8. Christophor Plantinus. 9. Clemens Marotus. 10. Cornelius Gemma. 11. Cornelius Grapheus. 12. Dantes Aligerius. 13. Erasmus Roterod. 14. Fransciscus Petrarcha. 15. Gemma Frisius. 16. Georgius Macropedius. 17. Gilbertus Limburgus. 18. Guilielmus Budœus. 19. Guilielmus Philander. 20. Hadrianus Junius. 21. Hadrianus Trajectensis. 22. Hieronymus Savonarola. 23. Jacobus Latomus. 24. Joachimus Camerarius. 25. Joannes Bapt. Gellius. 26. Joannes Becanus. 27. Joannes Bocatius. 28. Joannes Dousa. 29. Joannes Fischerus. 30. Joannes Sambucus. 31. Joannes Sartorius. 32. Ludovicus Vives. 33. Marsilius Ficinus. 34. Nicolaus Tartaglia. 35. Pet. Andreas Mathiolus. 36. Petrus Apianus. 37. Petrus Bembus. 38. Rembertus Dodonæus. 39. Rodolphus Agricola. 40. Ruardus Tapperus. 41. Stanislaus Hosius. 42. Theodorus Pulmannus. 43. Thomas Morus. 44. Wolfgangus Lazius.

This book is scarce. In the copy I have seen there is bound with it "Doctorum aliquot Virorum Vivæ Effigies. Joos de Bosscher excudebat," which contains forty portraits, of which some of the subjects are the same as those in the former work.

ART. XI. *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland: containing a full account of their situation, extent, soil, product, harbours, bays, tides, anchoring places, and fisheries. The ancient and modern government, religion, and customs of the inhabitants, particularly of their Druids, Heathen temples,*

temples, monasteries, churches, chapels, antiquities, monuments, forts, caves, and other curiosities of art and nature; of their admirable and expeditious way of curing most diseases by simples of their own product. A particular account of the SECOND SIGHT, *or faculty of foreseeing things to come by way of vision so common among them. A brief hint of methods to improve trade in that country both by sea and land; with a new map of the whole, describing the harbours, anchoring places and dangerous rocks, for the benefit of sailors. To which is added, a brief description of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland. By M. Martin, Gent. Printed for A. Bell, at the Cross Keys and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks-market, 1703. 8vo. p. 392, besides the dedication, preface, and contents.*

This is the book which, having been put into the hands of Dr. Johnson when very young by his father,* is supposed to have infused into him the first desire of visiting the Hebrides, of which he has given so interesting and luminous an account.

The following abstract of this book is copied from the "History of the Works of the Learned, for August and September 1703, Vol. V. p. 470.† &c.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 414.

† "The History of the Works of the Learned; or, an impartial account of books lately printed in all parts of Europe. With a particular relation of the state of learning in each country. Vol. V. to be continued monthly. London, printed for H. Rhodes, at the Star near Fleet-bridge; . Bennet at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard; A. Bell at the ross Keys in Cornhill; D. Midwinter, and T. Leigh at the Rose and own in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1703. 4to."

"The

"The author of this book is a native of Skie, which is the most considerable of all the islands here described. Some years ago he obliged the public with a description of St. Kilda,* or Hirta, the westernmost of all the Scots Isles; which account of his was very agreeable to the curious; especially to such as have any true taste for natural and experimental philosophy. The natural history of these islands is what he chiefly aims at in the following treatise. He is very particular in the nature of the climate and soil, of the produce of the places by sea and land, and of the variety of remarkable cures performed by the natives, merely by the use of simples; nor does he omit their religion, customs, and government, and the materials and advantages, which most of them have for encouraging a trade by sea and land. He has taken a particular care to describe the harbours and bays, and the dangerous shelves and rocks that lie about those islands; which, together with the new and exact map he has added to the book, makes it of very great use to sailors. Those, who delight in antiquities, will here also find an entertainment suited to their genius, in his description of the ancient forts, monuments, &c. in those islands.

"Mr. Martin takes notice, that he is the first native, who ever attempted the description of this country, which is the reason why all the accounts we have hitherto had of it, have been very lame and defective. Most of these islands are so little frequented by any but their own natives, and their language is understood by so few, who were capable and willing to take a description of them, that we may justly look upon

* Voyage to St. Kilda, Lond. 1698, 8vo.

the

the following treatise to be a description of a country hitherto in a great measure unknown; and considering the interest that the inhabitants of these kingdoms have in it, and the advantages which by a due improvement they may reap from it, there is no reason to be assigned why it may not be as acceptable as some of those modern voyages which have made so great a noise in the world. It will appear by the following description, that those islands contain a large extent of ground, and that they are also very considerable for the number of their inhabitants; so that the subject is not so contemptible as people are apt to think at first. But to be more particular.

"Our author begins with the description of the island called Lewis, from a corrupt pronunciation of the Irish Leog, that signifies lakes, with which that island abounds. It is the utmost tract of land to the north-west of Scotland, is from south to north 100 miles in length; and from east to west, from three to fourteen in breadth. It is divided principally into two parts, the one called Lewis, and the other Harries. The air is temperately cold and moist, and the inhabitants use usquebaugh for a corrective. A great part of the coast of this island is arable, so that it abounds with corn. The soil is generally sandy, except in the heaths, which in some places is black, and in others affords a fine red clay, fit for the potter's use, and of which the natives make many vessels. They dig their corn-ground with spades, and cover it with sea-ware, which they say produces a greater increase than by ploughing; and thus they employ 500 of their inhabitants every day for some months. When they sow their ground, they use a harrow with wooden teeth in

the first and second rows, and rough heath in the third row, which smooths it; and this harrow is drawn by a man with a strong rope across his breast. Some of them fatten their ground with soot, but the corn of this ground is said to occasion the jaundice; and they observe that the corn of any of their ground, after first tilling, is apt to occasion the head-ache and vomiting, when made into bread or ale. They make a liquor of oats here, called usquebaugh-baul, which is four times distilled, and so very strong that two spoonfuls of it is a sufficient dose; and if any man exceeds that, it endangers his life.

"Mr. Martin tells us of several good harbours in this island, and particularly of Loch-Carlvay, which, though little known or frequented, is a convenient harbour for ships of the first rate. The coasts and bays of this island abound in fair weather, with cod, ling, herrings, and all other sorts of fish taken in the Western islands. There is plenty of cod and ling of a very large size near Loch Carlvay; but the fishing there is much interrupted by whales, though the natives employ many boats together in pursuit of them; their way is to chase them up into bays, till they wound one of them mortally, and then it runs ashore; and thus many of them are killed. About five years ago there were fifty young ones killed in this manner, and most of them eaten by the common people, who called them sea-pork, and find them to be very good food; some thin and meagre people became fat and plump in a week's time by eating them. They observe that the bigger whales are more purgative than the lesser, and that the lesser are better nourishment. There is great plenty of shell-fish, such as clams, oysters, cockles, muscles, limpits,

limpits, wilks, and spout-fish in the bays here. There is such a prodigious quantity of the latter, cast out of the sand of Loghtua, that the inhabitants are not able to consume them, either by eating or fattening their ground with them.

"The bays and coasts of this island afford great quantities of small coral and coraline; the coral does not exceed six inches in length, and is about the bigness of a goose's quill. The fresh-water lakes in this island abound in trouts and eels; the common bait for them is earth-worms; but parboiled muscles attract them best; and the properest season for catching them is, when the wind blows from the south-west. The rivers on each side this island abound with salmon and black muscles, and pearl is many times found in the latter. The natives about the river Barvas have a foolish opinion, that if a female cross that river first on the first day of May, it hinders the salmon from coming into that river; and therefore take care that a male shall pass it very early that morning. There are several fountains here noted for their particular qualities, as follows; there is one at Loch-Carlvay that will not whiten linen; there is one at St. Cowsten's church that will not boil any meat, though kept on a fire a whole day; and St. Andrew's well in the village Shadar is made a test by the natives to know if a sick person will die of the present distemper, which they try thus: they send one with a wooden dish for some of the water to the patient, and if the dish, when laid softly upon the surface of the water, turn round sun-ways, they conclude he will recover; but if otherwise, that he will die.

"There are many caves on the coast of this island,

which abound with otters, seals, and sea-fowl; and there is a cave in Loch-Grace, which distills water from the top, that petrifies in the bottom. There are several natural and artificial forts on the coasts; most of the latter are composed of large stones, are of a round form, and made taper-wise towards the top: they are commonly about three stories high, have a double wall, and the passage commonly goes round the wall. Several of these forts are built on heaths at a considerable distance from any stony ground; and they have many times great heaps of stones, commonly called cairns, erected on the heaths, so that one would wonder from whence they could gather them. There are likewise many single stones erected in this island, particularly one in the parish of Barvas, called the Thrushel-stone, which is twenty feet high, and near as much in breadth. It is supposed they were set up as monuments for persons of note killed in battle.

"At the village of Classerniss there are thirty-nine stones thus erected, being six or seven feet high, and two in breadth each; they are placed in form of an avenue of eight feet broad, and the distance betwixt each stone is six; there is one stone erected at the entrance of this avenue; and at the south-end of it there is a circle of twelve stones of the same distance and height with the other thirty-nine, and in the centre of this circle there is one stone of thirteen feet high, shaped like the rudder of a ship; without this circle, there are four stones of the same height and distance on the east, west, and south sides. The inhabitants say this was a heathen temple, and that the chief druid or priest stood near the big stone in the centre from whence

whence he addressed himself to the people that surrounded him. Of this temple our author has given us a description in a copper plate.

"He observes that horses are considerably less here, than in the neighbouring continent, yet perform the husbandman's labour as well as those of a larger size, though in the spring they have nothing to feed upon, but sea-ware. He tells of a chase here fifteen miles in compass, where there are abundance of deer, which feed also upon sea-ware when the frost and snow continues long. There is a small number of birch and hazle trees on the S. W. side of Loch-Stornway; but no more wood in the whole island, which is chargeable on the neglect of the inhabitants; for that the soil is capable of producing them is evident from those trees above-mentioned, and from the roots of great trees that our author saw at the head of Loch-Erisport. There is abundance of sea and land fowl in this island, and their amphibiæ are seals and otters; the seals are eaten by the vulgar, who find them as nourishing as beef and mutton.

"The inhabitants are well-proportioned, of a good stature, free from bodily imperfections; and several of them arrive to a great age. They are generally of a sanguine constitution, and their hair commonly of a light brown or red, and but few of them black. They are seldom troubled with epidemical distempers, except the small pox; and that too but seldom; but it commonly sweeps off abundance of young people. Their common cure for removing fevers and pleurisies, is to let blood plentifully; against the diarrhea, and dysenteria, they powder the kernel of black malucca beans, and drink it with boiled milk with good success.

Against the cough they drink oatmeal and water boiled together when they go to bed, and sometimes add a little butter to it. This disposes them to sleep and sweat, and is very diuretic, if there be no salt in it. They likewise boil the roots of nettles and reeds in water, and add yeast to it to make it ferment; and this they find likewise to be beneficial against the cough. The falling down of the uvula they cure in this manner; they take a long quill, and putting a horse's hair double into it, make a noose at the end of the quill, and putting it about the lower end of the uvula, they cut off all that part of the uvula below the hair with a pair of scissars; and then the patient swallows a little bread and cheese, which completes the cure without any inconvenience, so as the distemper never returns. They cure green wounds with ointment made of golden rod, all-heal, and fresh butter. They have two ways of curing the jaundice; the one by laying the patient on his face, as if they would look upon his back bones, and presently pour a pailful of cold water on his bare back; and this has often the desired success; the other way is by undressing the patient, and touching his vertebræ with the red hot tongs, which makes him run about furiously, till the pain abates, which happens very speedily, and the patient recovers soon after.

"The natives are generally of a quick apprehension, have a mechanical genius, are inclinable to poesy and musick; and many of them play on the violin pretty well, without any instructor. The men are dexterous in swimming, archery, and vaulting; many of them are stout and able seamen, and will tug at the oar all day

day long upon bread and water, and a snuff of tobacco.

"Having finished his description of Lewis, he comes to that of the inferior adjacent islands. His account of the superstitious customs and devotion of the inhabitants of Lewis, when they go to the Flannan islands, once a year, for eggs, fowls, down, feathers, and quills, is a great argument of the people's religious temper; but at the same time is an evident proof of their gross ignorance and want of instruction, which the proprietors, and those who have the government of church and state, are particularly concerned to remedy. His description of Rona is very observable. This is that island, of which the famous Buchanan says, 'That the inhabitants are perhaps the only people of the world, who never want any thing, and abound with all things that they think necessary, being equally ignorant of luxury and avarice, and who possess that innocence of life, and tranquillity of mind through their ignorance of vice, that other people of the world cannot attain to by great industry and plenty of good instructions; so that they seem to want nothing to make them completely happy, but that they know not their own happiness.'

"He adds, that the proprietor who was one of the proprietors of Lewis, limited the number of families that should inhabit it; and assigned them their numbers of great and small cattle, upon which they might live commodiously, and pay him his tribute; and all the rest, and also the increase of their people, they sent to him. Mr. Martin informs us, that this island is but a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and the inhabitants made but five families. The minister

of Barvas in Lewis, to whose parish they belong, and to whom the island is assigned as part of his benefice, used to visit them once a year. Mr. Daniel Morrison, who was his acquaintance and minister of the place, gave him this account of his first reception there: upon his landing they received him very affectionately and saluted him thus: 'God save you, pilgrim; you are heartily welcome; we have had repeated apparitions of your person among us, by way of the SECOND SIGHT, and we heartily congratulate your arrival in this our remote country.' They expressed their esteem for him by making a turn round him sunways; and when he advised them to forbear that custom, they were surprised, said it was due to his character, and therefore they would not fail to perform it. There were three inclosures betwixt the landing place and the village; and as he entered each of them, the inhabitants took him severally by the hand and bid him welcome. When he came to the house prepared for him, he had a bundle of straw for his seat; and after some general discourse, they went to their respective dwellings, and killed a sheep for each family; and flead the skins off, so as they were entire and in form like a sack; and these being filled with barley meal, they brought him as a present; and one of them speaking in name of the rest, said: 'Traveller, we are very sensible of your favour in coming so far to instruct us in our way to happiness, and in venturing yourself on the great ocean; pray be pleased to accept of this small present, which we humbly offer as an expression of our sincere love.' They also presented his man with some pecks of meal, as being likewise a traveller;

but

but the boat's crew having been there before, they gave them only their daily maintenance.

"They had a chapel dedicated to St. Ronan, and on the altar a plank of wood about ten feet long, and at the distance of every foot a hole, and in each hole a stone, to which the natives ascribe several virtues; and one of them they think promotes speedily delivery to women in travail. In this chapel they repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments every Sunday morning. They know not the use of money, but barter for such little things as they want, when any vessel arrives there. Their houses are built with stone, and thatched with straw. They take their surnames from the colour of the sky, rainbow and clouds. When any of them come to the isle of Lewis, which is seldom, because they lie at twenty leagues distance, they are astonished to see so many people. They admire greyhounds very much, and love to have them in their company. They wonder when they see a horse; and one of them hearing a horse neigh, asked if he laughed. One of them being in a house of several stories, and hearing the people walk over his head, he thought the house had been falling, and was in a mighty consternation. When Mr. Morrison was there, two young men courted one young woman, who was the only unmarried female in the island; and when she was married to the one, the other thought his loss irreparable. Soon after they were married, Mr. Morrison sailed from the island; but being driven back again by contrary wind, the young man, who was thus disappointed, came very chearfully to Mr. Morrison, and told him he thanked God and St. Ronan, who had brought him back, for he hoped he would allow

allow his expedient; which was, that he might enjoy the woman year about with the other man, so that he might also have issue; for they think it a great misfortune to die without offspring. The minister checked him for his folly, and told him it could not be granted, but promised to bring him a wife next year. Another of them, who wanted a wife, offered a shilling to Mr. Morrison, to send him one from Lewis. This shilling he had gotten from a seaman that landed there, and the poor fellow thought it was a thing of extraordinary value. About fourteen years ago, a swarm of rats, but none knows how, came to this island, and in a short time eat up all their corn. In a few months after some seamen landed there, who robbed the inhabitants of their black cattle; which misfortunes, with the want of supply from Lewis for the space of a year, occasioned the death of all that ancient race of people. Some years after the minister to whom the island belongeth, sent a new colony thither with suitable supplies, of whose success our author can give no account. It was an observation in this island, that the cuccow was never heard or seen there, but after the death of their minister, or of the Earl of Seaforth, their proprietor.

" Mr. Martin observes of the Isle of Siant, as he does of several of the other isles, that there is a couple of eagles build there, who suffer no other of the kind to come into the island, and drive away their own young as soon as they are able to fly; and that they never kill any lambs or sheep in their own island, though the bones of both are found near their nests; and the nearest of the other islands is a league distant.

" The

"The inhabitants of Lewis had an ancient idolatrous custom to sacrifice at Allhallowtide to a sea god they called Shony, in the following manner: they came to the church of St. Mulvay, each man with his provisions, and every family with a peck of malt; this being brewed into ale, one of their number was appointed in the night time to wade into the sea up to the middle, with a cup of ale in his hand, and standing still in that posture, cried out with a loud voice, Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you will be so kind as to send us plenty of sea-ware to enrich our ground the ensuing year, and so threw it into the sea. At his return to land they all went to church, where there was a candle burning upon the altar; and then standing silent for a time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was put out; and then they went into the fields, where they drank their ale, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing, &c. Next morning they returned home, being well satisfied that they had punctually observed this solemn anniversary, which they believed would procure them a plentiful crop. The ministers had much ado before they could persuade the natives to abandon this ridiculous practice, which has been quite abolished for above thirty years past.

"The inhabitants of Lewis are all protestants except one family: about fourteen years ago, three or four fishermen were perverted, and applied themselves to a priest for some holy water to sprinkle upon their nets, which they had taught them was an infallible means to procure them plenty of herring; and having obtained it, they set their nets with joy, and returned to draw them next morning full of expectation, but found

found them lost, whereas those of their protestant neighbours were safe and full; which exposed the priest and his proselytes to no small derision.

"Mr. Martin comes in the next place to give us a description of the Isle of Harries, which is about twenty-four miles long, and four, five, and six broad. The soil is more fruitful than that of Lewis, and produces a greater quantity of corn. The air is temperately cold, and the natives qualify it by a dose of aqua vitæ, or brandy; but make no use of usquebah. There is a good harbour here called Glass by seamen, and Scalpa by the natives. It is a mile and an half long, and a mile broad. Within the isle there is a lake called Loch Tarbat, which has several small isles in it, and is sometimes frequented by herrings. Without this loch there is plenty of cod, ling, and large eels. There is a fresh water lake at the entrance of the island, to which the sea has access at spring tides; it abounds with oysters and several other sorts of fish. There are many fresh water lakes in this island well stored with trouts, eels, and salmon. Each lake has a river running from it to the sea, from whence the salmon comes in the beginning of May, and sooner if the season be warm. There are abundance of excellent springs, which issue from the mountains of this island, and there is one lately discovered near Marvag, very good for speedily restoring lost appetite; there is another near the village Bowe, very good against collick, stitches, and gravel. There are several caves in the mountains, and on each side the coast, and one particularly in the Hill Ulweal, capable of holding fifty men, and may be defended by one man against a thousand, with a cane only in his hand, for it is accessible only

to one at a time, and by the least touch he may throw them down over the rock as they climb up. There are two wells in this cave, and one of them they say of so extraordinary a nature, that if a dog drink of it, it immediately runs dry for some time.

"There are wild goats in this island, which the natives say breed twice per annum. There is a chace of deer which contains about 2000: no man is permitted to hunt in it without a licence, and there is a particular part of it reserved for Macleod, the proprietor, who is always sure to find game enough in it when he pleases. In the winter time when the ground is all covered with snow, the deer come in great flocks to the coast, and feed upon the Alga Marina, or seaware. They have mertricks here which yield a very fine fur of a brown colour, and their dung has a scent like musk. They have likewise abundance of otters and seals, plenty of land and sea fowl, and excellent hawks. They have two sorts of eagles, one large and grey, the other less and black, shaped like a hawk; both of them destructive to the fawns, sheep, and lambs. The shore on the western coast abounds with variety of curious shells, finely streaked and coloured. Great quantities of os sepie are found in the sand, the natives powder it, and boil it in milk for the diarrhea and dysenteria, and rub it on the eyes of sheep to take off the film. Abundance of nuts, called Molucca beans, are brought in here by the sea. The natives use them as amulets against witchcraft, and say, that when any evil of that sort is intended against the person that wears them, the nut turns black. That they have so changed colour, Mr. Martin says he has seen, but cannot be positive as to the cause of it. Quantities of ambergrease

grease have likewise been found on the coast of this island. Several people here that had lost their hearing, recovered it by putting some powder of tobacco into their ears with a quill. Their sheep which feed on sandy ground become blind sometimes, and are cured by rubbing chalk in their eyes. They boil wild garlick in water, and make use of the infusion against the stone and gravel with good success."

Such was the account given of this book in the Number for Aug. 1703, p. 470; and it went on thus in the following Number for Sept. 1703, p. 529.

"What we said in our last Number is sufficient to give the reader an idea of the book. The author is uniform in his description, and follows the same method in all the isles, so that we shall now content ourselves with exhibiting some of the contents, that to us appear most extraordinary, and shall begin with his account of the ancient and modern customs of the inhabitants of those islands.

"Mr. Martin says that every heir or young chieftain of a tribe or clan was obliged in honour to give a publick specimen of his valour, before he was owned and declared to be governor or leader of his people. That this specimen was commonly an incursion upon the lands of some neighbour they were at variance with, to drive their cattle; and this they were bound to effect or die in the attempt. They were usually attended in such exploits by young men of quality that had not beforehand given any proof of their valour, and if the young chieftain succeeded, he was ever after esteemed valiant,

valiant, and fit for government, and those of his retinue had a share of his reputation. This custom being reciprocal among them was not accounted robbery, and the damage which one tribe sustained by such an essay was repaired when their chieftain came in his turn to make his specimen; but this practice is now in disuse.

"When those chieftains entered upon the government of their clans, they observed the formalities that follow: He was placed on a heap of stones in form of a pyramid, and his friends and followers stood round him in a circle; one of his chief friends delivered into his hand his father's sword, and another delivered him a white rod; soon after the chief druid or orator pronounced a panegyrick upon the pedigree, valour, and liberality of his ancestors, as patterns worthy of the young chieftain's imitation. They had their officers civil and military to attend them on all occasions; and some families continue them still, particularly Sir Donald Macdonald who has his standard-bearer, quartermaster, &c. They had a constant centinel on the top of their houses, and a competent number of young gentlemen well versed in managing the sword, target, archery, &c. Every chieftain had a bold armour bearer to attend him night and day, and he had a double portion of meat assigned him at every meal, being always a man of extraordinary bulk and strength. When they went upon any military expedition, they used to draw blood from the first animal they met on the enemy's ground, and to sprinkle some of it upon their colony as an omen of good success. Before they engaged in battle, the chief druid harangued the army from a rising ground, put them in mind of the great things

things that had been performed by the valour of their ancestors, raised their hopes with the noble rewards of honour and victory, and dispelled their fears by all the topics that natural courage could suggest, and after this harangue, they fell upon the enemy with a shout. These druids pretended to foretel future events, and decided all causes civil and ecclesiastical. They worship a deity under the name of Taramis, which signifies thunder, and another under the name of Belus, whence it is thought the festival called Beltin on the day of May proceeds. It was usual with the druids to extinguish all the fires in the parish on that day, until the tithes were paid; then they re-kindled them.

"They had a custom of burning malefactors betwixt two fires; and from thence came their proverb, which they use still at this day, to express a man's being in a strait, viz. that he is betwixt two fires of Bell. Our author takes notice of an objection raised by some against druids being in the isles, viz. that there were no oaks there, and answers it, by shewing their mistake; for there are oaks at present at Sleat in the Isle of Skie, and they abound in that country of old, though now they be decayed through the neglect of the inhabitants.

"When the chieftains go a hunting, they are usually attended with a numerous retinue; and when he gives the first specimen of that manly exercise, upon his return, he gives his cloaths, arms, and all his hunting equipage to the forrester. Every great family had two stewards, the first served always at home, and was obliged to be well versed in the pedigree of all the families in the isles and highlands, and to assign every

every man his seat at table according to his quality, for preventing contention; and if he had happened to make a mistake, it was not imputed to the master of the family. They had also cup-bearers and purse-masters, and most of them were hereditary, and held their places by charter.

"These chieftains anciently ratified their leagues of friendship by drinking a drop of blood, commonly drawn out of the little fingers, and those who violated a league thus confirmed were ever after held unworthy of society. After the druids were laid aside, they were succeeded by orators who kept the genealogies of their families, repeated the same on every succession, and made epithalamiums upon the occasion of marriages and births; these orators had a mighty ascendant over the greatest men in their time, who, either out of respect to them, or for fear of their satires, would grant them almost any thing they demanded, but at last lost their reputation by their insolence, and are now in very little esteem, whereas formerly they were allowed to sit among the chiefs of families. Their way of study was very singular. They used to shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and to lie down upon their backs with a stone upon their bellies, and their heads wrapped in their plades, and in this posture they pumped their brains for rhetorical encomiums, which they uttered in a dark and unintelligible stile. The poets of bards were likewise intituled formerly to the bridegroom's upper garment, but now must content themselves with what he is pleased to give them.

"The Islanders had formerly a wicked custom of consulting invisible oracles, concerning the fate of battles and families; and this they performed three several

ral ways. The first was by a company of men; one of whom being chosen by lot, was carried by night to a river, which was the boundary betwixt two villages, and four of the company taking him by the legs and arms, they struck his hips with force against the bank, and one of them crying, 'What have you got here?' another answered, 'A log of birch-wood:' upon which the other replied, 'Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters and relieve him, by giving a present answer to our demands.' And in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from sea, answered the question, and disappeared. Then the man was set at liberty, and the people returned home to take measures according to the response, which was still ambiguous, and so the poor fools were deluded. And this consultation was generally fatal to those who practised it, as was evident in a mischievous race of people, who consulted it about sixty-two years ago, and are since extinguished both root and branch.

"Their second way was by a company of men retiring into a solitary place, where they singled out one of their number, and wrapped him in a big cow's hide, covering him all with it except his head, and left him so all night, until his invisible friends relieved him by answering the questions proposed, and his neighbours returned to him in the morning to know what it was. Our author tells that one John Erach, an inhabitant of Lewis, acquainted Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vest, that it was his lot to be one night within an hide, as above mentioned, during which time he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not express them, and said with an air of great

great remorse, that he would not do the like again for a thousand worlds.

"The third way of consultation was by putting a live cat on a spit; and one of the company asking the person what he was doing? He answered, 'I roast this cat until his friends answer the question:' and afterwards a big cat, attended with a number of lesser ones, came to relieve the cat and answer the questions: and if the answer were the same with those given to the man in the hide, it was believed to be infallible.

"The next remarkable thing we shall take notice of, is our author's account of the Second Sight, and his remarkable instances to prove it. The Second Sight, he says, is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of any thing else, as long as it continues, and then they are pensive or jovial, according to the object represented to them. This faculty does not descend lineally, as some have imagined, nor is it acquired by any previous compact, or any way communicable by one to another. The seer knows nothing of it before it appears, and the same object is frequently seen by different persons at a considerable distance from one another. If the object appears early in the morning, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterward; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening perhaps that night, the later always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision appears. When a shrowd is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostick of

death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person, for if it be not above the middle, death is not expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer. Persons that are to be married together, are seen standing by one another's sides, and sometimes two or three together, according to the number of wives or husbands. To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a sign of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons. To see a seat empty at the time one sits in it, is a presage for the person's speedy death. Sometimes they are forewarned of death by a cry or voice out of doors, and sometimes they foresee things of such small consequence, as that they are to have fish or flesh in the house, and that such and such persons of no figure will visit them, &c. That if these visions be represented by spirits, it would seem that they sometimes act a ludicrous and comical, as well as a tragical and superstitious part, as any one may see by perusing our author's instances, for which we refer to the book itself, and also for his answers to the objections made against the Second Sight.

"The last thing we shall take notice of is our author's scheme for improving trade by sea and land in those islands, which, according to him, might be the most considerable, particularly for fishing, of any perhaps in the known world, and put in practice with the least trouble and expence, for which we shall also refer the curious on that subject to the book itself. *"

* Having thus pointed out a full account of the Western Islands of Scotland, I will take the opportunity of calling to the reader's notice a late publication on the Northern Islands, entitled "The History of the Orkney Islands; in which is comprehended an account of their present as well as their ancient state: together with the advantages they possess for several branches

branches of industry, and the means by which they may be improved; illustrated with an accurate and extensive map of the whole islands, and with plates of some of the most interesting objects they contain. By the Rev. George Barry, D.D. late Minister of Shapinshay," in one vol. 4to.

In the Monthly Magazine for August, 1805, p. 92, is the following account of the author.

"At Shapinshay, died in July last, the Rev. Dr. George Barry, aged 57. He was a native of Berwickshire, educated in the University of Edinburgh, and was for a short time employed as teacher of the sons of some gentlemen in Orkney, by whose patronage he became second minister of the Royal burgh and ancient cathedral of Kirkwall; from whence about nine years ago, he was translated to the island and parish of Shapinshay. He has left a widow and nine children, and many respectable friends to mourn his death. With fidelity and zeal he discharged the duties of the pastoral office. His statistical account of his two parishes, published by Sir John Sinclair, first rescued his name from that obscurity, in which it was placed by local situation, and drew from an impartial public, a high degree of approbation. Few men paid more attention to the education of youth than Dr. Barry. His own children he taught with all the skill of philosophy, and all the tenderness of parental affection. The same skill, united with no common degree of care, he extended, not only to the youth of his own, but to those of all the different parishes in the county. Sensible of his zeal in this respect, the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, upwards of five years ago, chose him one of their members, and gave him a superintendance over their schools in Orkney. Soon after, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. For several years past Dr. Barry employed his leisure hours in composing a civil and natural history of all the sixty-seven Islands of Orkney, comprehending an account of their original population, their ancient history, while a separate independent principality, whose warlike princes, in alliance with Norway and Denmark, ranked with those of Europe; and also their present condition and the means by which they may be improved. This history was published two months ago, in Edinburgh, in one large quarto volume, illustrated by a map of all the isles, friths, and harbours, and also with twelve elegant plates of the most grand and interesting objects of antiquity. From the testimony of several of the most respectable and learned gentlemen in Scotland it is believed, that this curious history of one of the most sequestered provinces of Britain, will, from the depth of its research, the accuracy of the narrative, and the classical elegance of its composition, transmit the name of its author to future ages with some degree of celebrity."

ART. XII. *Verses expressive of the author's regret, at not having sufficiently cultivated poetry in the proper season of youth.*

The days that are past, and for years have been o'er,
I wish I could seem by my song to restore!
Let me bring back the hours when Hope danc'd in my eye;
And heav'd in my bosom the rapturous sigh!
I seize the lov'd lyre: O how tremble its strings:
Hark! What are the notes that so faintly it rings!
" 'Tis in vain: the gay visions that beam'd in thy sight;
" The rich hues, that arrayed every scene in delight,
" Are vanish'd; and coldly thy hand will be laid
" On my chords, on which exquisite sounds were once made.
" Wild dreams of young Fancy that swell'd thy full breast,
" Forms of beauty angelic that haunted thy rest,
" To thy chill sober fingers no longer give fire,
" Thy bosom's dull feelings no longer inspire:
" Too idly thy moments of youth didst thou lose;
" Too seldom attendedst the voice of the Muse:
" Destroy'd is the charm now; and broken the spell;
" No dances of fairies now hast thou to tell;
" But gloomy the hues are Experience has wrought,
" And severe is Truth's lore, which Time's circuit has taught.
" O hadst thou but breath'd on my tremulous breast,
" When young Rapture thy fancy all-glowing possest;
" Perchance to far ages our names had gone down,
" And thy lyre might have gain'd thee immortal renown.
" It is past: now all tuneless decay my sad strings;
" And faint is the thought, in thy bosom that springs!

" O have

" O have not thy hopes been in sorrow all drown'd;
" And Despair's withering shadows envelop'd thee round?
" Then withdraw thy rash hand: nor, with feeble essay,
" Again thy lost power, and vain efforts betray!"
I submit. O thou Nymph of my earliest delight,
Whom, tho' often I treated with many a slight,
Yet I never forsook; thou art fled; and in scorn
Hast left thy sad votary thine absence to mourn!
Lov'd Muse, I well know my repentance is vain;
The dreams, that are past, I can never regain;
Yet, tho' weak be the glance of thine eye on my heart,
One ray of the joys that are vanish'd impart!

July 21, 1805.

ART. XIII. *Desultory observations on the sensibilities and eccentricities of men of genius: with remarks on Poets.*

The herd of servile imitators bring every thing into disgrace by affectation and excess. In those departments of literature, which require genius, this is more particularly the case. For a little while the tinsel copier becomes the rage of the public, till the glare of his colours satiates; and then, as the tide suddenly turns, the just fame of the original is drawn back into the vortex, and is sunk in one common ruin. On these occasions every yelping cur joins in echoing the cry of contempt, and some new whim engages the temporary curiosity of the mob.

There was a time when Rousseau was the idol of the admirers of genius; and all his weaknesses and extravagances were respected as the necessary concomitants of his extraordinary powers. Immediately

there arose multitudes of absurd followers, who, having at length corrupted the judgments of their indiscriminate readers, brought neglect and condemnation upon their original. For some years therefore we have heard the mob, the learned as well as the unlearned mob, talk in terms of uniform contempt and anger, of what they are pleased to call "the morbid sensibilities of sickly genius." Were this disapprobation confined to pretended feelings, of which the discovery requires a very small share of sagaciousness, it would be just. But it seems as if they meant to put their mark of scorn on every eccentricity of him who lives in that high temperament, in which alone works of genius can be produced.

Can we believe that Burns would have possessed the powers to produce his exquisite poem of "Tam O'Shanter" without having often trembled at some of those images, which the expansive blaze of his genius has there painted? Without a continued familiarity with all those hurried and impetuous feelings, which brought him to a premature grave, could he have written those enchanting songs which breathe so high a tone of fancy and passion? In the cold regions of worldly prudence, in the selfish habitations of dull propriety, may be found riches and health, and long life, and an insipid respect But, if he who is born with the higher talents, long accustoms himself to the discipline of such habits, the splendour of his imagination will become impenetrably huddled up in the fogs of this heavy atmosphere, and he will scarce be able to produce higher efforts of intellect, than one "of Nature's fools."

When Beattie gave up his ambition to metaphysi-

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cal philosophy, he ceased to be a poet. The lyre of Edwin, which had breathed all the soul of poetry in his first canto, began to flag and grow dull in the second; and then lost its tones, and never vibrated for the last thirty years of the owner's life. I certainly am too prejudiced to give a candid opinion; but I would have preferred a few more stanzas, in the style of the first, from the Minstrel's harp, to all the bulky volumes of prose that Beattie wrote.

How delightful to have left a perpetual memorial of some of those "ten thousand glorious visions," which are always floating across the brain of the highly endowed! But for those, who possess the ability, to go to the grave without having preserved a relic of them; to have suffered them to have passed "like the fleeting clouds," without one attempt to leave a memorial of the aspirations of a more exalted nature, is a mortifying reflection, which must depress true genius even to despondence. He, in whom Nature has sowed the energies of vigorous intellect, may be thrown into stations where there is nothing to fan the flames within him; in that case it is probable he may never discover any qualities above the herd of mankind: but an internal restlessness and discontent will prey upon his spirits and embitter his life.

There are no writer's criticisms so calculated to stifle the habits and the efforts of genius as those of Johnson. The cause of this is to be sought partly in the *truly* "morbid" propensities of his temper; and partly in the history of his life. I suspect that in the early resolution

"Nullius jurare in verba magistri,"

he soon sought originality at the expence of truth. His

His love of contradiction therefore became a disease, and finding in preceding biographers too much inclination to panegyrize the subjects of their memoirs, and to contemplate them with a blind admiration, he determined to shew the powers of his anatomizing pen, and to tear off the veil of respect that covered them. Thus he was pleased to seize every opportunity of exhibiting their personal frailties, and mental defects; and of treating them sometimes with anger, and sometimes with haughtiness. But there was another circumstance which had a tendency to warp the justice of his sincere opinions. Early in life he had probably discovered the inclination of his own imagination to predominate dangerously over his reason. On this account he used every exertion to subdue it; to reduce it to the severest trammels of argumentation, and the most sober paths of mental employment. Hence he acquired a habit of preferring the lower departments of the Muse; he best liked reasoning in verse; dry ethical couplets; and practical observations upon daily life. His private feelings hesitated between Dryden and Pope; and all the praise he has given to Milton, or Cowley, or Akenside, or Collins, or Gray, is extorted, penurious, and mixed with every degrading touch that the ingenuity of his acute mind, and force of his energetic language could introduce.

The public received these disingenuous lives with ill-tempered avidity. They who had never known what it was to be warmed by the flights of fancy; in whose torpid heads the description of Eden, the wailings over Lycidas, and all the imagery of Comus never raised one corresponding idea, but who concealed their lamentable deficiencies of mind before the awful

name

ne of Milton; now that they were sanctioned by nson, boldly gloried in their want of taste. All the l which they had so long been nourishing in their rts was now vomited forth without restraint, and : cry, which dulness had always secretly dissemi- ed against the aberrations of genius, was avowed the acknowledged dictate of sense and truth.

Johnson is a proof, among a thousand glaring ofs, how little the wisest men "know themselves;" l how often they pride themselves on points, in ich they are strikingly deficient. His great boast ms to have been his attention to

"That which before us lies in daily life."

t did ever any man more offend the proprieties of ily life than Johnson? His unhappy and neglected rson, his uncouth dress, his rude manners, and his egular habits, required the full eminence of his fame, d force of his talents, to counterbalance their offen- eness. Yet probably he would have exclaimed

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis!"

e seems to have thought that he himself required no ch set-offs. And, if we judge him by the rules by ich he judged others, such set-offs ought not to ve availed.

But I trust that I shall never judge by rules so rsh, and in my opinion so unwise. I regret the de- vity of Johnson's taste, and I lament that excess of vy and pride, the unconquerable disease of his dis- sition, which, in spite of all his efforts, too frequently erpowered his reason. But I venerate his vast abili- s, the strong and original operations of his mind, his

his force of ratiocination, and his luminous and impressive language. I venerate also the mingled goodness of his heart, his melting charity, his exalted principles, his enlarged moral notions, and the many sublime virtues of his mixed and unhappy life. But this is not all: according to the sentiments I have expressed, I necessarily go even further. To me it appears that some of his most offensive eccentricities were strongly connected with his most prominent excellencies.

To the constant abstraction of his mind, to the perpetual occupation of thinking, we must surely attribute much of the neglect of his person, much of his inattention to polished manners, and the etiquette of the world, and much of his irregular mode of life. But to this also is certainly attributable the clearness and arrangement of his ideas, the readiness of his thoughts upon every subject that was presented to him, and the perspicuity and happiness of his stile.

Let us hear no more reflections then on the "morbid" sensibility of the votaries of fancy. He, whose feelings are not acute, sometimes even to disease, can never touch the true chords of the lyre. To be in constant terror of exceeding the cold bounds of propriety, to be perpetually on the watch against any transient extravagance of mind, is not to be a poet It is true that eccentricity alone does not constitute genius; and he who is known only by its foibles, unaccompanied by its advantages, deserves little mercy. And little can he expect to meet with it, if he recollects that in the censorious eye of the world, even the happiest attainments of mental excellence, will make but

little

little amends for the smallest deviations from prudence of conduct.

That chilling philosophy, which demands the reconcilement of qualities nearly incompatible, has always appeared to me far from true wisdom. We may lament, but we should attempt to soothe and treat leniently, the little ebullitions of that fire, which at other times is exerted to enlighten and charm us. We should pity rather than despise the occasional lamentations from the pain of the thorn, which is too often at the breast of those, who delight us by their songs.

In thus venturing opinions so uncongenial with those of the great as well as little vulgar, I am aware of the extent to which I expose myself. The selfish worldling, the interested parent, the struggler in the paths of ordinary ambition, the stupid, the sterile-hearted, and the sensual, all will exclaim, "If such be the effects of poetry, heaven defend me and all my connections from being poets!" Poor wretches! They need not fear: poets, they may rest assured, are not made out of such materials!

It is with some hesitation that I venture to intermix, even thus sparingly, such desultory disquisitions as this, with the duty I have imposed on myself of transcribing old title pages, and tables of contents. But a friend has flattered me by hinting, that a few more such articles as that which I presumed to insert on the character of Cowper would produce a pleasing diversity in this work. In a wet morning therefore, though, with a head distracted by hateful business, of which I grow daily more impatient, and far removed from the conveniences of study and composition, I have assumed

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the courage to put into language a train of thoughts, excited by an accidental observation, which I last night read in a book of criticism.

July 21, 1805.

ART. XIV. *Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ Duodecim, Totidem anni mensibus accommodatæ. Anglice olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero Anglorum Poetarum Principe: nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ a Theodoro Bathurst, Aulæ Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini, impensis M. M. T. C. & G. Bedell, ad portam Medii Templi in vico vulgo vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Domini 1653. 8vo. pp. 147. Accompanied on the opposite pages by the original eclogues.*

This book is mentioned by Mr. Todd in his new edition of Spenser, Vol. I. p. CLXXVI. who says it was republished by John Ball with a Latin Dissertation "de vita et scriptis Spenseri," and an augmented glossary, 1732.

It is dedicated by the editor, William Di ingham, of Emanuel College, to Francis Lane, Esq. in the following words:

Viro eximio, et vere generoso, Francisco Lane Armigero, Amico meo singulari, Salutem.

Plura sunt, præstantissime Domine, quæ me tibi devinxerunt plurimum; morum candor, omnegenus literatura, et prudentia tua singularis; hæ sunt artes et præstigiæ, quibus facile te induis in aliorum pectora, quotquot virtutum tuarum testes admovit sors fæ-

lix:

licior. Verum, ne quid dissimulem, ulteriore adhuc catenâ me captivum ducis; enimvero suavissima tua consuetudo, dum hic olim studendi causâ commorarere, cum perpetua tua erga me voluntate, atque inde tot enatis beneficiis haud vulgaribus, hæc illa sunt, quæ me vehementius rapiunt, et actiori debendi nexu constrictum tenent. Quorum ego, quoniam ne minimam quidem partem assequi possum remunerando, id unum mihi relictum esse intelligo, ut quæ tibi solvendo non sum, ea lubenter tibi debeam, et agnoscam. Quod idem ego nunc amplum in modum factum cupio, et certè præstarem quidem si aut voluntati meæ par facultas esset, aut merita erga me tua non adeo fuissent omnem modum fuissent omnem modum supergressa. Quoniam autem etiam verba me destituunt, accipe (quæso) hasce chartas, muta quædam gratitudinis meæ signa & indicia; accipe quâ me soles fronte, apertâ, placidâ, exporrectâ. Erat olim tibi Spenserus tuus in deliciis; quocirca nullus metuo ne ingratus hodie tibi sit, indutus idem Romanâ togâ; quæ ita quidem illum decet, tamque apte illi convenit, ut aut non aliâ cute natus, aut in eam non tam translatus, quam restitutus esse videatur. Erat quidem hoc Poema Anglicè cum barbâ, (quod de Esavo Judæi fabulantur) imò et canitie suâ natum; ac si poeta non tam in Parnasso somniasset, quam cum Endymione in Latino stertuisset, atque adeo post tertium inde sæculum ad scribendum demum evigilâsset. Ita quidem illi visum est atavorum voces ab oblivione vindicare, eorumque παλιγγενεσιαν accelerare (siquidem

> Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ jam sunt in honore vocabula.

inquit

inquit Horatius;) verum inde tamen interea factum est ut nonnulli, quia non retro sibi vivendum esse constituerant, ejusmodi dictiones tanquam Evandri matris carmina, aut palantia quædam spectra abhorruerint. At metu illos isthoc dehinc porro liberavit vir doctissimus Theo. Bathurst, (Poeta non minus elegans, quam gravis idem postea Theologus) qui in eodem Collegio has æglogas Latine vertit, quo SPENSERUS ante aliquot annos poematia sua concepisse dicitur; et quidem ita vertit, ut et obscuris lucem, et facilitatem asperis, atque omnibus fere nitorem ac elegantiam fæneraverit; ac si unus ejusdem loci genius idem carmen diversis temporibus illi Anglice, huic Latine dictitasset. Hanc autem versionem suam clam sibi et Musis habuit, quoad in vivis erat autor modestissimus; postquam autem diem suum obiisset vir doctissimus, continuo factum est, ut, dum libraria ejus supellex quaquaversum divenderetur, bina hujus operis exemplaria ad manus meas deferrentur quæ propria ipsius manu frequenter interpolata, non parum eum in iis relambendis curæ posuisse, testabantur; penitius autem introspiciens, ejusmodi opus esse facile deprehendi, quale ad thus et scombros damnari minime oportebat, sed neque blattis et tineis amandari. Quocirca operæ pretium me facturum arbitrabar si quod non parvâ me affecerat voluptate, cum aliis etiam illud participarem, quibus non ingratum fore confido, cum nec inutile certe, nec injucundum. Tibi vero imprimis, vir amice, dicandum existimavi, tum quod sciverim te ab hujusmodi studiis nullo unquam tempore abhorruisse, tum quo extaret aliquod amoris, gratitudinis et observan-

tiæ ergo te meæ testimonium. Tu autem fave, et perge me amare, ut qui semper optime tui causâ velim.

Ad omnia obsequii et amicitiæ munia præstanda tibi paratissimus,

Coll. Emman. Cantabrigiæ, Calendis Julii MDCLIII. GUIL. DILLINGHAM.

It will afford á fair opportunity of varying thè matter of my work, and, I trust, be a grateful offering to clasical scholars, to transcribe the two first eclogues of this translation.

JANUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

Mœret neglectus Amator. *

Alexis. †

Upilio, (nec enim titulo potiore misellus
Dignandus) jam nunc bruma laxante rigorem,
Æthere sub sudo, (sudus forte obtigit æther,)
Eduxit fessas diuturno carcere caulæ
Strigosas pecudes, macie brumaque rigentes,
Ut vix succiduo sustentent poplite gressus.

* "In this first Aeglogue Colin Clout, a Shepheard's boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a countrey lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground."

† Colin Clout—viz. Spenser himself.

Isque status pecoris pastoris concolor Ori,
Lurida quod macies pallenti tabe colorat;
Æger cura forsan, et æger forsan amore;
Scit tamen et calamos inflare, et dicere versus:
Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,
Effuditque istas, dum pascunt illa, querelas.

O Superi, curas O qui miseratis amantum,
(Si tamen e Superis quisquam misereatur amantes)
Despicite e cœlis ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
Luctisonisque precor, submittite cantibus aures:
Tu quoque pastorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
Cuspide Pan, prius expertos miserere dolores:

Effæta O tellus, brumalis præda furoris,
Viva meæ vitæ occasum spectantis imago,
Te modo millecuplo florum discrimine pinxit
Ver, tuaque asphodelis stellata superbiit æstas;
At jam nimbosæ sævit violentia brumæ,
Quæque triumphabat modo, jam tua purpura cordet.

Pectore sub nostro rabies furit æmula brumæ,
Nam stupet in venis immiti frigore sanguis:
Sævit et in nostram tempestas tanta carinam,
Tanquam jam tremulos spectaret vita Decembres.
Vix tamen, ah miserum, florescere cæperat annus,
Et tamen, ah miserum, mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroso nudatæ tegmine quercus,
Qua volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidos;
Nunc musco indutæ, canæque horrore pruinæ,
En, ubi vestra novo turgebant germina fœtu,
Brachia conspicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
Pendulaque astrictis glaciatur stiria guttis.

Sic

Sic quoque, sic nostræ folia incoacusa juventæ
Nunc flaccent, nimiis curarum exercita ventis;
En, emarcescit felix flos puberis ævi,
Ustulat et canum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
Pendet ut a vestris glacialis stiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitam qui vellere lanam
Gestas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
Hauserunt vires, macie testare, probasque
Obruta solicitis pastoris pectora curis.
Debilis ille, et tu: Macer es, macrescit et ille:
Languendo luges, lugendo languet et ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
Urbs vicina oculis quo primum erat obvia nostris.
Et tamen illarum horam votis bis mille beavi,
Qua vidi nostram (spectacula tanta) puellam;
Sed frustra; nostræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
Proh, Superi! mellis fœcundi, et fellis amores!

Non infortunum queritur mea fistula Mopsum,
Ambiat ille meum licet indefessus amorem.
Agrestis sperno tam rustica munera Mopsi;
Hædos; involucres nidos; et præcoqua poma.
Insipiens frustra mittis tua munera Mopsi,
Quæ tuus ille suæ mox Phillidi mittit Alexis.

Phillis amata mihi est (heu, cur mihi Phillis amata?)
Despectusque ab ea sum, (cur despectus ab illa?)
Respuit usque meos et dedignatur amores,
Fastiditque audire rudem sufflata cicutam.
Quin pastorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
Subsannatque elata, suus quæ cantat Alexis.

Ergo placeo licet agresti mea fistula Pani,
Cum tamen haud placeas ubi vellem sola placeres;
Et tu, Musa, meos sopire assueta dolores,
Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,
Solvetis meritas et Musa, et fistula pœnas:
Cum calamos frangit, fususque recumbit in herbam.

Jam Sol emeritos devexo tramite currus
Urgebat præceps, glaciatoque horrida rore
Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovilia cogens
Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magistri.

FEBRUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

Haud impune spreta Senectus. *

Damon, Thyrsis.

Ah Superi, nunquamne hyemis desæviet ira?
Numquamne immites ponent sua flamina venti?
Squamosam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,
Ossa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.

* Argument. "This Aeglogue is rather morall and generall than bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot, an old Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unluttinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a drie and withering cold, which concealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare."

Strigosique

Strigosique boves vibrantur frigore corpus,
Summæ ut succusso nutant fundamine turres:
Assuetique suæ sinuare volumina caudæ,
Perque auras agitare, en, ut sub ventre remulcent.

Thyrsis.

Improbe cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
Obvia quod solito tua terga rigore lacessat?
Nonne suis celeres decurrunt legibus anni?
Succedunt invisa bonis, pejoraque pravis:
Pejora excipiunt tandem deterrima, & inde
In se transacti celeris rota volvitur ævi.
Qui non hybernas patietur frigoris iras,
Quo se proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
Ipse ego, (qui effætus jam) ter sex lustra peregi,
Nunc risu effusus, nunc fletu absorptus amaro;
Nunquam æstus, nunquam torpentia frigora questus,
Brumalesve minas, aut summi tædia solis;
Nec torvam rabida fortunam voce lacessi,
Mente ferens æqua quæ sors inflixit iniqua;
Cura pecus semper mihi nostræ credita curæ,
Æstate ut saturent hanc pascua, pabula brumâ.

Damon.

Non equidem miror, si tu, rigidissime Thyrsi,
Insanos brumæ fers æqua mente rigores:
Nam tremulæ tremula est affinis bruma senectæ;
Hæc friget, riget illa, hæc canet, canet et illa.
Usque æther terris iratus luce maligna
Contristat pluviis cœlum, sic torva tuetur
Nubila frons; tua sic ætas obnubilat ora,
Morosa ut tristem caperant jejunia vultum.
Ætas nostra virens canæ est inimica pruinæ,
Nec mea brumales ratis est experta procellas.

Thyrsis.

Nequicquam incusat Neptunia numina demens,
Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbasa ponto.

Sic, sic ignavi, pastoria turba, pueIli
Pascitis auricomis balantum armenta genistis.
Quod si sol forsan vultu meliore renidet,
Ver redisse statim bruma cedente putatis.
Inde juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
Et stipulâ argutas interstridere cicadas,
Vosque anni dominos male credula turba putatis;
Sæpe tamen, cum vos defunctos esse periclo
Speratis, subito rugoso pallida vultu
Bruma venit, sulcis perarata senilibus ora,
Quaque procellosas tremule jaculata sagittas;
Cor stupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia sanguis:
Tum demum cadet inconsulta ferocia vobis,
Et pecudes bruma recrudescente rigescunt;
Commeritas pendit tum vestra superbia pœnas,
Planctuque et gemitu, glomeratoque agmine cladum

Damon.

Non hujus facio monitus, delire, seniles;
Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere gremio
Velles? exhaustum puto defecisse cerebrum,
Exedit exuccæ tibi quod rubigo senectæ.
Utque caput quassum male justo pondere nutat,
Sic et gibbosâ obstitum cervice recumbit:
Quumque tibi toto periit cum germine truncus,
Vis nostram parili florem marcescere fato.
Quod si æquæva meæ tibi jam floresceret ætas,
Mox alio sensus deflecteret alma voluptas;
Tum tua formosam resonaret Phillida canna,
Æternum nostro devotam Phillida amori.
Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula misi,
Cingula queis bullis stellatur baltheus aureis.
Talia Pastores lætos, vultusque serenos
Efficerent, vitæque tuæ revirescere florem.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

Desipis, ingratos jactando insanus amores;
His quæcunque dabis, rapidis dabis irrita ventis.

Damon.

En: viden? ille meus, subrufâ fronte juvencus,
Quam belle arrectas crispat petulantius aures!
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Cantiacas vincunt palearia mollia nymphas.
Aspicis elatis auras ut naribus hausit?
Non illum dulces meditari credis amores?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animoque fatiscunt,
Tergoraque horrentes brumâ, canæque pruinâ.
Dux gregis obtuso, fractoque vigore relanguet:
Quæ modo turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt:
Primigenas agnos brumalis concutit horror:
Quippe regit Vetulus defectus viribus illos.

Thyrsis.

Non operæ, frugi vè bonæ te censeo, Damon,
Qui tumidè vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas.
Nam satis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
Cui mens est amens; cui mors est debita merces;
Cui via desertum; cui diversoria pœna,
Inflatique ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
Quam pubescenti dixit mihi Tityrus ævo,
Qua pandit lætos celeberrima Cantia colles?

Damon.

Nil æque vellem: nil est optatius illis,
Quæ senis ex hujus lepido fluxere cerebro:
Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
Doctiloquo quæcunque senex deprompsit ab ore.

Thyrsis.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemque juventam,
Verum sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans;
E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
Nunc aureo adhibe, et quo se feret exitus, audi.
Annosa en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum;
Lataque jam modica sua brachia porrigit umbra,
Brachia, quæ frondis nudarat honore senecta:
Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
Tendat ut in cælos vertex, in Tartara radix.
Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
Innumeros porcos numerosa glande saginans;
Glaucâ at nunc musci squalet putredine cortex;
Nam pulsant rigidæ ramalia nuda procellæ,
Calvoque informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
Deflorescit honos, et brachia nuda putrescunt.
Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
Inque altum jactat ramos, cæloque minatur,
Formoso florum vernabat honore superbus.
Semper et agrestes huc adventare solebant
Pastorum natæ, paliuri et carpere flores,
Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere sertis.
Sæpius istius ramis innixa sedebat
Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela susurris:
Hinc tanta insano crevit fiducia vepri,
Ausit ut annoso convicia fundere trunco,
Atque infæcundam multum exprobare senectam.
Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
Cum tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
Aspicis ut nostris laxant nova germina flores,
Lilia qui candore, rubore rosaria vincant,

Ut

Ut vivo vernant folia hæc induta vîrore,
Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras:
Quique tuo canus dependet cortice muscus
Infecit nostros spirantes Cinnama flores.
Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc annosa facessat,
Nè nostri solvos pretium non vile furoris.
Dixerat hæc vepres voce indignatus acerbâ,
At nil è contrà quercus longæva locuta
Cedebat, tristi et perculsa pudore dolebat,
Probrosis vili dictis a vepre lacessi.
Indè die quodam (sic fors et fata volebant)
Intulit huc gressus ejusdem cultor agelli,
Dum de more suos invisit sedulus agros,
Condendisque notat quæ trabs accommoda telis.
Hunc simul ac vidit læto paliurus in arvo,
(Ut jam sopitos litis malè suscitet ignes)
Ultrò conqueritur, magnâq'; ità voce profatur.
O Domine, ô a quo pendet mea vita, salusque,
Sollicitos æquo dignare examine questus,
Quos nunc extorsit violenta injuria, quali
Vestrum ego mancipium (nec spes super ulla) laboro:
Et tua ni lapsis succurrat dextera rebus,
Me mittet Stygiis dolor insuperabilis umbris,
Hostis eò crevit funesta potentia nostri.
Attonitus multùm miseranda voce colonus,
Gramineo viridis consedit cespite campi,
Atque rubum jussit sceleratò pergere questu;
Indè audax cæpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
(Ambitiosorum mos hic solennis agendi)
Artis pigmentis fuçatum obtexere crimen.
O cui cum cunctis famulatur sylva viretis,
Qui seris immanes quercus, humilesque myricas,
Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,

Prima

Prima ut sylvestris lucerem gloria campi,
Illustrans vernos formosis floribus agros,
Æstatemque rubris possem ditare racemis?
Hoc ergo unde venit? cur annis obsita quercus,
Exuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fracta;
Nuda in vicinos quæ brachia porrigit ignes,
In nos exercet regnum imperiosius æquo,
Obnubens umbra nostrum male grata nitorem,
Solaremque mihi discludens invida lucem?
En cariosa meum pertundunt brachia corpus,
Manet ut obtrito viridis de cortice sanguis;
Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
Quæ prima esse solent capiti gestamina vestro;
Sæpe etiam turpes, exeso e stipite, bruchos
Dejicit in ramos, pars ne qua illæsa maneret.
Sæpeque canentes calvo de vertice cyrrhi
Delapsi vivum florum obfuscare nitorem.
Contra hæc, atque alia in nostram tentata salutem,
Auxilium supplex posco, ut tua, scilicet hostis
Late grassantem refrænet dextra furorem.
Unum hoc, ne prima cogar decedere sorte,
Sic hæc judicio vestro pensanda relinquens,
Oro vicinum perituro arcere periclum.
His mota, ad causam quercus se accingit agendam,
Diluat ut fictum crimen; sed prævius hostis
Irarum tantus exciverat ante procellas,
Ut decernendæ non sit data copia litis.
Hic sua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus irâ,
Volvebat sub corde minas, acuitque furorem.
Et jam funesta dextra est armata securi,
(Hei mihi, tam prompte occurrit scelerata securis!)
Jamque relegit iter, solus repetivit agellum.
(Quantilla ah opus est opé cui sunt vota nocendi!)
Quo minus appellet quercum, gravis obstitit ira,
Mollescens sensim ne fors languesceret ardor;

Atqui

Atqui in radicem libratos destinat ictus,
Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera trunco;
At sæpe inflictæ est acies replicata securi,
Et jussa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
Detrectasse operam videatur adacta securis,
Aut timide abstinuisse sacram violare senectam.
Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
Culta metu patrumque, et religione nepotum:
Transversoque crucis signo, quam sæpe rotatam
Illam lustrali festus circumtulit unda
Sacrificus; sed cura superstitiosa colentum
Vana fuit, miseram nequiens arcere senectam;
Aut jam vicinum trepidanti avertere casum.
Nam dominus ferrum tota cervice reductum
Vibrat, ut inflicto tremeret sub verbere truncus,
Vicinamque videns gemeret properare ruinam.
Cumque chalybs mediam penetrarat adusque medullam,
Corruit, et duxit de nubibus acta ruinam;
Quassavit lassatam immani pondere terram,
Cedit et ipsa oneri, late et succussa tremiscit;
Ecce cadit quercus, nullo miserante cadentem.
Nunc vacuo inflatus regnat paliurus in agro,
Vanaque ventoso turgescunt pectora fastu;
Sed viget ad tempus non duraturæ voluptas,
Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
Et rigidus gelido Boreas bacchatur ab axe,
Pulsans dejecto viduatam robore veprem;
Nulla etenim stabat munitus parte miserrus.
Nunc igitur sera damnat sua vota querela:
Namque quod assueto nudatus tegmine stabat,
Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
In terram nutans madido caput imbre gravatur,
Et jam lassa nimis subsidunt pondere terga,
Amplius ut nequeant surrecto stipite stare;
Tum prostratus humi, et submersus vertice, cæno

Obteritur

Obteritur pedibus, carpunt et brachia taurî,
En talem vepris sortita superbia finem,
Quod senium sprevit.

Damon.

Ohe; jam satis est, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ;
Siste gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur;
Lassas arrexi lentis sermonibus aures,
Dum miseri clunes hærent tellure refixi;
Quinetiam in venis stupidum riguisse cruorem
Sentio, et, en, calci concrevit pera gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula casus:
Ito domum, pastor, prope jam lux occidit, ito.

Perhaps I may hereafter continue my transcript of this version; but this will depend on the wishes of my readers, as far as they shall reach me.

ART. XV. *Memoirs of Wool, by the Rev. John Smith, L.L.B.* 1747.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 285.]

Bibliography being the principal purpose of my work, I shall take the opportunity of extracting from the learned collections of this author, a chronological catalogue of early and scarce writers on the Commerce of England, or rather of such of them as have touched on the Wool-Trade, the earliest, most important, and still increasing branch of British produce.

1. "A Compendium or brief examination of certain ordinary complaints of divers of our countrymen in these our days: which although they are in some part

part unjust and frivolous, yet they are all, by way of dialogue, thoroughly debated and discussed. By W. S. Gent. 1581." The dialogue is between "a knight, doctour, capper, merchaunt, and husbandman," and contains the same complaints, almost in the same words, as we have heard in every age, and hear at this day. The husbandman complains of inclosures, to which he attributes the increase of pasture, the dearness of corn, and the rise of rents. The capper confirms him by the augmented demands of his journeymen for wages; and the merchant attributes to this cause the decay of towns, and the additional prices of merchandise in consequence of the rise in the common articles of life, while in fact there never was a greater plenty of corn and grass and cattle. The knight asks, if the produce of the earth be really plentiful, how the high price can be attributed to inclosures? Yet he confesses that the alledged dearness exists, and says none feel it like gentlemen, whose incomes are fixed. "You raise your rents," cries the husbandman, "and by taking farms and pastures into your hands, rob poor men of their livings." "True," says the merchant.—The knight replies that the gentry are necessitated to do so, to protect themselves against the growing prices of the commodities which they require. The husbandman returns to his charge: "Those sheep," he continues, "are the cause of all these mischiefs!" The doctour, who appears to be the moderator, tells them they have all cause to complain, and resolves the original of these advanced prices of things into the alteration of the value of coin, on which subject he discourses very sensibly; and accounts for wool being dearer in comparison

parison than corn, from the former being allowed to be exported, and the latter too much restrained in that respect; says that reversing the measures would produce the contrary effect; and wisely argues that by giving an equal proper liberty to both; in that case, notwithstanding inclosures, the balance would be preserved; for that the farmer would shift from sheep to corn, and vice versa, as he was likely to find his account best in the one or the other. Indeed the result of the whole dialogue is, that the advanced price of all commodities, which appears to have been the complaint of these times, was only a consequence of the increase of trade, and a greater plenty of money than heretofore. It also appears that the price of wool, before the general dearth complained of at this period was 13s. 4d. per tod, and that now, viz. in 1581, it sold for 20s. and 22s per tod. *

2. "A Treatise of Commerce, wherein are shewed the commodities arising by a well ordered and ruled Trade, such as that of the Society of Merchants Adventurers is proved to be; written principallie for the better information of those who doubt of the necessariness of the said Societie in the state of the realme of England. By John Wheeler, Secretarie to the said Societie. Printed at Middleburgh, 1601."

Smith says, this is the first printed book so nearly related as it is to the subject of these Memoirs. It contains, he adds, a tolerable history thereof, so far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth reaches, and something higher. The Merchant Adventurers, who had been the great instruments in procuring the dissolution of

* Smith, I. 111, 112, 113.

the

the Stillyard Company, as monopolists, were now themselves become the object of like complaint, and probably not without reason. *

3. "A Declaration of the Estate of Clothing now used within this realm of England, &c. By John May, a Deputy Aulnager, 1613." Smith says, this writer lays open (not perhaps, without some degree of aggravation, in order to magnify his own office) several abuses in the woollen manufacture; which sort of abuses have given occasion to many laws both before and since the writing this tract, and which will be almost constantly found to be one great topic of complaint, and subject for reformation, in subsequent writers on this subject. †

4. "The Trade's Increase, 1615." This is a complaint of the decay of the English navigation, which the writer ascribes to the great consumption of mariners in the East India Trade.

5. "The Defence of Trade, 1615," a pamphlet, in answer to the last, by Sir Dudley Digges.

6. "Touching Manufactory: a Letter to King James; being part of a Tract, entitled, Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollander, and other nations, as presented to King James, and commonly said *(Smith thinks untruly)* to have been wrote by Sir Walter Raleigh, and, as such, printed with his Remains, London, 1702, but written, if not published, before 1616." The real author is supposed to have been John Keymer. Smith is anxious to acquit Raleigh of it, to whose memory he thinks it does no credit.

* Smith, I. p. 116. † Ibid p. 129.

7. "Free

7. "Free Trade: or the means to make trade flourish; wherein the causes of the decay of trade in this kingdom are discovered, and the remedies also to remove the same are represented. London, 1622. By E. Misselden of Hackney, Merchant."

As one special cause, as well as effect, of the decay of trade, this author assigns the want of money; which want he in a great measure accounts for "by the excess of the kingdom in their consumption of foreign commodities, such as the wines of Spain, France, of the Rhine, the Levant, and the Islands, the raisins of Spain, the corints of the Levant, the lawns and cambricks of Hannault and the Netherlands, the silks of Italy" &c. and then proceeds to the head of drapery.

8. "An Answer to a Treatise of Free Trade lately published. By Gerard Malynes, Merchant. London, 1622."

Oldys, in his "British Librarian," p. 96, has given a full account of this book. It seems that this author had published a tract as early as 1601, entitled "A Treatise of the Canker of England's Commonwealth," which was chiefly about exchange, and contained a passage relative to the Cloth Trade, that drew forth the reflections of Misselden; on which occasion came forth the above answer. Misselden had, it appears, omitted to handle the mystery of exchange between us and other nations; his only scope being to have the monies of the kingdom enhanced in price, and the foreign coins inconveniently made current in the realm at high rates.

Oldys says in a note, that "Malynes, the knowing and ingenious author of this scarce and curious tract, who thus spent forty years in the study of means to enrich

enrich his country by traffic, was a person of such considerable note for his abilities, that he was often called to the Council-Table, both in Queen Elizabeth's reign and King James's, for his opinion in mercantile affairs. He was appointed one of the Commissioners of Trade in the Low Countries, for settling the value of monies about 1586. He was afterwards a Commissioner also at home in the year 1600 for establishing the true par of exchange; and upon the laws enacted in the fourth year of King James, for the making of good and true cloth, he exhibited a demonstration to the Lords of the Privy Council, shewing the weight, length, and breadth of all sorts of cloths; and that weight and measure do controul each other; whereby the merchant, who buys the cloth, may be enabled to find out the fraud and deceit of the clothier. We find also that he published several other books besides this, as, near thirty years before, "the Canker of England's Commmonwealth" above-mentioned; also "England's View;" and that he now had under the press, a volume, entitled "Lex Mercatoria, or, the ancient Law Merchant," wherein the dangerous rocks to be avoided in the course of traffic, and the means thereunto conducing, are manifested, for the preservation and augmentation of the wealth of these kingdoms, according to "Jus Gentium;" the knowledge whereof is of such moment, that all other temporal laws without it are not complete. He wrote also "The Royal Merchant of Great Britain," which he had now in MS. and perhaps other works."

This author's "Lex Mercatoria" is still, I presume, a book of authority; for I perceive that it is occasionally cited in the learned "Treatise on the

Law of Merchant Ships and Seamen, 1802, by Mr. Abbott," who has referred to some of the dicta of Malynes.

9. "The Circle of Commerce, a reply to Malynes. By E. Misselden. 1623."

Malynes had affirmed, "that the makers of cloth beyond the seas cannot make their cloth without our English wool;" which was untrue, and exposed him to this reply.

10. "England's Safety in Trade's Encrease, most humbly presented to the High Court of Parliament. By Henry Robinson, Gent. 1641."

In the late long interval of parliament, there does not seem to have been so much as a single tract on this subject. People who wanted to have them, had another way of obtaining their desired ends of monopoly, &c. by licenses and patents purchased with money. And if there were any, and certainly there were several, who disapproved such measures, yet the power of the Crown in the court of Star-Chamber ran too high for any one to risk his liberty and fortune, for the sake of exposing them, when they knew it could only issue in their own ruin. But now upon the meeting of this parliament, they are presented by Mr. Robinson with a short system of trading politics; in which, as in most others of the same kind, the woollen trade makes one article. Though the author is not always quite consistent, he is not the least so of writers on this subject. *

11. "The Golden Fleece, wherein is related the riches of the English Wools in its manufactures, to-

* Smith, I. 177.

gether

gether with the true uses and abuses of the Aulnagers, Measurers, and Searchers Offices. By W. S. Gent. 1656."

The greater part of this book is a mere transcript of J. May's "Estate of Clothing, 1613."

12. "England's Interest considered in the Increase of the Trade of this Kingdom. By Samuel Fortrey. First published in 1663."

13. "England's Treasure by Foreign Trade; or, the Balance of Foreign Trade is the rule of our treasure. By Thomas Mun of London, Merchant. First printed in 1664."

This author was a merchant of note, whose name is often mentioned with approbation as a writer on trade.

14. "A New Discourse of Trade. By Sir Josiah Child." Probably first printed about 1667.

15. "Sir Josiah Child, of Wool and Woollen Manufacture."

Every sentence of this great oracle in trade carries with it no small authority; but yet we ought not to give implicitly into any of his opinions, without weighing and considering them maturely.

16. "England's Interest by Trade asserted, wherein is discovered, that many hundred thousand pounds might be gained to the kingdom by the due improvement of the product thereof, more particularly by Wool; and the evil consequences of its exportation, unmanufactured. By W. C. a servant to his King and country. The second impression. London. 1671."

17. "The Political Anatomy of Ireland. By Sir William Petty. 1672."

18. "A Letter from Sir William Temple, dated at

Dublin, 1673, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

19. "An Essay to the restoring of our decayed Trade, wherein is described the Smuglers, Officers, and Lawyers frauds, &c. By Joseph Trevers, 1675."

This author was a clothier, and afterwards in the office of Surveyor of one of the ports of this kingdom at the Custom-House.

20. "Reasons for a limited Exportation of Wool, 1677."

21. "A Discourse, shewing that the Exportation of Wool is destructive to this kingdom; wherein is also shewed the absolute necessity of promoting our Woollen Manufacture, and moderating the importation of some commodities, and prohibiting others. By Thomas Manly, Esq. 1677."

This writer, says Smith, had a controversy some years before this, about the rate of interest for money, with Sir Josiah Child, in which Sir Josiah speaks of him as a lawyer. That he was addicted to sophisms is pretty apparent from his manner of treating upon this subject. *

22. "A full and clear answer to a paper, intituled, "Reasons for a limited Exportation of Wool." By W. C. 1677."

23. "A Letter from a Gentleman in Ireland to his brother in England, relating to the Concerns of Ireland in matters of Trade, 1677."

24. "A Treatise of Wool and Cattle, in a letter written to a Friend, occasioned upon a discourse con-

* Smith, I. 267.

cerning

cerning the great abatement of rents, and low value of lands, &c. 1677."

25. "England's Improvement, &c. By Andrew Yarranton, Gent. 1677."

This contains, among other things, a dialogue between a clothier, a woollen draper, and a country yeoman at supper upon the road.

26. "The ancient Trades decayed, repaired again, &c. By a Country Tradesman, 1678."

27. "An Account of the French Usurpation upon the Trade of England, &c. In a letter. By J. B. 1679."

28. "Britannia Languens; or, a discourse of Trade. 1680."

This book is one middling volume in 8vo. treats, like some others, of trade in all its branches; and is frequently quoted with respect.

29. "A Plea for the bringing in of Irish Cattle, &c. By John Collins, Accomptant to the Royal Fishery Company. E. Reg. Soc. Philomath. 1680."

Of this author some account may be found in the General Dictionary. "Lord Chancellor Shaftsbury nominated him in divers references concerning suits depending in Chancery about intricate accounts, to assist in the stating thereof; which was some emolument to him, and to the shortening of the charge of the parties concerned; from which time especially his assistance was often used in other places, and by other persons; whereby he not only obtained some wealth, but a great name."

30. "A Treatise, wherein is demonstrated, that the East-India Trade is the most national of all Trades. By Philanax. 1681."

This pamphlet is thought to have been written by Sir Josiah Child, or at least by his direction, and approved of by the Court of Committee of the East India Company.

31. "A Representation of the advantages from erecting and improving of Manufactories, more especially that of Woollen Cloth; with an answer to the objections against this last; and an account of the present state and success of the manufactory at New Milnes for woollen cloth, serges, silk, and worsted stockins, and of the rules and methods observed by the undertakers in the managing of it; with proposals to such as shall be willing to join in that work. Edinburgh. Printed, 1683."

32. "Reasons humbly offered by the Governour, Assistants, and Fellowship of Eastland Merchants, against the giving a general liberty to all persons whatsoever, to export the English Woollen Manufacture whither they please. 1689."

33. "The Linen and Woollen Manufactory discoursed, with the natures of Companies and Trades in general, and particularly that of the Companies for the Linen Manufactory of England and Ireland; with some reflections how the Trade of Ireland hath formerly, and may now affect England. Printed at the request of a Peer of this realm, London, 1691."

34. "An Abstract of the Grievances of Trade which oppress our Poor, humbly offered to Parliament. London, 1694."

Smith observes that "complaints, in general terms, of the bad state of trade, or even, which is more rare, boastings occasionally, of a good one, are so uncertainly issued, just as it suits the views and inclinations of

of particular persons or parties, that without some proper vouchers, such as the Custom-house accounts, or other testimony of a like nature, they are not to be depended upon for truths. Neither are the poor-rates, though often appealed to, any certain rule to judge by. As towns increase their trade, so will their number of poor, and consequently their parish-rates, increase. Moreover such is the manner of life, from hand to mouth, and the particular improvidence of labouring manufacturers and mechanics beyond those in plain simple husbandry, that as often as there happens either an epidemical sickness, or a scarcity and dearth of provisions, or a rigorous season, to put a stop to their work and their wages; so often, be the general state of trade and manufacture never so good, will there be great occasion of complaint among that class of people; and numbers of them will become the objects of relief."

35. "Considerations requiring greater care for trade in England, and some expedients proposed. London, 1695."

36. "A Essay on the East-India Trade, in a letter to the Marquess of Normanby. By Dr. Davenant. 1696-7."

37. "England and East-India inconsistent in their Manufactures; being an Answer to a Treatise, intitled, an Essay on the East-India Trade, &c. 1697."

The following profound observations of Smith, suggested by these pamphlets, deserve constant attention: "The author of the last pamphlet," says Smith, "grants much more than is necessary in admitting that woollen goods consumed at home do not enrich the nation; since nothing is so certainly enriching to

it, for as much as money saved is money got. But because that is no part of the balance of trade directly, therefore, I suppose, some will have it to be no part of the riches of the kingdom. This is for want of a full and true idea of what are riches; of which I cannot conceive otherwise, but that whatsoever enables a community to live plentifully, and contribute largely to the support of Government is, truly and properly, riches. This, a large consumption of home produce and manufacture, of the latter especially, does certainly. It does not indeed increase directly the stock of bullion in the kingdom; but it does what is much more, it certainly gives a brisk circulation to what is already there. And money itself is not properly riches; i. e. it is not serviceable to a community, but as it is circulated. Now four millions at home, consumed in home manufacture, makes ten times the circulation, gives life to ten times the expence in provisions, and taxes, that 400,000l. sent abroad in home manufacture does. In short, trade is two-fold, foreign and domestic; and though neither is to be slighted, but on the contrary cultivated with the greatest care and diligence, yet according to "The British Merchant," the latter is of the far greatest consequence. A larger home consumption of home produce and manufacture is a certain advantage, a less exportation of the same abroad is uncertainly so. If, for instance, which is too often the case, to force a vent abroad, and make more business and profit to merchants, more in value of consumable commodities is imported upon the whole from foreign countries, than is exported thither of home produce and manufacture; in that case, though there is an appearance

appearance of trade, and the merchants are gainers, yet the nation really loses. But home consumption of home produce and manufacture is a means of enriching a nation, as certain, as that improving lands is a means of increasing their rents, although the number of acres are not increased; while the exporting of home produce and manufacture is only accidentally enriching; i. e. provided less in value, of consumable commodities, is imported in return than was exported. I have said thus much, only to shew the great mistake of those who make light of the home consumption of woollen manufactures in England; which is vastly great, and of immense advantage to the nation; not to disparage the exportation of the same, which is also of prodigious consequence, as is every other article of our trade, which tends to turn the balance in our favour." *

38. "The Advantage of the East-India Trade to England considered, wherein all the objections to that Trade are fully answered. 1697-8."

Smith here takes occasion to throw a censure on Davenant, in conjunction with the author of the last pamphlet, which I am willing to hope was unmerited. "Though neither the arguments of this writer, nor those of Dr. Davenant," says he, "were sufficient to uphold the use of East-India manufactures in England for continuance of time; yet by raising a mist about the subject, they were plainly instrumental in prolonging the same for a few years. And that, to some particular traders, was worth the paying a handsome premium for to such *mercenary* pens. So that both

* Smith I. 414.

the

the one and the other, viz. those that paid, and they that received the money, finding sufficiently their account therein for the present, they were none of them over and above solicitous for the future credit of the thing." *

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XVI. *Tracts on the Corn-Trade and Corn-Laws. By Charles Smith, Esq. A new Edition, with additions from the Marginal Manuscripts of Mr. Catherwood. To which is now added, a Supplement of interesting pieces on the same subject. With some account of the Life of Mr. Smith. London, printed for Stockdale.* 1804. 8*vo. pp.* 323.

These celebrated tracts on the corn-laws had become very scarce, till this republication.

By the brief but interesting Memoir annexed, which is probably to be attributed to the learned pen of Mr. George Chalmers, it appears, that Charles Smith, the undoubted author of the "Three Tracts on Corn," which were originally published" (in 1758 and 1759) "when the want of knowledge on this subject was great; and have been since demanded by the public at different times, when the scarcity of food made the legislation of corn the most difficult," was born at Stepney in 1713. His father was Charles Smith, who occupied several mills by descent, and erected those great establishments of the kind at Barking in Essex; from which he retired to Croydon, where he died in

* With this ends the First Volume of Smith.

1761. Our author succeeded, on his father's retirement, to the occupation of his predecessors; but, having a competent fortune, left the active management to his partner and relation, while he found leisure to pursue his enquiries at Barking, and discharge the duties of a country magistrate.

In 1748, at the age of thirty-five, he married Judith, daughter of Isaac Lefevre, brother to Peter Lefevre, who had established the largest malt-distillery in England; and from henceforth he resided among his wife's relations at Stratford in Essex. Here, inquisitive and industrious, he turned his attention to the operations of the corn-trade, and policy of the corn-laws; and was induced by the scarcity of 1757, to lay the result of his labours on this subject before the public. These drew many communications from his friends, which formed afterwards his Third Tract, entitled, "A Collection of Papers, relative to the Price, Exportation, and Importation of Corn."

The first tract is entitled "A Short Essay on the Corn-Trade, and the Corn-Laws: containing a general relation of the present method of carrying on the Corn-Trade, and the purport of the Laws relating thereto in this Kingdom." 1758.

The second is "Considerations on the Laws relating to the Importation and Exportation of Corn; being an Enquiry what alteration may be made in them for the benefit of the Public." 1759.

These Tracts were universally well received, and the author lived to see an edition of them published by the city of London; to hear his work quoted with approbation by Dr. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations;" and to observe his recommendations adopted by

by Parliament. But in the midst of these enjoyments he died by a fall from his horse, on February 8, 1777, æt. 63. He left a widow, lately if not yet surviving, a daughter Judith, and an only son Charles Smith, in possession of a plentiful fortune, who is now M. P. for Westbury in Wilts, and resides at Suttons, near Ongar in Essex; and who married his namesake, Augusta, third daughter of Joshua Smith, Esq. of Stoke, near the Devizes, M. P.

ART. XVII. *England's Helicon: or, the Muse's Harmony.*

The courts of kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the rusticke swaines.

London, printed for Richard More, and are to be sould at his shop in St. Dunstane's Church-yard, 1614. 8vo.

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS AND HONOURABLE LADY, THE LADY ELIZABETH CARIE.*

Deigne, worthy Lady, (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from Envie's pawe and Time's abuse,
The tunefull noates of these our shepheard's reeds.

Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
That at it rivers have been seen to daunce;
When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch,
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.

* To this lady, the wife of Sir George Carey, Nash inscribes a prose, and Spenser a poetical, production. See Todd's Spenser, I. lxxiv.—See also Censura Literaria, p. 153.

The

The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
And bright Apollo to these layes hath given
So great a gift, that any favouring
The shepheard's quill, shall with the lights of heaven
Have equall fate! Then cherish these (faire stem)
So shall they live by thee, and thou by them.
Your Honour's ever to command,
RICHARD MORE. *

Such is the title-page, and such the sonnet dedication prefixed to the second edition of England's Helicon. The following are the titles of the additional poems, being only nine in number:

1. An Invective against Love. By Ignoto.
2. Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies. By Ignoto.
3. Two pastorals upon three Friends meeting. By Sir P. Sidney. Printed in Davison's Poetical Rapsody.† *See Censura, p.* 229.
4. An Heroycall Poeme. By Ignoto.
5. The Lover's Absence kils me. Her Presence cures me. By Ignoto.
6. Love the onely price of Love. By Ignoto.
7. Thyrsis praise of his Mistresse. By W. Browne.
8. A Defiance to Disdainefull Love. By Ignoto.
9. An Epithalamium, or, a Nuptiall Song, applied to the ceremonies of Marriage. By Chr. Brooke.

In the former list of contents (*Censura*, p. 224) No. 72. "The Shepheard's Dumpe," is the same ditty with a different title, as No. 141. "Thirsis, the Shepheard to his pipe."

* The stationer, or perhaps some Heliconian friend.

† To the article of Davison, p. 234, it may be added, that in the Bridgewater library is another MS. copy of his version of select psalms. See Todd's account of Spenser, p. lxxi.

No. 61. W. S. Mr. Steevens * suggested that these initials might belong to Wm. Shaskpeare or Wm. Sheares; but they are the property of Wm. Smith. The poem occurs in his "Chloris, a Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard," 1596.

71. Under the pasted paper was printed S. W. R.

77. The signature pasted was M. F. G. i. e. Mr. Fulke Greville, afterwards Ld. Brooke.

129. I. G. was surmised by Ritson to be John Gough, a dramatic writer. Vide Biog. Dram. I. 195.

No. 138 is attributed by Walton to Sir W. Raleigh. See the Complete Angler, Part I. chap. iv.

139. A pencil denotation in Dr. Farmer's copy assigned this to Shakspeare.

As room for a very short specimen only occurred in a former Number, the following may not be unacceptable.

THE BARGINET † OF ANTIMACHUS.

In pride of youth, in midst of day
When birds with many a merry lay
Salute the sunne's uprising;
I sat me down fast by a spring,
And, while these merry chaunters sing,
I fell upon surmising.

* Mr. Steevens gave 5l. 10s. for his 4to. copy of England's Helicon, at Major Pearson's sale; and Dr. Farmer's 8vo. copy sold for 7l. 10s. to Mr. George Ellis.

† Mr. Steevens gave the following explication of this term. "The *Barginet* of Antimachus is a phrase equivalent to our Nancy Dawson's *jig*, &c. for *barganet*, like *jig*, might signify a short metrical performance as well as a dance. See note on *jig* in Hamlet. The term barganet or jig is further illustrated by a passage in Gascoigne's Hundred Sundre Flowers— "Mistress and I will oftsones entreat you to daunce a *bargynet*," p. 223.

Amidst

Amidst my doubt, and mind's debate,
Of change of time, of world's estate,
I spyed a boy attired
In silver plumes, yet naked quite,
Save pretty feathers fit for flight,
Wherewith he still aspired.

A bowe he bare to worke men's wrack,
A little quiver at his back,
With many arrowes filled:
And in his soft and pretty hand
He held a lively burning brand,
Wherewith he lovers killed.

Fast by his side, in rich array,
There sate a lovely lady gay,
(His mother as I guessed)
That set the lad upon her knee,
And trim'd his bow, and taught him flee,
And mickle love professed.

Oft from her lap, at sundry stowres
He leapt, and gathered Summer's flowers,
Both violets and roses:
But, see the chance that follow'd fast!
As he the pompe of prime doth wast,
Before that he supposes.

A bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his hand, and made him cry—
"Oh, mother, I am wounded!"
Fair Venus, that beheld her son,
Cryed out "Alas! I am undone!"
And thereupon she swounded.

"My

"My little lad," the goddesse sayd,
"Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd?"
He answer'd—"Gentle mother,
The honey-worker in the hive
My griefe and mischiefe doth contrive;
Alas! it is none other."

She kist the lad: now mark the chance!
And strait she fell into a trance,
And, crying, thus concluded:
"Ah, wanton Boy! like to the bee
Thou with a kisse hast wounded me,
And hapless love included.

A little bee doth thee affright,
But, ah! my wounds are full of spight,
And cannot be re-cured:"
The Boy, that guess'd his Mother's paine,
'Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
And made her hope assured.

She suck'd the wound, and swag'd the sting,
And little Love y-cur'd did sing:—
Then let no lovers sorrow;
To-day though griefe attaint his heart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
Amends will come to-morrow.

THO. LODGE.

This poem, it may be remarked, is much more delicately and more elegantly turned than Spenser's madrigal of Venus, Cupid, and the Bee See Mr. Todd's edition, Vol. VIII. p. 184. The subject of both, it may be added, is apparently taken from the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

ART.

Art. XVIII. *Retirement. A Poetical Fragment.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 289.]

Then Fancy rises from lethargic chains,
Beneath whose weight long time oppress'd she lay;
And as she lifts her hand, and waves her rod,
Up the long vistas, on the opening lawns,
I see gay Hope, with all her brilliant train,
Weave the quick dance, and spread the splendid show.
But, as the rays from her refulgent locks
Glancing, invest the distant scenes in light,
O let no more the falsely-glittering toys
Of curst Ambition with delusive gleam
Attract my sight; but be its choice some cot,
Where in the gentle sunshine of Content
Domestic privacy endears the day;
Where Learning spreads her inexhausted tomes,
And deep Reflection cheats the toil of time.
O what are now to me the rancorous looks
Of scornful Rivalry; the sordid tricks
Of selfish Artifice; the glance oblique
Of Slander, spitting, coward-like, its gall
On the poor victim's undefended back?
What is the sneer of bloated riches? What
The ideot toss of Titles, which the spoils
Of Fraud, Extortion, Rapine, have acquir'd?
They agitate my heart no more; they cast
A gloom no more upon my alter'd mien.
Intent on other themes, that calm my soul,
And elevate my thoughts, with dauntless eye
I look on all the ills of life, and view
Unmoved "the ministers of human fate,"
That still around me lurk.—O balmy breeze
That fann'st this bosom with thine odor

Still blow, and let me bare it to thy breath.
It beats not now with wild tumultuous throbs:
But thrills with sweet serenity, while calm
Hangs the cerulean canopy of Heaven,
And Silence the soft light enchanted wooes.
Now wakes the poet's strain; from yonder shades
Methinks I hear the rapturous notes pour'd forth.
O hail, ye gifted masters of the Lyre!
If, long an alien to your holy rites
Lost I have wander'd, once again admit
A sad repentant votary to your shrines!
From you he seeks for genuine joy; from you
He asks the charm that bids the gloomiest depths
Of Solitude to smile, and peoples all
The frowning wilderness with heavenly forms.
O thou, from whose inspired lips arose
The tale of "Fairy castles, of brave Knights
And gentle Ladies—whose immortal song
Fierce wars, and faithful loves have moraliz'd,"
O say, while haunting savage soils, * amid
Barbaric clans, whose discords rude, and yells
Of hideous tone, might e'en appall the hearts
Of stoutest heroes, say, enchanting Bard,
What but the Muse could soothe those anxious days
Of never ceasing peril—She, who bad
E'en Mulla's murmuring waters, as thou lay'st
Calm on her banks, while Murder stalk'd around,
Nurse thy sweet dreams, and cherish for thy lyre
The brilliant scenes of visionary worlds!
And thou, sublimest Milton, from whose tongue
Flow'd holy inspiration, when beset
With poverty, with sorrow, blame and scorn,
"With darkness and with dangers compass'd round,

* See Spenser's Sonnets to Lord Ormond, and Lord Grey of Wilton.

What

What but the Muse, thy dreary rooms could light
With glories of seraphic brilliancy?
But where, O Nymph, dost thou delight to dwell?
What are the scenes, that seem to foster most
Thy day-dreams? High-o'erarching bowers, the song
Of birds, and lapse of rivers, and the sigh
Of Zephyr in the leaves?—On grassy banks
The poet throws his careless limbs, while cool
Beneath his feet the rippling current runs,
And, as before his half-shut eyes appear
Ten thousand glorious shapes, he weaves the lay,
And feels unutterable joy, as grow
The fairy forms of his creative brain.
Thou, who could'st ope the fountains of the heart,
At whose pathetic eloquence the eye
Streams with big tears, and sobs the heaving breast,
Unhappy Otway! as on Arun's marge
Thine infant form was stretch'd, what airy imps
Of pure angelic softness hover'd o'er
Thy young imagination! What sweet notes
Of inexpressive tenderness and joy
With exquisite vibration thrill'd thine ear!
O cruel was the fate, that led thy steps,
From these the Muse's haunts, (where still she deigns
To linger, and inspire her priestess, her,
From whose enchanting lyre awake the tones,
That touch the bosom and the fancy fill, *)
Led thy young steps to camps and courts impure,
Where selfish Luxury and low-born Vice
And sensual manners brutaliz'd the soul:
Where mean degenerate thoughts beneath the pomp
Of glittering vests debas'd the shape of man.
Ah! ill-starr'd child of genius, could'st thou waste
Thy voice inspir'd on groveling tribes like these?

* Mrs. C. Smith.

How did they press the fragrance of thy mind,
Pluck off its flowers, and rifle all its sweets
To veil the poison of their fetid thoughts,
Then "throw thee like a nauseous weed away,"
For very want in loathsome dens to die. *
Would, thou hadst never left thy native fields,
But heard the woods, that whisper'd o'er thy birth,
And streams that prattled to thine infant lips,
Still to thy manhood murmur! Then perchance
Some new Monimia with yet softer voice,
Some Belvidera in pathetic tones
Of tenderness e'en yet more exquisite,
Had pierc'd our hearts, and lifted up our souls!
O form'd of texture too refin'd, of thought
Too nice for worldly intercourse, no groves
Had been too thick for thee; the chequer'd gloom
Had sooth'd the coming phantoms of thy mind,
And rang'd them in new visions, beautiful
As tints of air-drawn castles! But the fiend
Ambition cross'd thee; thy inspired voice
Was chang'd to mortal; and an early grave
Was the best gift thy hapless lot could gain!
Mother of Virtue, Empress of the lyre,
O lovely Solitude, with whom alone

* "Thomas Otway, son of Humphry Otway rector of Wolbeding in Sussex, was born at Trottin in that county, March 3, 1651, sent to Winchester school, and thence to Oxford; but deserted the University 167[illegible] 4. He died at a spunging-house, known by the sign of the Bull on Tower-hi[illegible] ll, on April 14, 1685, aged about thirty-five years." From Oldys's MSS.—w[illegible]ho adds, that "in the collection of Familiar Letters of Lord Rochester, &[illegible]c. 1697, there are six of Otway, written to Mrs. Barry, the actress, in a ve[illegible]ry passionate and pathetical stile, and much more eloquent than any other of his writings." "Otway," says Oldys, "was more beholden to Ca[illegible]t. Symonds, the Vintner, in whose debt he died 400l. than to all his patro[illegible]ns of quality. See Les Soupirs de la Grand Bretagne, or the Groans of Gr[illegible]at Britain, 8vo. 1713, p. 67."

Sweet Sensibility is safe, to thee,
Only to thee is my tumultuous heart
Fit guest! Beneath thy peaceful wing subsides
The wild confusion, which the shout of mobs,
The din of company, the jest, the sneer,
Envy's scance look, and Hatred's savage frown
Upraise. With thee vanish the empty wish
Of mean distinction, the degrading sigh
For empty honours; each unholy thought,
Ungenerous hopes, malignant prophecies,
Resentment, Scorn, Disguise—Yet there are griefs,
Not all the calm of silent woods, and streams
Scarce murmuring, can ever soothe. Intent
Upon the heart the blood-stain'd vultures fix,
Gnawing with greedy appetite their prey!—
How oft with eyes upon the ground I sit
From hour to hour, while still th' incumbent weight
Heavier and heavier grows! I wish for night,
But thro' the night the cowering demons ply
With maw insatiate, nor does th' opening dawn
Bring ease! Exhausted, lifeless, I again
Sink on my couch, and wish again for night.
Blow all ye winds! Ye spirits of the storm,
Direct the shrieking blast, at which the grove
Shakes all its branches, and the forest groans!
O let me mingle in the roaring war
Of elements; and rouze this languid frame!
Then may the fiends perchance, that torture me,
Affrighted fly; and once again my lips
Sound undisturb'd the gentle pastoral pipe!

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XIX. *The Surveyor's Dialogue divided into five bookes: very profitable for all men to peruse, that have to do with the revenues of land, or the manurance, use, or occupation thereof, both lords and tenants: as also and especially for such as indever to be seene in the facultie of surveying of mannors, lands, tenements, &c. By J. N.—"A discreet servant shall have rule over an unthrifty sonne, and he shall divide the heritage among the brethren." Prov. xvii. 2. Voluntas pro facultate. London, printed for Hugh Astley, dwelling at S. Magnus Corner.* 1607. 4*to. pp.* 244.

This book is dedicated to Robert Earl of Salisbury, by the author, JOHN NORDEN, from his "poore-house at Hendon, primo Januar. 1607." Prefixed are verses of four stanzas, entitled "The Author to his Booke." Next follow "the Contents of the five books of the Surveyor's Dialogue," in these words:

"The first booke containeth a communication betweene a farmer and a surveyor of lande: wherein is proved, that surveyors of mannors and land are necessarie both for the lord and tenant, and in what maner tenants ought to behave themselves towards their lords, in respect of their tenures.

"In the second booke is intreated between the lord of a mannor, and a surveyor, concerning the estate of a mannor, of the parts and profits thereunto belonging, and how the lord of a mannor ought to deale with his tenants.

"In the third booke is contained the maner and method of keeping a court of survey, and the articles

to be inquired of, and the charge: how to enter and inroll copies, leases, and deeds, and how to take the plot of a mannor.

"In the fourth booke is shewed the maner of the casting up the quantities of acres of al sorts of grounds by the scale and compass, with tables of computation for ease in accompting.

"In the fifth booke is shewed the different natures of grounds, and whereunto they may be best imployed, how they may be bettered, reformed and amended, fit for all farmers and husbandmen."

The first dialogue begins with an argument between the farmer and the surveyor on the evils and benefits of the occupation of the latter: as for instance at p. 2.

"*Surveyor.* Belike you thinke it free for you to censure other men at your pleasure, and to judge them after your owne vaine conceit, and yet no reply must take hold of your vayne quarrell, that riseth of meere malice against the innocent.

"*Farmer.* Innocent? How can that be, when you pry into men's tytles and estates, under the name, forsooth, of surveyors, whereby you bring men and matter in question often times, that would, as long time they have, lye without any question. And oftentimes you are the cause that men lose their land: and sometimes they are abridged of such liberties as they have long used in mannors; and customes are altred, broken, and sometimes perverted or taken away by your meanes: and above all, you looke into the values of men's lands whereby the lords of mannors do rack their tenants to a higher rate and rent then ever before: and therefore not only I, but many poore tenants else have good cause to speake against the profession."

The surveyor in reply asks, why should not rogues and vagabonds equally cry out against magistrates, &c ?

" *Farmer.* It seemes, you compare tenants of mannors, that are, many of them, honest, civill, and substanciall men, to roagues and vagabonds. You forget yourselfe.

" *Surveyor.* My plaine words are, that as well these evil members of the commonwealth may speake against the surveyors of the commonwealth, as may tenants of a manor speake against the surveying of their lands within the same.

" *Farmer.* That were strange; for by the one, the whole state of the kingdome is kepte in peace, and by the other many millions disturbed, that might live quietly in their farmes, tenements, houses and lands, that are now dayly troubled with your so narrow looking thereinto, measuring the quantity, observing the quality, recounting the value, and acquainting the lords with the estates of all men's livings, whose auncestors did live better with little, than we can now do with much more, because by your meanes rents are raysed, and landes knowne to the uttermost acre, fines inhaunced farre higher then ever before measuring of land and surveying came in; and therefore I thinke you cannot but confesse, that other men, as well as I, have good cause to speake of you, and your profession, as I doe.

" *Surveyor.* I perceive that the force of your strongest arguments is as before I said, your fear and unwillingness that the lord of the manmor, under whom and in whose land you dwell, should know his owne: and that you think it better for you, that he should still

continue

continue ignorant of what he hath, and that your estates should be always hidden, and what injury you doe should be concealed, then that he should be acquainted with what you hold, and your abuses, incrochments, usurpations, intentions, and wrongs discovered."——"If there be cleane and plaine dealing among tenants, they need not fear, who look into their lands and estates. But if there be deceits and wrongs against the lord, policie willeth you to banish any man, and to barre all the means that may discover them, though equitie and honestie be contented to discover all things to the manifestation of truth. Are not these the matters of chiefe importance that disquiet you? The measuring of your lands, the observation of the quality, and estimating the value of your lands.

"*Farmer.* It is true: for these are causes that our rents are increased, and our fines raised, and this would the lord never do, if such as you did not inkindle the lord's desire, by your too severe scrutations, examinations, impositions, and imputations; for were the lords of mannors ignorant of these things, as in former times, poore tenants might have things at the rate they had in former times.

"*Surveyor.* You impute your great impositions unto the acte of an honest surveyor, when I will prove the cause is in yourselves. There is no mannor, nay no farme, be it great or little, farre off, or neere hand, but hath bin, and dayly is discovered by private intelligencers, lurking in or neere the same, prying into estates, ayming at the quantity, wide, short, or over, seldom hitting right, observing also the quallity, and glauncing at the value of every man's land, and therefore secretly and underhand do informe the lords of the

the farme, and they being credulous overmuch, and not a little covetous, build their demaunds both of rents and fines upon these most deceivable informations, whereby the lord is abused, and the tenant wronged; whereas were the things seene, viewed, and surveyed by a judicious and faithfull surveyor, who, upon due consideration, and discreet observation of all particulars, gives in a true and indifferent certificate unto the lord, using rather his uttermost indevour to moderate and mitigate the lord's excessive demands, then aggravating the validity beyond reason or a good conscience, you would be of another minde, and I protest, I hold that surveyor a very bad man, that will either for affection or bribe carry a parciall hand betweene the lord and his tenants: yet sith he holdeth as it were the beame of the ballance, he should rather give the better waight to the weakest, respecting nothing but a charitable course to be held by the lord, for whom he travaileth with the tenant, against whom, if he speak not, he shall be often suspected of the lord to be parciall. But if there be equal consideration on all sides, the lord will beleeve the surveyor deales justly, and the tenant rest satisfyed, willingly to leave, or rudely to accept, as his owne judgment agreeth or disagreeth with the things propounded. For this have I observed, that, oftentimes tenants consider not when they are kindly used, neither see at all times when they are abused."

Again, at p. 12.

"*Farmer.* I will shew by auncient court-rolls, that the fine of that which is now twenty pound, was then but thirteen shillings foure pence, and yet will you say they are now as they were then?

"*Surveyor.*

"*Surveyor.* Yea, and I thinke I erre little in it. For if you consider the state of things then and now, you shall find the proportion little differing: for so much are the prices of things vendible by farmers now increased, as may well be said to exceed the prices then, as much as twenty pound exceedeth 13s. 4d.

"*Farmer.* You speake farre from truth, and I marvell you will erre so much, pretending to be a man of that reach, that men employ you to overreach others.

"*Surveyor.* To shew you then an instance, looke into the Chronicle in the time of Henry the Sixt, and you shall finde that a quarter of wheate was sold at Royston in Hartfordshire for twelve pence: and I trust if you be a farmer, you are a corne seller, and I thinke, if a man offer you thirty times as much for a quarter, you will say it is better worth.

"*Farmer.* Was it possible that corne was then and there sold so cheape, and to rise since to this rate? It is very strange.

"*Surveyor.* Not at all: for since there grew such emulation among farmers, that one would outbid another (which in the beginning was little seene) it grew at length, that he that bought deare, must sell deare, and so grew the prices of things by degrees to this rate as now they be, and a farmer gets as much by his farme now as then he did.

"*Farmer.* You erre therein, I assure you: for else could farmers keep as good houses and hospitality now, as they did then, and alas, you see how unable they be.

"*Surveyor.* It is true, and the reason is manifest: for where in those days farmers and their wives were content with mean diets, and base attire, and held their

their children to some austere government, without haunting alehouses, taverns, dice, cards, and vain delites of charge, the case is altred: the husbandman will be equal to the yeoman, the yeoman to the gentleman, the gentleman to the squire, the squire to his superior, and so the rest, every one so far exceeding the corruptions held in former times, that I will speake without reprehension, there is at this day thirty times as much vainly spent in a family of like multitude and quality, as was in former ages, whereof I speake. And therefore impute not the rate of grounds to a wrong cause, for to tell you truly, both lord and tenant are guilty in it: and yet they may be both content, for they are as the sea and the brookes: for as the rivers come from the sea, so they runne into the sea againe."*

Thus it is, that in all ages the same complaints become the topics of the mob: and two centuries ago, were heard exactly the same murmurs at increased rents, increased price of the articles of life, and the luxury of farmers, as we hear at this moment as if they had now first occurred.

This "Surveyor's Dialogue" was republished 1610, and again 1618, in 4to.

JOHN NORDEN.

John Norden, the author, was of a gentleman's family, probably of Wiltshire. He was educated at Hart-Hall, Oxford, 1564, where he took the degree

* In p. 184 he mentions "the commendable booke of Surveying of Master Valentine Leigh."

of

of A. M. 1573. He was a voluminous author, according to A. Wood, who enumerates the following titles.

1. Sinful Man's Solace, most sweet and comfortable for the sick and sorrowful soul, &c. London, 1585, 8vo.

2. Mirror for the Multitude; or, a glass wherein may be seen the violence, the error, the weakness, and rash consent of the multitude. London, 1586, 8vo.

3. Antithesis; or, contrariety between the wicked and godly, set forth in form of a pair of gloves, fit for every man to wear, &c. London, 1587.

4. Pensive Man's Practice. 1591, 12mo.—40th edit. 1629, 12mo.

5. Poor Man's Rest; founded upon motives, meditations, and prayers, &c. Printed several times in 8vo. and 12mo. The 8th edition. London, 1620, 12mo.

6. Progress of Piety, whose Jesse's lead into the harborough of heavenly Hearts-ease, to recreate the afflicted souls of all such, as, &c. London, 12mo.

7. Christian Comfort and Encouragement unto all English subjects not to dismay at the Spanish threats. London, 1596.

8. Mirror of Honour, wherein every professor of arms, from the General to the inferior Soldier, may see the necessity of the fear and service of God. London, 1597, 4to.

9. Interchangeable Variety of Things. London, 1600, 4to.

10. Surveyor's Dialogue, as above.

11. Labyrinth of Man's Life: or, Virtue's Delight and Envy's Happiness. London, 1614, 4to. a Poem, dedicated to Rob. Car, Earl of Somerset.

12. Loadstone to a Spiritual Life. London, 1614, 16mo.

13. Pensive

13. Pensive Soul's Delight: or, a devout man's help, consisting of motives, meditations, and prayers, &c. London, 1615, 12mo.

14. An Eye to Heaven in Earth. A necessary watch for the time of death, consisting in meditations and prayers fit for that purpose. With the husband's Christian counsel to his wife and children left poor after his death. London, 1619, 12mo.

15. Help to true Blessedness.

16. Pathway to Patience in all manner of Afflictions, &c. London, 1626, 8vo.

He is supposed to be the same, who was eminent for his skill in topography, and wrote "Speculum Britanniæ; or, an historical and chorographical description of Middlesex. London, 1593," in about seven sheets, 4to.; and about the same time "A Chorographical Description of Hartfordshire, in four sheets, 4to." He was one of the Surveyors of the King's lands, A. D. 1614. *

ART. XX. *Milton's Cypher, and Harleian Library.*

Oldys in his MSS. says, "Milton's cypher for secret communication with others used by the Republicans under Oliver, I had among the Royal Letters in Clarendon's Collection, which I redeemed from perdition, and presented to my late noble Lord of Oxford; and they are still preserved in the Harleian Library. But God knows how soon that magnificent collection of MSS. may undergo the same dispersion as the printed books, which were sold to Tom Osborne, my neighbour, for less than 13,000l.; though the binding only of the least part of them, by his lordship, cost him 18,000l."

From Oldys's Interleaved Langbaine.

* Wood's Ath. I. 450, 451.

ART.

ART. XXI. THOMAS NABBES.

"Thomas Nabbes," who was a dramatic writer in the time of Charles I. "made a continuation of R. Knolles's General History of the Turks, from the year 1628 to the end of 1637, collected out of the Dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, and other Embassadors. He seems to have been secretary, or other domestic, to some nobleman or prelate at or near Worcester. Partly hinted in his poem "On losing his way in a forest, after he was intoxicated with drinking perry: wherein he says, "I am a servant of my Lord's." *

A farther continuation of Knolles's History was made by Sir Paul Rycaut, late Consul at Smyrna. Lond. 1679.

ART. XXII. *Addenda.*

Richard Knolles sprung from Northamptonshire, and was educated at Oxford. He died at Sandwich, 1610. See Wood's Ath. I. 362.

John Vicars is well known by the couplet in Hudibras,

"Thou, that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars."

See Nash's Hudibras, III. p. 49.

Vicars died 1652, aged 72. See Wood's Ath. II. 152.

There was a second edition of Martin's Hebrides, 1716, 8vo. much corrected. Martin was a native of one of these islands, where he lived as a factor.

* From Oldys's Interleaved Langbaine.

Art. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

DIED LATELY.

May 29. Bernard Hodgson, L.L.D. Principal of Hertford College, Oxford; author of "Translations of Solomon's Song, 1785," &c.

Geo. Barry, D. D. of Shapinshay, in the Orkneys. See p. 381.

Dr. Donald Smith, Compiler of the Appendix to the Report of the Highland Society, regarding Ossian's Poems. See Edinb. Rev. Vol. VI. p. 435.

At Bath, John Clark, M. D. aged 62, Author of "Observations on the Diseases of Hot Climates," &c.

Rev. John Clarke Hubbard, A. M. Rector of St. John's, Horsleydown, Surry, and author of "Jacobinism," a Poem, &c.

July 2. Dr. Patrick Russell, F.R.S. author of "A Treatise on the Plague," and Editor of his brother's "History of Aleppo."

Aug. 3. At Harnish House, Wilts, at an advanced age, Christopher Anstey, Esq. of Bath, and of Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, well known for his comic poem, "The New Bath Guide," &c.

Aug. Sir Richard Worsley, Bart.

*** Communications from Correspondents for the continuance and enlargement of this Literary Obituary are particularly requested. Memoirs, and Lists of Works of deceased Authors would be very acceptable, and, it is hoped, not discreditably recorded by this publication.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING thus, by the candid and unexpected encouragement of the public, brought to a conclusion one volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA, it may perhaps be not improper to make a few observations on its contents. Of the works here mentioned, some are so scarce that they never occur in the catalogues even of the most eminent booksellers; and if by any chance one of this description is accidentally met with, it of course finds an immediate purchaser at an extravagant price. But their scarcity alone is but a foolish recommendation. Their intrinsic value is for the most part great.

It is well known, that a copy of Lord Berners's Froissart is not to be bought under twenty guineas, if at all; and to the wealthy it is, even at this rate, by no means dear; for it contains a very rich treasure of the English language. The Poetical Miscellanies of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth are all rare and valuable. Of "The Handeful of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, 1584," which appears to have been a popular book in Shakspeare's time, as he quotes several songs from it, only one copy, and that wanting a leaf, now exists.* Both the editions of England's Helicon are of extreme value, more especially the first. Nor are these the only uncommon books, of which some account is given in this work. I could enumerate only fifteen volumes, here recorded, of which the lowest price, if they could be procured at all, (which would not happen very soon) would be nearly 120 guineas.

* From the obliging information of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Gifford, in his Introduction to the new edition of Massinger, very justly censures the ridiculous tests of merit set up by vain and selfish collectors. But most of the books I have mentioned do not derive their claim to notice merely from the infrequency of their occurrence, but furnish matter well worthy of the attention of the most enlightened critic or historian. The reign of the Tudors, more especially of the last glorious heroine of that House, was the reign of poetical genius; and after the fancy, the moral charms, the Doric delicacy, and the harmony and force of language, which the Miscellanies of Queen Elizabeth's time exhibit, we observe with astonishment and disgust the lapse of taste and refinement and imagination, of which the main body of the poetry of the three or four succeeding reigns produces such glaring proofs. It is true that in this period arose Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden; but Milton was so notoriously of the former school, that he never obtained popularity among his cotemporaries. The inimitable brilliance and beauty of Cowley's genius was so vitiated by the bad taste of the age in which he lived, as to deform almost all his compositions, and at this day to depress him nearly into oblivion. Dryden was something younger than the others; and the vigour of his mind surmounted the corrupt habits of the time when he was educated; but I think the character of his talents rendered him less liable to these errors: in truth it will be admitted, even by his warmest admirers, that he was rather of the French than of the Italian school of imagination; and therefore survived to an æra, when the public opinion was more in coincidence with his own, than it would have

have been in the days of Spenser, and Sackville, and Sydney.

It has been reported that Mr. Ellis has an intention of giving a new edition of these Elizabethan Collections. He could not make the public a more acceptable present. To myself, who, though I have had the luck of obtaining one or two of them, have been necessitated to content myself with short and casual inspections of others, few books would be more delightful. There is a grace of expression, a happiness of sentiment, and an attractive simplicity about many of them, which has never since been equalled. When we afterwards take up the discordant rhymes of Donne and his imitators, loaded with metaphysical subtlety, and remote and pedantic allusions, we can scarcely believe he could have immediately succeeded to such a numerous body of writers of pure and unsophisticated poetry. After the exquisite song of Marlow, "Come, live with me, and be my love," who could have supposed a nation could have suddenly relapsed into such barbarism? Even Carew and Lovelace, two of the best love-writers of Charles the First's reign, are far from being free from frequent mixtures of disgusting quaintness and conceits, coarse expressions, and inharmonious lines.

On articles of history, except Froissart, already mentioned, I have hitherto entered but little. Duchesne's Norman Historians contains a vast fund of solid information; and is a book, which no English scholar, who of course will choose to derive his information from original sources, can, if he wishes to become acquainted with the memoirs of his country, dispense with. To the real antiquary, the work affords endless

stores of research and amusement. And I much doubt whether it has ever yet been sufficiently investigated by any one who has undertaken to compile the History of England in his native tongue. Of these compilers I mean hereafter to give a catalogue and short character. But their number, which I have feared would occupy too large a portion of a commencing publication, and, I will confess, the time and labour required to execute it properly, have hitherto deterred me.

The Parliamentary Chronicle of Vicars is a very scarce and curious picture of the enthusiasm, hypocrisy, violence, madness, and cruelties of the time; and contains many minutiæ which will delight the inquisitive memorialist. All the parts are seldom found perfect, as in the copy from whence I have drawn my account.

There is a narrower department of history, which is generally held in contempt by those who have not cultivated it: I mean the history of families. On this subject I have only introduced one work, to which I have been induced by its comparative importance, and by the extraordinary antiquity and high rank of the Warrens whom it records. On these points the few who know me will not impute my forbearance to ignorance. In truth, I suspect, that here, if no where else, they will give me more credit for my investigations than I deserve. I cannot deny that I have formerly wasted more time than became a wise man in these pursuits; but never, I trust, to the exclusion of more liberal studies. From those who would deny me every thing else, I have had full credit for a title to the contemptuous terms of "A genealogist and a herald."

herald." Never did any one less deserve these denominations in the tone in which they were applied. Never did any one judge of genius or virtue with less regard to birth, station, riches, or worldly prosperity! Never did any one feel more scorn for mere empty descent; or contemplate with more indignation a base disposition, low manners, and depraved conduct, when combined with an illustrious genealogy and high and ancient titles! But I have resolved, as I have said before in the very article of the Warrens, never to encumber this work with such dry, meagre, ungrateful, and perhaps useless discussions!

The Biographical Memoirs, I have inserted, have been principally drawn from the minute and intelligent inquiries, and indefatigable labours of Oldys, preserved in the interleaved copy of his Langbaine. Many of them are curious, and though parts have already been given to the public in the Biographia Dramatica, yet as they are the originals from whence that work borrowed them, it became not only amusing but useful to record them in their own form and words.

On the subject of Political Arithmetic I have endeavoured to give a chronological catalogue of the leading books, intermixed with remarks and characters. This may seem to many a very meagre and unsatisfactory labour. But (as Oldys cites from Lord Bacon) "learned men want such inventories of every thing in art and nature, as rich men have of their estates." When we first enter on any branch of study, it is palpably useful, to have the authors, to whom we should resort, pointed out to us. "Through the defect of such intelligence, in its proper extent," says Oldys, "how many authors have we, who are consuming

their time, their quiet, and their wits, in searching after either what is past finding, or already found? In admiring at the penetrations themselves have made, though to the rind only, in those very branches of science, which their forefathers have pierced to the pith? And how many who would be authors, as excellent as ever appeared, had they but such plans or models laid before them, as might induce them to marshal their thoughts into a regular order; or did they but know where to meet with concurrence of opinion, with arguments, authorities, or examples to corroborate and ripen their teeming conceptions?"

Political Arithmetic is a science, which I regret my inability and want of leisure to pursue with adequate attention. Its results are highly important in the present state of this country. But I cannot boast that they are as consolatory as they are important. Mr. Edward King some years ago published a pamphlet* to prove the utility of the National Debt; and I believe his arguments went to prove its increase a benefit; but he does not seem to have viewed the subject in a light sufficiently comprehensive. An increase of the circulating medium is surely not an increase of the national wealth. In some respects it may facilitate the production of wealth; but in others it destroys it. The augmentation of the nominal price of labour and raw materials must injure the vent of our manufactures in foreign markets, and tend to decrease a favourable balance of trade. Nor is this the only evil. If the national riches remain the same, which is asserted, because it is said that what is paid by one part

* Considerations on the utility of the National Debt, &c. 1793, 8vo.

of the nation is received by another, (an assertion not accurately true, because foreigners carry away large dividends which they may have bought at inadequate prices), yet there is an evil of most serious magnitude in thus forcing property to change hands. Society is thus turned topsy-turvy; there is no permanence in rank or in estates; adventurers and stockjobbers rise above all that is venerable for wisdom or virtue or station; and the people habituated to a constant sight of changes lose all reverence for establishments and become ripe for insurrections, revolutions, and plunder.

It seems, as if the possessors of substantial property were now mere holders for the benefit of those who deal in ideal capital. And this misfortune is aggravated by the terrific monopoly of these dealers; and the height to which the ingenious system of their artifices is carried: so that while the nation are suffering all the ill consequences of an highly-augmented circulating medium, all, except a few of the initiated members of this traffic, are incurring the injuries of a scarcity of this commodity.

Such at least is the momentary view, which presents itself to me, of this very weighty subject. It is possible that a longer and less distracted attention might induce me to see it in a different light.

Of our trade there is no branch of more importance than our woollen manufacture, and none of which there are memoirs so profound and satisfactory as those of Smith. But it may be doubted whether all the legislative provisions on this subject have been as wise as they might have been. The impediments which the monopolizing spirit of commerce has thrown on

the exportation of wool have undoubtedly operated as a discouragement to its growth. Still the increase of the foreign vent of this manufacture has been gradual, as appears by the following statements.

Woollen Exports.

	£.	s.	d.
1662—1668, about	900,000	0	0
1699—1701-2	2,561,615	0	0
1737-8	4,158,643	17	0*
Average of 1769-70-71	4,323,463	0	0
Average of 1790-91-92	5,056,733	0	0†

What has been the subsequent increase I am not at this moment prepared to state, though the rise of the general amount of our export trade in British manufactures, of which this forms a considerable part, has been undoubtedly large. The increase I think of the amount of 1799 above that of 1784 was £. 8,337,663

The corn-trade and corn-laws have been profoundly investigated by Charles Smith. But nearly fifty years have passed since his tracts were first published; and perhaps there has now arisen much matter for additional disquisition. It strikes me that the country banks did materially contribute to augment the prices of corn in the last war; and that the dangerous, because too sudden, change of their conduct, the consequence of the new mode of managing the money-market in London, has since tended to reduce those prices as much too low, as they were before too high. That, whatever be the increase of the issues of paper

* Smith's Chron. Rust. II. 510. † Chalmers's Estimate, 1802, p. 208.

money,

money, the evils of an impeded circulation are alarmingly felt, is demonstrable from the diminished price of land, which has fallen since the accession of the Addington administration, from a free sale at upwards of thirty years purchase to less than twenty-seven, at which price much land remains unsold for want of purchasers. This is a gloomy symptom, which has never before occurred, since the termination of the American war.

There are one or two more topics on which it may be proper to say a few words. The Essay by Evelyn on the advantages of an Active Life opposed to Solitude suggests many topics worthy of meditation. It cannot be denied, that in the exercise of the duties of a public station, and in the collision of society, there are many pleasures, and many benefits to be gained. The ill Spirits which inhabit retirement are neither few nor insignificant. Languor, Spleen, Misanthropy, Sameness, Grief, Fear, Melancholy, and others of that family, are too often found in the abodes of Loneliness. But on the other hand the noblest virtues flourish best in that soil. The sublimest efforts of the mind, and exertions of the heart can only be nurtured amid the silence of woods, and the recluse charms of Nature. Mr. Evelyn seems to have taken the other side of the question only for the purpose of trying his ingenuity; for all the habits of his life disprove his sincerity on this occasion. The works which his Solitude produced have spread far beyond the narrow sphere of individual action and the short span of human life; and his knowledge and his sentiments yet survive in books the registers of his private occupations.

Of the few original articles in this volume it would

not

not become the author to speak. They were introduced for the sake of variety; and partly perhaps to shew that the writer of them is not totally incapable of sometimes rising above the humble merits of a mere transcriber.

If there be any, and I suspect there are very many, who think the publications of their own age sufficient to enlighten the mind and charm the fancy, and that the revival of obsolete volumes, and the rescue of the ponderous black-letter tomes of more laborious times from the dust of the shelf, is an useless waste of toil and expence, it will not be illiberal to assert that these censurers possess but a very limited acquaintance with the history of the human intellect, and have obtained but an inadequate idea of the force and varieties of language. The literature of every period intermixes in its character a tendency to some peculiar faults and corruptions which they, whose habits are exclusively confined to it, will never detect. It is by comparison and contrast that these vices are rendered glaring, and the taste continues acute and sound. But wisdom and erudition are the accumulation of ages, and how can he appreciate the merits of a modern writer, who is unacquainted with the matter or manner of his predecessors. "Doctrina," says my predecessor and relation*, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, in the preface to his Censura Celebriorum Authorum, "Doctrina non sine summo studio et vigiliis paratur. Putare homines divino afflatu doctos fieri, Fanaticorum est; etiam poeta frustra nascitur, nisi ad præclaram indolem accesserit industria. Atque hinc est, quod pauci revera

* Half-brother to the present writer's great grandmother.

docti sint, (quicquid crepent scioli) quoniam laborem atque operam ferre nequeunt. Ut autem maximum, quantum fieri potest, fructum ex lectione perciperes, quendam tibi authorum delectum, deque iis varia doctissorum hominum judicia proposui; quæ si inter se diligenter contuleris, et tuum ipse judicium acuere et confirmare poteris; et nunquam in nullius pretii scriptoribus evolvendis oleum atque operam perdes. Quod enim ad ipsius operis rationem spectat; hoc se maxime nomine commendat; quod inde tibi Bibliothecam instruere possis; quam ad rem notitia autorum apprime utilis ac necessaria; quæ nisi adfuerit, sæpe evenit, ut homines in libris comparandis et tempore simul et nummis fraudentur. Huic igitur incommodo ut occurrerem, hunc laborem exantlavi."

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Oct. 19, 1805.

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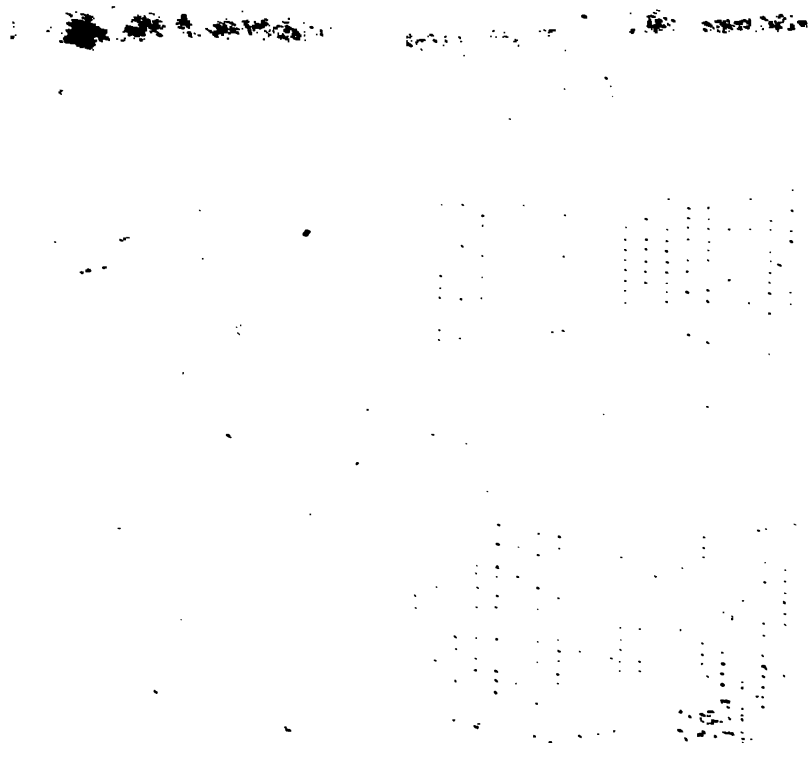

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